Everybody's MAGAZINE

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AMERICA'S WAR-CHIEFS, IF—

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With a Victrola you can repeat at will all the latest dance numbers and practice a dance over and over until you have mastered it completely.

You can have an impromptu dance whenever you wish—the Victrola is always ready and plays as long as any one wants to dance.

The Victrola makes dancing a pleasure that can be enjoyed in *every* home.

Any Victor dealer will gladly play the newest dance music or any other music you wish to hear. There are Victors and Victrolas in great variety of styles from $10 to $250.

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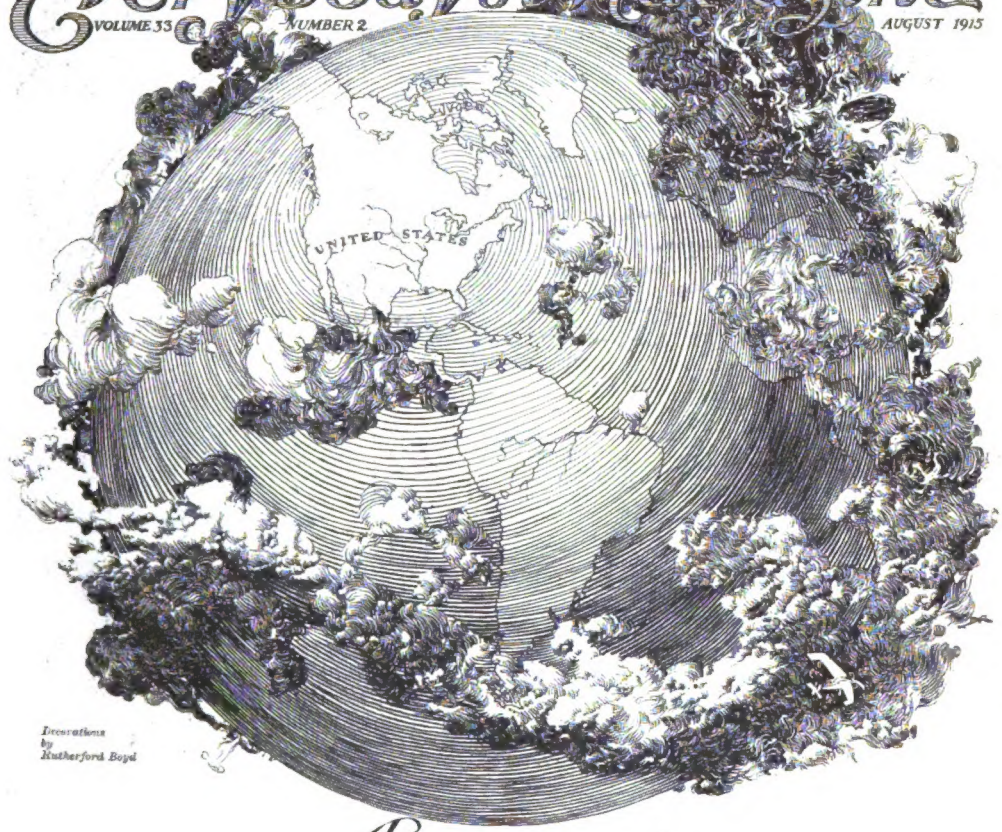
Everybody's Magazine
VOLUME 33 NUMBER 2 AUGUST 1915



Decorations by Rutherford Boyd

America's War-Chiefs

WE PRESENT herewith the gentlemen who will be at the high points of command, at the main centers of decision and of action, on the day—may it never come!—when the United States is attacked by a foreign enemy. It will be a busy day. The clerks in the Navy Department will be opening stacks of telegrams from Portland, Maine, and from Galveston, Texas, describing wisps of smoke on the horizon—hostile wisps—and demanding the instant comfort of large fleets of dreadnoughts, to be built during the afternoon. Lincoln, Nebraska, will announce a Zeppelin cleaving the truthful Nebraskan air. The Peace and Parley League of Conversationalists-Whose-Confidence-in-Foreign-Nations-Does-Them-The-Greatest-Credit will urge Mr. Bryan to send a wireless to the admiral of the enemy's fleet, requesting him to cruise outside the three-mile limit for a year till we make up our minds whether we want to fight him or not Patriotic and peppery grand-daddies will be enlisting, and lazy young loafers of twenty will be playing pool, to illustrate the beauties of a volunteer army compared with the horrors of an army raised by conscription. All will be confusion, upset, turmoil, amateur panic.

And in the midst of it the President of the United States, as Commander-in-Chief, will turn to the gentlemen on the following pages.

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REAR-ADMIRAL WILLIAM S. BENSON

HE IS the Fighting Director of the Navy. He is, in a remote way, what the English would call the First Lord of the Admiralty. We call him "Chief of Operations." Suppose the enemy's fleet appears in the West Indies. Admiral Benson might consult the Naval War College and ask for a "war-plan" to meet and cover that case. He might also consult the General Board of the Navy.

These two separate groups of special advisers would advise him. He himself would then advise the Secretary of the Navy. And the Secretary would advise the President.

When the President had approved the war-plan and when the Secretary had approved it, Admiral Benson would carry it out. But he does not himself manage any of the "bureaus" into which the Navy Department at Washington is divided. The Bureau of Navigation, for instance, has a manager of its own—Admiral Blue—and it reports, not to Admiral Benson, but to the Secretary of the Navy.

Admiral Benson, broadly speaking, is not a routine administrator. He is a fighter. And his power is this: that for *fighting* purposes, to find the enemy's fleet and sink it, he can and will tell all the bureaus what to do; and he can and will, through them, send his orders to the fleet and put it into action.

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CAPTAIN MARK L. BRISTOL

HE HAS perhaps the stiffest job in the Navy. He is in charge of our marine sanitarium for neurotic aeroplanes at Pensacola, Florida. He is "Director of Naval Aeronautics." He is conducting the experiments at Pensacola. Officially, we have fifteen aeroplanes there. Unofficially, between courses at the Aero Club, we sometimes have only one aeroplane at Pensacola that is feeling strong enough to fly. The others are being massaged in their wings; and their motors are being given artificial respiration. In other words, we have only a dozen aeroplanes in our Navy and we haven't even many of *them*, except on paper. This scandal may now come to an end. Captain Bristol has been put especially on the job—and Congress has appropriated a million dollars—to build up a real navy aeroplane service. Our Navy needs aeroplanes peculiarly; because our fastest battle-ships are so much slower than the fastest battle-ships of the best European powers. We need aeroplanes to go up and scout for the enemy's ships and find them and report on them, and so give our slower vessels, if outnumbered, a chance to get away. Captain Bristol has a supreme task ahead of him and a supreme opportunity, on the day of war, for unique service and distinction. He will be on the Front Page *then*.

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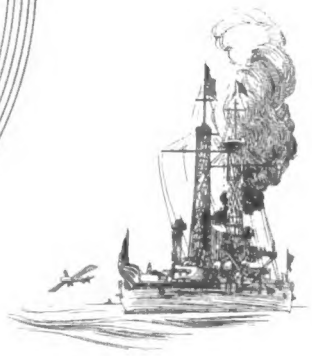
HE IS president of the General Board of the Navy. The General Board is a group of a dozen or so of sea-dogs, of various ranks, from admiral to lieutenant, rescued from the brine and leashed to the desk of Research and Reflection and Advice. They study everything—such as "Ought we to have battle-cruisers or only dreadnoughts?"—and they hand the results of their studies to the Secretary of the Navy, who reads them.

ADMIRAL GEORGE DEWEY

ADMIRAL FRANK F. FLETCHER



HE WILL boss the actual fighting—on the Atlantic. Admiral Benson will send him orders. He will send them through Admiral Blue of the Bureau of Navigation. The Bureau of Navigation transmits all *orders* to the fleets. It is the Bureau through which *people*—the men in action on the sea—are handled. The other Bureaus—seven of them—are more for *supplies*. In war-times you will hear much of the Bureau of Ordnance—guns and shells—Admiral Strauss. And then there is the Bureau of Steam Engineering—and so on. Each of them will send on to Admiral Fletcher the things that he needs—as ordered by Admiral Benson. Admiral Fletcher has all of our dreadnoughts—eight. These boats will fight any other dreadnoughts in the world on even terms—and then with an extra dash of the cold nerve which has never failed our seamen and never will.

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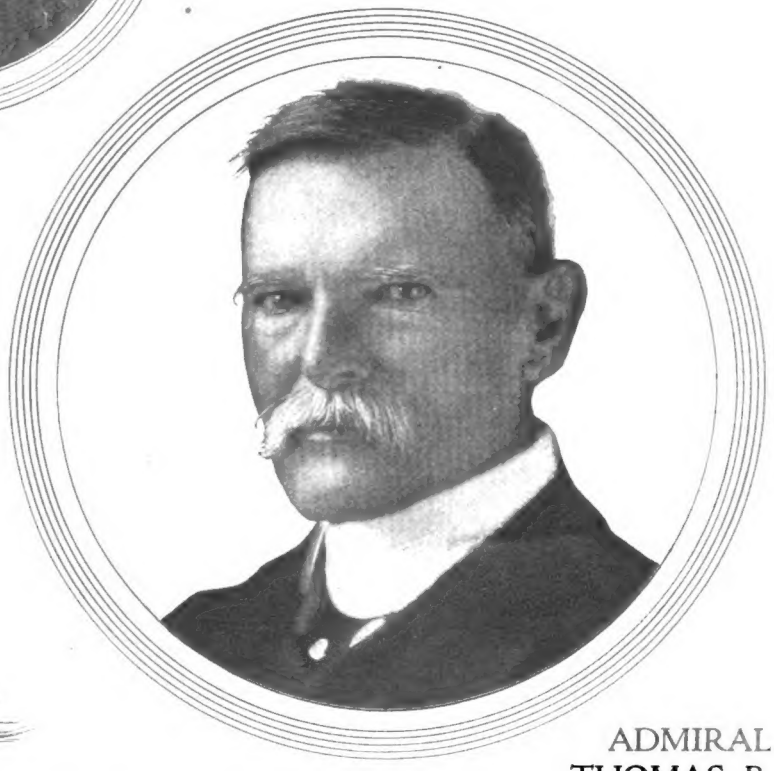
REAR-ADMIRAL AUSTIN M. KNIGHT

HE IS president of the Naval War College at Newport, Rhode Island. This is not a college for beginners. They go to Annapolis. The college at Newport is for a small number of experienced naval officers who have learned the sea, and who are ready to study sea-war with a small number of very special specialists. One of those specialists is Admiral Fiske, who has just invented a device for discharging torpedoes from aeroplanes.



ADMIRAL THOMAS B. HOWARD

ADMIRAL HOWARD'S job is to terrorize the Pacific. This he does with two armored cruisers, five third-class cruisers, nine destroyers, and eleven submarines. He hasn't a real regular line-of-battle ship in his whole fleet. *Battle*-cruisers are line-of-battle ships, able to stand up against dreadnoughts. *Armored* cruisers are too weak for that. Howard's fleet is called the Pacific Fleet and is distinct from our third and last fleet—the Asiatic Fleet—commanded by Admiral Cowles. This third fleet likewise is no reason why Japan should mobilize. Its best boat is not even an armored cruiser—only a "first-class" one. If Japan started a really sudden war on us, our war-plan wouldn't be likely to keep our Pacific Fleet dallying long around the Philippines. It would be much happier under our really superb $13,000,000 fortifications at Pearl Harbor in the Hawaiian Islands.

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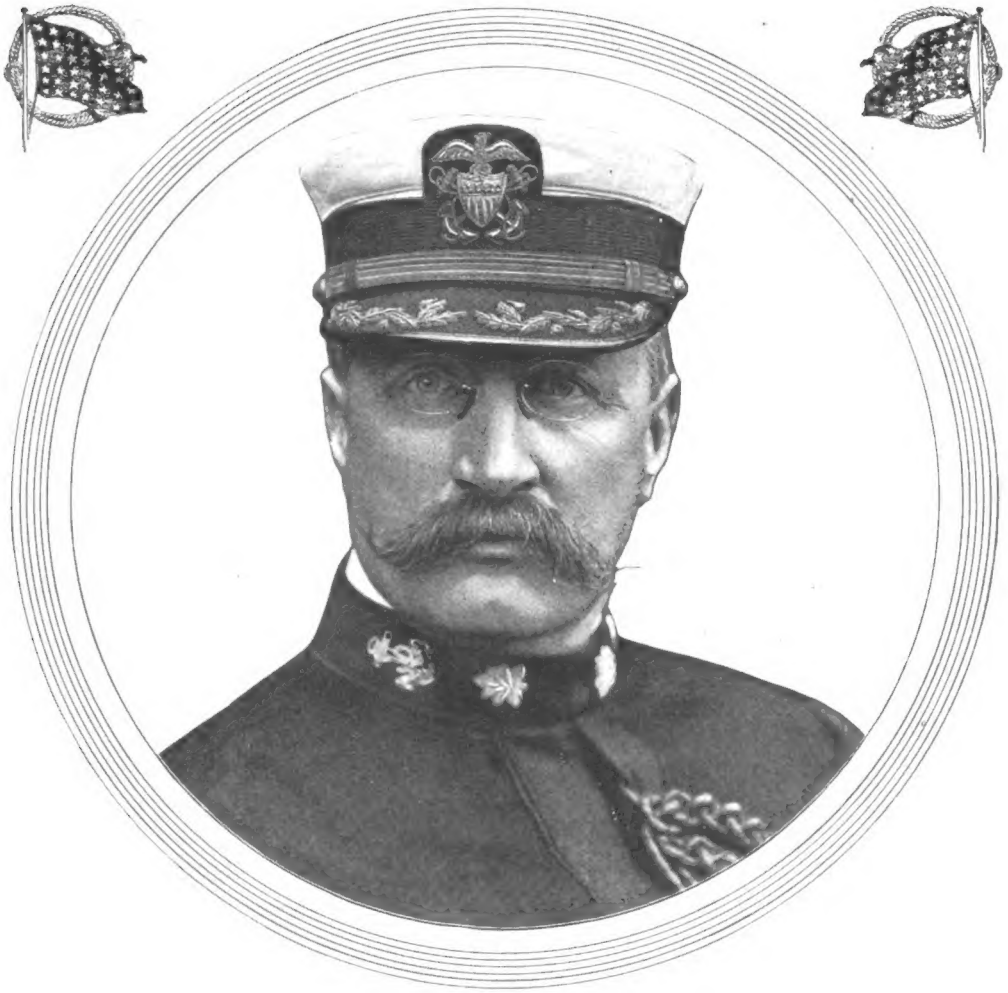

Photograph from Brown Bros.

CAPTAIN A. W. GRANT

A JAPANESE FLEET which evaded our sea-going ships on the Pacific and which arrived at our coast with troops to land, would be very much interested in Captain Grant. He would be right there in charge of under-water efforts to prevent the landing. He is Chief of the Submarine Service.

Civil dignitaries in Washington seem to have given up their ingenious idea of not building any submarines till the European war had shown us the final improvements in them. Some one (perhaps it was Colonel House) may have pointed out the cruel fact that there are never any *final* improvements in anything. Submarine construction will keep on changing all the time; and it will change just as much during the peace after this war as it is changing now. Now, therefore, is just as good a time as any for stepping into the water.

This has at last been admitted; and, accordingly, we have to-day the excellent number of forty submarines authorized and building. In service we have thirty-seven. Ten of these are on the Pacific Coast. If they did not prevent the landing, it is not likely that anything would. In all military history there are no cases in which a really bold and capable effort to land troops by a force controlling the sea, has been successfully resisted. Which brings us to the Army.

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MAJOR-GENERAL HUGH L. SCOTT

THE organization of the Army differs considerably from the organization of the Navy. The Navy has no General Staff. The General *Board* of the Navy is not a *Staff*. It only advises. It doesn't act. The Army really has a Staff which acts; and it consists of three brigadier-generals, four colonels, six lieutenant-colonels, twelve majors, and twelve captains, with General Scott as its head. It draws up *orders* with regard to the management of the Army—where the Army shall be and what it shall do. It draws up war-plans—and orders to carry out those plans. It will submit its plans and its orders to the Secretary of the Army. He can change them, of course. But the General Staff in the Army has the right and duty of *starting* things, while the General Board in the Navy has only the right of *suggesting* them. When the orders of the General Staff, already drawn up, have been signed by the Secretary of the Army, they will be handed on to the Adjutant-General Henry P. McCain—who in turn will hand them on to the various bureaus of the Army Department in Washington and to the armies in the field.

General Scott, in the event of war, will have more power over the Army than any one naval officer will have over the Navy.

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BRIGADIER-GENERAL ALBERT L. MILLS

THIS gentleman will unquestionably have more troubles during the first weeks of the war than anybody else at Washington. He is head of the Division of Militia Affairs. The President will call the militia out. But, when he has done it, there will be a universal dive into all law libraries to find out what the states must do and, on the other hand, what the Federal Government must do, to get our citizen soldiery to the front. There will be a mobilization camp in each state. To this camp will come orders from Washington, sending the citizen soldiery onward to a concentration camp, which may be in some other state. At last, over state toes trodden on by brutal Federal authorities and over Federal toes trodden on by disrespectful state authorities, our citizen soldiery will get concentrated into camps under the command of the four Federal military officers who rule the four military departments of the continental United States. And then there will be *some* training! We have 114,000 citizen soldiers. Twenty-six per cent. of them took no part in the last annual encampments. Sixty per cent. of them failed to qualify even as third-class marksmen. New Jersey, this year, had no encampment at all for any of its five infantry regiments. Yes, there will be several trainings and trials. Especially for General Mills.

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BRIGADIER-GENERAL WILLIAM CROZIER

IT WILL be General Crozier's duty to do for us what Kitchener failed to do for England and what Lloyd George is trying to do now—keep the ammunition going forward. Also, guns. We have 634 field-guns in existence and 226 in the factories. This is only one-third of the number that would be needed for an army of 500,000 men. General Crozier is head of the Bureau of Ordnance and he would do well to conscript Henry Ford of Detroit on the first day of war. But General Crozier is a great manufacturer himself. And, at the Watertown Arsenal, he has proved that he can manage Labor as scientifically as he can manage machines. But what haste there will be! Our present ammunition supply for even our present field guns will not last more than a week. We shall find, like England, that our biggest problem is one of manufacturing—of engineering.

And that suggests another man at Washington who will be on the Front Page, if the enemy lands: Brigadier-General Dan C. Kingman, Chief of Engineers. He will design the trenches—and all other engineering works. He has a very small office. Total number of officers, only 249. But there aren't any other 249 officers anywhere in the world who will out-class them for brains. They are the West Point pick.

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MAJOR-GENERAL JAMES B. ALESHIRE

AS QUARTERMASTER of the Army, he feeds, clothes, houses, transports a larger household than any other man in the country. His yearly butcher and grocer bills exceed $10,000,000. He has to be valet to more than 1,500,000 articles of the army wardrobe, and pay tailors' bills of $6,000,000 each year. In his stables are 30,000 horses to groom. He is even charged by law with all alterations in the length and shape of their manes and tails!

MAJOR-GENERAL FREDERICK FUNSTON

AMONG the men who command the four military departments of the United States, General Funston is by far the most likely to overturn our civil liberties by the crushing force of a professional licentious soldiery. He has 11,000 men at his beck and call. He is in command of the Department of the South. It embraces Texas and the states thereabouts. Our total professional army is 93,016. But when you count out the non-combatants—and the coast artillery—and the troops in our colonial possessions—it is only 33,915. It is clear, therefore, that Funston, with 11,000 men, could conquer the United States, if this were Mexico. The General Staff, in war, might want a generalissimo for all the armies of the United States. But it would be more likely to be the generalissimo itself and send orders, piecemeal, to each of the several department commanders.

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GENERAL GORGAS, as Surgeon-General, has a force of 4,600 persons. All for making the rest of the Army healthy. We have now mentioned all the principal offices in the Army at Washington, except those of the Inspector-General and the Chief Signal Officer. The Inspector-General is Ernest A. Garlington, who inspects everything down to "the principles of the care of the feet of the men." The Chief Signal Officer—see next page.

MAJOR-GENERAL WILLIAM C. GORGAS

MAJOR-GENERAL LEONARD WOOD

GENERAL WOOD, as Commander of the Department of the East, dominates most of this country east of the Mississippi. He has 6,600 men. These men aren't enough to bother him much. In war-time he will be more bothered by a certain other duty laid on department commanders. He must train the volunteers. He is peculiarly qualified for that. He has been prominent in forwarding the most politically practical and the most financially economical way yet devised of helping this country to an emergency army. It is the scheme for training college students, in vacation time, to be subordinate officers. There are 2,000 of them training this summer. It is the subordinate officers who make recruits into real soldiers. With a fair supply of such officers, we could train an immense emergency army—fast. General Wood will live in our history for his work in that scheme.

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BRIGADIER-GENERAL ERASMUS M. WEAVER

GENERAL WEAVER operates our big coast-defense guns protecting our coast places which have strategical and political importance. Some of those places delivered the political importance without delivering the militia which they promised at the same time. They said they would come forward with embattled citizen soldieries if they got the guns. But they didn't.

Other states are more bloodthirsty. There are 11,600 militiamen now at our coast-artillery positions, and 18,000 regulars. Total, some 30,000 soldiers. But, to man the guns, we need 50,000.

Since the coast artillery belongs to the Army, we may suppose that the Army will furnish its aeroplane service. That service, in the Army, is in the Signal-Corps.

The head of the Signal-Corps is Brigadier-General Scriven. He operates to-day more than 3500 miles of under-sea telegraph-cables. Also 70 wireless stations. And 22 aeroplanes.

The man in immediate charge of the aeroplanes is Colonel Samuel Reber. The experiment station is on the Pacific, at San Diego. The only station for aeroplanes in the eastern part of the United States is the Navy's, at Pensacola. For experiments.

We have no genuine *working* aviation service anywhere. Our Navy aviators, for instance, have never aviated with a navy. The endeavors going forward at Pensacola and at San Diego are not endeavors at serving navies or armies with aeroplanes, but simply at mastering the aeroplanes themselves.

Anyway—Army and Navy together—we have only 37 machines. And there are only 75 privately owned machines in the whole United States, and virtually every one of them is totally useless for naval or military work.

It's curious: our lack of public aeroplanes is not due entirely to lack of public appropriations. Certain moneys appropriated for aeroplanes by Congress have actually been turned back into the public treasury unexpended. Statesmen have claimed that our manufacturers didn't know how to make aeroplanes in the manner to satisfy the Government. And presumably they didn't.

Yet our manufacturers are now making 250 aeroplanes a month for the Allies.

And there's the heart of our trouble. We haven't yet learned how to hitch up our private individual capacity to our own national purposes.

General Wood's little army of 6,600 men costs us at least three-quarters as much money every year as Switzerland spends on a system which gives it 300,000 trained men on demand for instant use in the field.

Our consolation is that we know that we have the capacity. We shall use every pound of it—when we have to—and win. But we could save various trillions of pounds of it if we would start using a few ounces for practise now.

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HE CAUGHT THE HURTLING ARROW OF GEMS A FOOT FROM THE FLOOR.

The Fairy Princess

by

Samuel Hopkins Adams

AUTHOR OF "THE CLARION," "LITTLE MISS GROUCH," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY R. M. CROSBY

DOWN the long, proud generations of her race the Princess Alys marched, triumphant, into the sovereignty of the hearts of Centropolis. The city had called its own first blood back to it, to aid in the celebration of its centennial. And its first blood had answered in the person of the young princess whose ancestor, the

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adventurous sprig of royalty, had left behind him in the midland wilderness that military post destined to become in a hundred short years the most enterprising, progressive, hustling, self-appreciative city in the United States of America.

Straightway Centropolis, one million strong, fell in love with the Princess Alys.

It was not alone the glamour of royalty, so potent over the imagination of democracy. Nor was it the splendid traditions of her race, centering in the famous inherited fan which the visitor had brought with her, more encrusted in legend and history, even, than in its own priceless diamonds and emeralds. Nor was it the fact that the unanimous press of Centropolis had for months previous acclaimed her the fairest flower of royal blood: all princesses enjoy a perpetual dower of youth and beauty in the American newspapers. It was, above all else, because the Princess Alys was really young and lovely in her own right. And by virtue of those qualities she flashed her radiant smile and waved her glittering fan, from the moment of her arrival, over a city of adoring slaves.

All but Tug Hervey.

Not that the inconsiderable exception mattered to the city's guest of honor. From the Princess to Tug is a far descent, indeed. No royal blood flowed in the Hervey veins, nor was Tug's station among the exalted of the earth. He was only the youngest cub reporter of the *Morning Sentinel* staff. Such as he was, and to the best of his ability, he hated the Princess Alys with a whole-souled hatred. If a cat may look at a king, surely a cub may hate a princess. Tug Hervey conceived that he had adequate reason. It seemed not unlikely that he was going to lose his job on the *Sentinel* largely because of the presence in Centropolis of a royal personage upon whom he had never set eyes.

Indeed, standing before his letter-box at the very moment when the Princess was making her way to one of the innumerable official functions which beset her days, he pondered the probability that the blue envelope within was his formal discharge. A document of that complexion, thus placed, usually meant a summons to the sanctum of the Honorable Carter Campbell, Mayor of Centropolis and owner of the *Sentinel;* and a summons to that presence usually meant dismissal.

The luck of the news had gone bitterly against Tug for weeks. Many had been the call-downs from the city desk presided over by "Fish" Martin, the nickname being an unaffectionate foreshortening of the new editor's nagging shibboleth, "Efficiency, Efficiency!" He had even been "beaten," through no fault of his own, in his own district, the tough South Side, where he had a roving night commission for general news. And since the arrival of the Princess Alys three days before, he had been kept profitlessly chasing odds and ends of programed official data, the most disheartening sort of assignments, with nothing to write.

So Hervey stood gloomily before the little pigeonhole, summoning courage to take out that ominous-hued slip.

Somebody came panting up the stairs, turned the corner, and butted heavily into Tug. It was Withington, dramatic critic of the paper and a nephew of the owner. Withington was young Hervey's special admiration and envy, not so much because of his exalted position in the office, as because he was a "swell" and "went out socially." Also the older man was the object of the youngster's loyal affection in that he had been instrumental in transplanting him from a French-Canadian lumber-camp to a place as office-boy on the *Sentinel* and subsequently, as the adaptability of the quick Gallic mind manifested itself, in getting him taken on the staff.

"Lord, what a jam! I'm nearly pulled to pieces," complained the critic. "Why aren't you star-gazing at the Princess, *mon vieux?*"

Hervey flushed at the friendly raillery of the address. "I've got troubles of my own, Mr. Withington," he said.

The other's glance followed to the letter-box inscribed "R. Hervey." "Hullo!" said he regretfully. "From the Old Boy!"

"I s'pose so. I haven't opened it yet."

"No? Oh well—let's have the tooth out! Shall I?"

The boy nodded. "Go ahead. My nerve's weak."

Opening the dread envelope, his sponsor gave the contents a glance and laughed. Reassurance was in that laughter. "Saved!" he proclaimed. "It seems to be an announcement from a ready-made tailor."

"What right have they got to use that scary-colored paper?" demanded Hervey,

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angrily. He took the sheet from Withington, looked at it, and was instantly ensnared.

Within, the Kewt-Kut-Klothing-Kumpany (exemplifying their Kewtness in their orthography) was imploring him not to do himself the unpardonable injustice of missing their new offer in Full Evening Dress Garments. Their Swaggerhang Dress Suits, he learned with awed admiration, with its Super-silk Finish, its Latest Lapels, and its Unimpeachable Shoulder-Shaping (patent), applicable to the most particular and critical customer, was practically an honorary degree in Graduate Garmenture.

"With an Outfitting of such Ne Plus Ultra Style, one can be at ease in the Highest Society," declared the communication. "Thirty-seven dollars and fifty cents, for this week only," it added, persuasively.

"I'll go you," declared Tug Hervey, made reckless by the intensity of his relief. "Would you?" he added, shyly appealing to Withington.

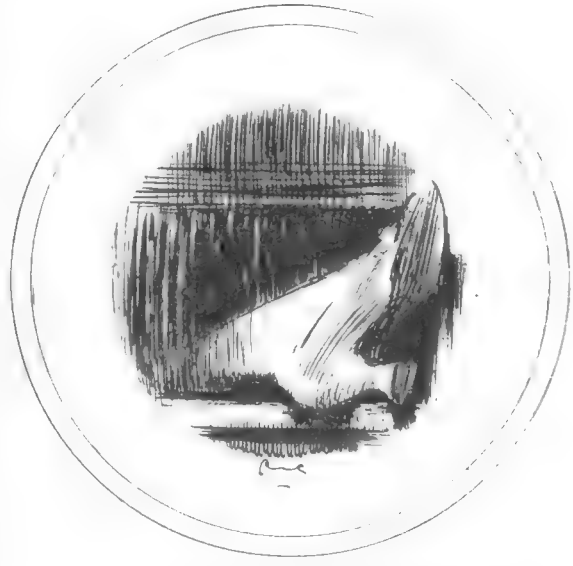
The great man was amused. "Go ahead," he advised. "No true gent should be without one." Then, with a more kindly thought: "I'll go around with you, if you like, and see if it lives up to specifications."

Glorious indeed was the effect of the Kewt-Kut investment. Far less glorious the condition of the Hervey exchequer when all was paid for, including special shirt, white waistcoat, and white gloves, upon which the social mentor was insistent. True, Tug could subsist well enough on his remaining eight dollars and forty cents until next Saturday brought in fifteen more; but suppose he drew a genuine blue envelope on that day? The contingency hovered.

Throughout the week it threatened more and more obviously in the bearing of "Fish" Martin, who kept him trotting upon petty assignments with no chance of making good. By such methods does the city editor express his waning faith in a reporter. By Friday Hervey knew that he was booked for an adverse report to the Old Boy unless he could chance upon a Big Story. A whooping great scoop might convince Mr. Martin that the cadet of the staff did possess some Efficiency, despite appearances.

But what chance of a scoop had a fellow who was kept, morning, noon, and night, at the job of watching the Princess? The Princess was great "copy"—the "big story" of every day. But the crack men got all the meat of the nut, while he was told off to watch official headquarters for stray bits of chance news which never came; cub-work of the cubbiest.

He couldn't even get a night off to wear his magnificent garments. Once, in a burst of optimism, he had arrayed himself Kewtfully, hoping to get in at a semi-public afternoon reception to her Highness, and had, indeed, got in, but had straightway got out again as soon as they discovered that he was not a waiter.



A MELTINGLY FEMININE SLIPPER, HOVERING BETWIXT HEAVEN AND EARTH, WITHOUT OBVIOUS ATTACHMENT TO EITHER.

All this weary time he had never so much as set eyes on Princess Alys. His way was consistently blocked by a pestilential, gloomy, and repellent person with offensive sandy whiskers, one Major Howitt, assigned by the United States Government to be official attendant upon visiting royalty, and conceiving it to be his special duty to insult news-seekers. Hervey thirsted hopelessly for Howitt's blood.

The final day of the royal visit arrived. It was a Saturday, and on the morrow, early, Princess Alys would be whisked overland to the seaboard, where her ship was waiting to whirl her overseas. Official

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farewell was to take the form of a huge reception and ball—a big-and-early, in deference to Sunday conventionalities—at the Obelisk Hotel, where the Princess and her suite were staying. All officialdom and most society was to be there. Also Tug Hervey.

Tug had come back to the office from his daily losing battle with the unspeakable Howitt, to draw his salary and report wearily, "Nothing to write."

"Nothing to write!" snarled Martin. "Whyn't you get it stenciled? Save you talking. Here!" He flapped an enormous and elaborate ticket to the reporter. "Cover the Obelisk ball from ten to eleven. Mather's in charge of the story. No descriptive stuff from you. Keep your eyes open for incidents, that's all."

The boy cheered up. At least here was opportunity for the Kewt-Kut Full Evening Dress Suit. He arrayed himself in all its glory, set the final touch to splendor in a fearfully be-frilled bow tie which had tempted him from a plate-glass window, and, with an hour to spare after dinner, stopped in at the office. There he encountered Withington, also in gala array.

"Hello! On the war-path, eh?" commented the critic. "Where away?"

"The Obelisk ball."

"Eh?" said the other, startled. "With that tie?"

"Isn't it all right?" asked Tug, anxiously.

"Impressive beyond words; but perhaps just a bit too elegant for this occasion. I'll tell you," continued the older man, moved to contrition by the cub's distressful face. "Drop in at my club with me and I'll dig you up another one."

The Criterion Club! Never had Tug Hervey expected to pass those sacred portals as a guest. Verily, the Kewt-Kut garments were "making good." He accepted with shy gratitude, and went along with the great man to his rooms, where he was soon fitted out properly.

"Plain black and plain white for evening dress," expounded his mentor kindly. "The plainer the safer. And now we'll go along—I'm going to the ball unprofessionally—but first we'll stop for a drink, sha'n't we?"

"I'm not drinking, thank you, sir."

"Don't 'sir' me. Nor anybody. Live up to those clothes. And why the water-wagon?"

"In training. I'm in the amateur middle-weight championships next week."

"A scrapper, eh? Are you pretty good?"

"Why, I went to the finals last year," said the boy modestly. "Big McCarthy says I ought to do better this year. I train with his stable."

The other scrutinized him critically. "Now that I look at you, you move like a fighter. It's about the only type that combines squareness and solidity with grace. You look better in motion than you do standing. Keep moving, *mon vieux*"—Withington laughed—"and you'll be an eyefull to-night."

"It's the clothes does it," said Hervey complacently, viewing the Swaggerhang coat-tails in his host's mirror.

"Clothes be hanged! It's something underneath the clothes. Where do you get it, I wonder?" He mused upon the boy. "Who *were* your people, Tug?"

"Search me. Don't remember my mother; nor much about my father, except that he was tall and drunk. A French schoolteacher back in the woods taught me all I knew, until he died. He was a real gent—gentleman, I mean." The youth corrected himself, flushing. "*Gentilhomme de race*," he concluded, seeking safety in his latent French.

"Evidently. Which explains that clear-cut accent of yours. Come; we'd best be moving."

At the entrance to the great ballroom they separated. Hervey made his way to the press seats and caught a glimpse of the hated Howitt below. Not until that persecutor of news-seekers was far away would he venture down to the floor. Presently the uniformed pest disappeared, and Hervey made his way into the close-packed circle about the dancing space. Little by little he was shoved forward in the yeasty permutations of the crowd, until he found himself on the inner border.

"Who's the short-haired faun all boxed up in stiff clothes?" asked a woman's voice near him. But he did not identify himself with the description until Withington's friendly hand fell upon his shoulder and he found himself being presented to the questioner, whose name made him gasp inwardly. And now this head-liner of the social columns was speaking to him in companionable wise, asking him if he had tried the floor. To his consternation he found himself suggesting that they dance.

Whence had come such temerity? Magic

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"KEEP BACK," TUG-WARNED. "I'VE STOOD ENOUGH FROM YOU."

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of the Kewt-Kut garmenture, perhaps. What was it the circular had said? "With an Outfitting of such Ne Plus Ultra Style one can be at ease in the Highest Society." Here was the Highest Society, now fairly within the Unimpeachable Sleeve of the Swaggerhang Coat. And he himself, as soon as he felt the sway of the music, was coolly at ease. Socially the dance-halls of the South Side (five cents per dance, self and partner) fall short of the highest, but expertness, at least, they do impart.

"I almost think you're a professional," said his partner, as the last up-surge of the music brought them to the side again. "Oh, here's the Princess. The men say she dances like an angel. But then, the men are all quite mad about her."

"Which is she?" asked Hervey.

"What? You don't know her? Right here, promenading with the Mayor. That's the famous jeweled fan. Isn't she really lovely?"

So that was the Princess! The Princess—whom he, from his obscurity, had hated as the *sans-culottes* hated the old French aristocracy; and for much the same reason—was that flower-faced girl with witchery in her soft, gray eyes, now turned upon the perspiring Chief Executive of the City, who was striving to stem the torrent of her musical French with an ineffective protest in American here and there. Hervey found himself envying his employer. The girl was a wonder!

Now the music struck up. The Honorable Carter Campbell, with the face of a soft-boiled martyr, encircled the swaying waist of the Princess and set out. To the critical eye of Tug Hervey he was by no means as bad as might have been expected. In fact, he was performing creditably, if not notably, when down upon the pair bore a fox-trotting Treasury official with two hundred pounds of partner in his arms. They whirled inopportunely. Their clasped hands sharply jogged the Princess's elbow.

"Ah!" cried the Princess Alys. "*Mon eventail!*"

From the impact, the precious fan flew up, fluttered, half-spread, then darted downward. In an unreckonable part of a second, it would be under the feet of the ponderous trotters. Hervey, just within the first line of the circle, had noted the danger of collision, set himself involuntarily, and now marked the glittering flight. With an abrupt plunge of his shoulder, he parted a fat millionaire from his bejeweled wife, thrust forth a swift, long arm, caught the hurtling arrow of gems a foot from the floor, checked his own fall with his left hand, and with a cat-like twist of his powerful young body whirled upright, his face close to the lovely, anxious face of the Princess.

She glanced at the fan fluttering like a live thing unharmed in his grasp, and gave a little cry of relief.

"I thank you, sir-r-r," she said, in her quaint English.

"Aw; that's aw-right." The words were on the tip of his tongue—a shattering, shameful reversion to South Side type, had they been uttered; when she saved him by murmuring:

"*Monsieur est bien adroit.*"

At the timbre of the loved and unforgotten language his mind swung back, far back to the standards of his old, gentle, melancholy instructor, the *gentilhomme de race*, and it was almost mechanically that he replied:

"*Mais, pas du tout, madame. Enchanté de vous rendre service.*"

He delivered the trinket into her hand with a bow which harked back over years; perhaps—who can know?—over generations.

"*Ah! Vous êtes donc Français, monsieur? Vous en avez bien l'air.*"

It was the daintiest compliment of voice and manner. He had the air of being French, to this loveliest bloom of the *ancien régime!* By implication, of being a gentleman. She had spoken to him as to an equal. A princess took him for one of the elect! What a tale to tell the fellows in the office! One lobe of his brain ruminated thus exultingly, while the other inspired him to further speech.

"*Non, madame. Mais jusqu'ici je n'ai jamais eu l'occasion de le regretter.*"

The Princess laughed, approvingly. He was not French, and had never before regretted it! At least he had the grace of the most gallant nation; and his speech, strange though it was, was of the purest. She made him a sweeping and mischievous bow.

"Do you per-r-haps dance like a Frenchman?" she inquired; and, taking that much for granted—or perhaps she had noted him on the floor—she added, in English: "You shall come fo' you' rih-ward. You shall

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dance wit' me—presently. Half a hour? Yes?"

As she moved on, an epauletted shoulder obtruded itself upon Hervey. Howitt was bidding him, in a low and angry tone, to leave the floor. Had there been a hope of his claiming that dance, a cordon of police would hardly have sufficed to remove him. But already his hour was up. He must hurry back to the office. Wrapped in a flattering dream, the reporter returned to his desk to write a dull "stick-full" about nothing.

Livelier by far was the sketch of the fan incident which he gave to several of his fellows. Some echo of it reached the Fish. He demanded and received an outline of the episode.

"Whyn't you turn that in?" he growled.

"Didn't know it was news," said Hervey.

"Anything about the Princess is news. Anything about her fan is news. Here you have both of 'em— Say, Hervey, when a story hits you right between the eyes, can't you recognize it?"

"Shall I write it now?" asked the boy, sullenly.

"No. You'd probably leave out every point of interest. Give the facts to Curtis to write. Say that the fan rescuer was a stranger, Curtis."

Furious at fate in general and the Fish in particular, Hervey strode out. As he passed his letter-box he could almost see the blue envelope which surely would be there on the morrow. At the turn of the Boulevard he was held up by a jam of gala vehicles returning from the Obelisk. Savagely he wished that the earth might open up and engulf all those proud and rich motor-cars while he was Johnny-on-the-spot, thereby affording him the chance for a "story" which would relegate even the Princess Alys to the second page. But the rich and proud motor-cars only edged forward a few feet, and the earth continued to support all that ponderous magnificence successfully.

In the shift, an equipage not wholly consonant with the general motive scheme moved into his direct path. It was a cab, a sober, rather dingy public coupé, differing in only one particular from scores which may be found (except when badly needed) prowling about any principal thoroughfare. But that particular was important and interesting. It consisted in a little, pink slipper propped comfortably in the angle of the door, and not quite concealed by the drawn curtain; a slipper of dainty curves, a meltingly feminine slipper, a Mahomet's coffin of a slipper, hovering betwixt heaven and earth, without obvious attachment to either. Few cabs, indeed (and alas!), display such footgear.

Few Centropolis cabs, moreover—for all that the city is undeniably, as its proud press proclaims on every suitable occasion, a world-center of refinement, culture, and learning—give forth to the eager night dim music both French and soprano of the most delicious. The words were of the purest accent, but hardly of the most unimpeachable antecedents. They were, in fact, those of a very slangy little chansonette of the Grands Boulevards which Hervey had once heard from the lips of Yvette Guilbert, no less.

"Quand on n'a pas un sou"

—softly lilted the soul of the cab.

"Et qu' on n'a plus d'espoir"

—Hervey capped the line in a clear, soft tenor.

Silence from within. Presumably amazement; possibly chagrin. His misgivings were swept away by a soft carillon of laughter, such laughter as the Spirit of Mirth and Innocence might set a-wing in a fairy world free from toil or trouble or the dread of lost jobs; and— Surely there was the scarlet and silver of knightly adventure sewn somewhere into the Kewt-Kut Koat! For, daring all at the challenge of that voice, he gilded under the body of the vehicle, opened the farther door, stepped in, and shut out the dull world of realities.

"*Voilà!* My chevalier of the fan!" cried the Princess Alys.

II

Youth, questing, adventuring Youth, looked into the eyes of Youth and laughed.

"How did you get here?" The two put the query simultaneously, but it was she who first answered.

"I am not amuse', so I lef'."

"Just like that? So simple and easy?"

"Not so simple." The Princess reverted to her own tongue to explain that only by strategy had she secured a cloak and made her way out by a side passage to a cab

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which gentle chance had held there for her. The uniformed martinet, Howitt, she observed, would be rending his silky whiskers with dismay. "I hope it, well," she added: "I hate him."

"Shall I go back and punch his fat head?" suggested Hervey, in English this time, because one punches fat heads best in that language.

"It would be to lose time," said the Princess regretfully. "And I wish to be amused. At once!"

Here was royal command to tax journalistic ingenuity. How did one amuse a prin-

HE ARRAYED HIMSELF IN ALL THE GLORY OF HIS KEWT-KUT FULL EVENING DRESS SUIT.

cess at once? "Let me think," he muttered.

"Think in French, fo' amusement," she bade him merrily. "An' I will speak to you in Ame'ican. You haf not come back fo' you' rih-ward of the dance. If one goes an' dances, now?"

"What! Back at the Obelisk?"

"*Mais, non!* A thousan' times no! You' Monsieur Mayor haf tol' me about the toff dances. Ver' gay."

Toff? Hervey vaguely recalled the term as a Briticism meaning social swelldom. "I don't know where we could break into anything swell at this hour," he said, adding: "*Il n'y a pas de beau monde*——"

"*Ah, ça,*" broke in the Princess with sweet violence. "You' *beau monde!* Eet bores me *à pleurer*—how you say?—to weeps."

Hervey heard it with a shock. Centropolis's High Society, that splendid vision which had dazzled his unaccustomed eyes but an hour since, bored, actually bored, its own chosen idol, the Princess. The social fabric crumbled in his mind and was dust!

"Do you not know some—some"—she pursued an elusive word with fluttering, rose-pink fingers—"some dance-'alls? I wish to see them."

Did Tug Hervey know some dance-halls!

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Did he know a right jab from a left uppercut? A city jot from a double spread on the *Sentinel's* front——

Bang! The great idea flashed with the detonation of dynamite across his brain, "Doing the Dance Halls with a Princess." "City's Guest of Honor Makes the Rounds of the South Side." He previsioned the glaring headlines. A beat. A scoop! Such a scoop as never was, for the *Sentinel*, for Tug Hervey, the butt of the city desk! His job was as good as saved. Saved? It would be cinched forever. Success, yes, triumph was within his grasp.

He turned to the Princess, his eyes alight. "You're on," he said.

She clapped her hands like a joyous child. "*Dansons! Dansons!* We shall dance!"

"Grand Union Palace," called out Hervey to the driver.

Vivid and gaudy in white, red, and green lights the vast bulk of Centropolis's popular and reliably respectable nickel-per-turn dance-hall loomed before the approaching vehicle. As the cab slowed, the Princess leaned forward to scrutinize her escort's face and spoke in French, for she wished to be understood beyond possibility of error.

"I am told that the gentleman of your nation is to any woman in his care what he would be to his own sister."

"That is true," said Tug Hervey gravely.

"Comrades, then," she said. "How is it you do in your American fashion? Shake you'self on it."

He took the soft, cool, pink hand in his own hearty grasp and shook solemnly. They passed in, running the gauntlet of all that blaze of electricity, and swung out upon the board floor.

"Pipe Tug Hervey in his new head-waiter's uniform," said one of the floor lieutenants as they passed, and was answered:

"Who's the bird of paradise with him? *Some* looloo-queen!"

They danced. On that broad, crowded floor the rest presently paused to look, divided before them, gave them wide paths lined with admiring glances, for Tug Hervey's fame as a performer pervaded the South Side, and here was a partner for him such as that assemblage had not before seen.

"No, I do not know the steps," she murmured in reply to his wondering surmise. "What does it matter? Does one need to know, if the spirit is in one's feet? I follow. Do not talk. Dance!"

Between numbers she gazed about with friendly interest, sweetly careless of the conjecture which she herself was causing, far less conscious of herself in her splendor than was Tug of himself in his Kewt-Kut suit. Enjoyment for him was tempered by the fear that she might be recognized and a "tip" sent to the newspapers, which would impair if not spoil his splendid scoop. But apparently the innumerable photographs reproduced day by day, served as an effective deception. From the distinguishable comments of the crowd, he gathered that there was vast curiosity and wonder, but no suspicion of her identity. His Big Story was still safe.

Again the music drew them. Now as she slipped into his arms she was magically changed, and was no longer princess. Or was she princess and something more; comrade of his delight, who danced like the shadow of stirred flame, swaying to his guidance as the echo follows music; youth to his youth, woman to his man, the glow in the vision?

And, in that phase, she was still immeasurably above him, a spirit of the pure upper spaces, not because she was royal, but because she was lovely above all loveliness of which his heart had ever dreamed. Forgotten was the Big Story; forgotten everything but that, in a world of their own, they moved, aloof and as one, to the pulsing of immortal harmonies.

The music sank, in one long, soft wave. The lights twinkled an ominous signal.

"Closing time," said Hervey, a little breathlessly.

"What? They stop? It mus' not be. Tell them to go on. I wish it. *Je le veux!*"

"It's all over. Sunday morning," he explained sadly.

"Then we go to another place an' dance more."

"There aren't any other places open."

She frowned at him, imperious and impatient at this unaccustomed phenomenon of a world which threatened to balk her whim.

"Take the lady to the Eureka Club dance, Tug," suggested a floor-manager helpfully. "That'll be going all night. You'll see life there, all right."

"I wish to see life," declared the Princess emphatically. "I am interes' in those things."

Hervey could cheerfully have choked the interfering manager. The Eureka Club was

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most emphatically "toff" with a toughness to which he did not care to expose his partner. Moreover, the claims of the Big Story had again asserted themselves. Here it was, midnight. He ought to be getting to the office. He could interview her in the cab, going back, as to what she thought of it all.

Going back, however, was the last thing in the Princess's mind. She insisted on the Eureka Club. And, with a sigh, the reporter gave in.

Through a promptly executed pull exercised upon the manager of the Eureka ball, he got a box, back from and a little above the dancing-floor. From this point of vantage he pointed out the various notables: Ice-House Mike, the leader of the district; King Connolly of the Excise Board; Big McCarthy, the heavyweight, who paused to flap a welcoming hand, about the size of a straw hat, at the reporter; East Shore Marge, an ample lady whose tug-boat was in reality a floating haven for stolen goods; Slick Ike, who had successfully pulled off the Spencer jewel robbery, and other distinguished figures. Vastly interesting all this was to the visitor from another world, but not to the exclusion of her dominating desire. She wished to dance again with her perfect partner.

Seeing no way out, Hervey took her to the floor. After all, it added a spicy feature to the Big Story.

Here, as before, they quickly became the center of attention. One feature of it disturbed the watchful Hervey. Slick Ike was moving unostentatiously about after them with admiration only too obvious upon his swart face. But the admiration was not for the Princess; it was for the rope of priceless diamonds about her neck. Hervey fervidly cursed himself for not having bidden her secrete them. At the conclusion of the number he led her back to their box. Hardly had he drawn her chair into place against the far partition when there appeared at the entrance a heavy-shouldered, glossily arrayed young fellow whom the reporter recognized as an election-day thug and sometime associate of Slick Ike, Conkey by name.

"Gimme a permit for a turn with your ladifren'," said the newcomer, unceremoniously.

"No," said Hervey with equal lack of ceremony. His narrowed eyes were fixed, not upon Conkey, but upon the half-curtained door where he had caught a glimpse of Ike, backed by two other and equally sinister figures. His hand dropped down upon the back of an undertaker's folding chair with which the box was tastefully furnished. "No," he repeated flatly.

"Then I'll take a chance myself," said the invader.

He moved to one side, maneuvering to draw Hervey out of position and thus leave a clear path for a rush upon the Princess from the door. Hervey shifted his ground to stand directly before her. But she had already read in his scowling face what she took to be jealousy, and it pleased her to be mischievously amused.

"Thees gentleman weesh to dance wit' me?" she inquired sweetly.

A woman in the adjoining box caught at her arm. "Don't you do it, lady," she warned in a whisper. "It's a plant."

"Get out o' my way, young feller," growled the tough, and made a move forward.

"Hand him one, Tug," adjured the woman in the next box. "He's got it comin' to him."

Then the Princess began to see life. In the next five seconds she saw and heard so much of it that she could afterward evolve from the chaos of her perceptions only a few clear phases: a chair whirled into the knees of the invader; a flash of her knight's black-clad arm so swift and easy that the crashing impact of the tough upon the floor below seemed a result incredibly out of proportion to the effort; then a charge of crouching bodies met in mid-onset by the defender; a dreadful sickening scramble of panting creatures that surged and fell and twisted among the chairs, and a little shiny knife which dropped and rolled toward her.

A hand, not her comrade's hand, but a veined and hairy menace, reached forth, groping for the weapon. In the Princess's veins flowed the blood of a thousand fighters. She set her foot upon the blade. The groping hand clutched, slipped from her heel, and was withdrawn.

"Help!" shrieked the woman in the next box. "Murder!"

Help came, bellowing as it advanced: "Hold 'em, Tug! I'm wit' you!" And the greatest human bulk which the Princess had ever witnessed in action vaulted over the rail. With the arrival of Big McCarthy, it was all over. The assailants broke and

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"GIMME A PERMIT FOR A TURN WITH YOUR LADIFREN'," SAID THE NEWCOMER.

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fled. Hervey struggled to his feet, dizzy, and with a red trickle down his cheek.

The Princess's hands went out to him. "You are hurt?"

"No," he said shortly. "Let's get out of here."

"That's right, lady," confirmed the gigantic prize-fighter. "You'd 'a' been in bad but for the boy, here. This is no place for the likes of you. And, if you'll take my tip, keep them sparklers under cover till you get home."

Taking off the necklace, she handed it to Hervey, who somewhat impaired the Swaggerhang of the Kewt-Kut Koat by slipping it into the tail pocket. To render their exit glorious, Big McCarthy escorted them to the waiting cab himself.

Silence held the two comrades on the way back. The Princess was thinking hard. From time to time she cast a questioning glance at her companion. But that youth was immersed in his own private reckonings. He was building up the superb architecture of the Story. The Princess Attacked! Big McCarthy to the Rescue! The Downfall of Bull Conkey! Why, it was worth a page, if he had the time. Why couldn't he have had an illustrator along! Well, anyway, he'd *own* the *Sentinel* office twelve hours from now.

From such glittering considerations he was aroused by the Princess's voice. "You were very brave."

Tug made embarrassed and deprecatory noises. "It wasn't anything," he finally got out.

"My ancestors knighted men for less. We have no longer the gift of the accolade. But it ees said that those of my blood have another gif' to bestow; that of good luck. Do you believe?" she asked, a little wistfully.

"I believe anything you want me to," he made his stout declaration.

"That ees well. It can be given in but one way. Close your eyes."

He obeyed. Two hands, light and soft as rose-petals, touched upon his shoulders. Light and soft as the breath blown from the rose-petals by a moth's wing, was the pressure he felt on either cheek. "All good luck go with you, my Chevalier," cried the voice softly and gaily. "The gif' ees recorded and must be fulfilled. For I am a Fairy Princess, too."

Hervey bent and kissed one of the hands with a boyish grace. Then the cab stopped and he was helping his comrade out at the side entrance to the Obelisk.

In the small private hallway of the special suite, Major Howitt was seated in a slump of despondency. At sight of the vagrant pair he rushed forward, his whiskers fairly bristling with rage.

"Where have you been?" he demanded shrilly.

The Princess drew herself up. "You forget you'self, Major How-witt," she said with cold emphasis.

"I—I beg your pardon, Princess. But—but you have occasioned us the most dreadful anxiety for your safety."

"I have been well guarded, monsieur," said she, with a glance at Hervey.

At that the compressed fury of the official guardian burst upon the youth. "You young scoundrel!" he shouted, and thrust out a huge, long hand for the other's collar.

Hervey struck it up. "Keep back," he warned. "I've stood enough from you."

But the official was quite beside himself. "I'll teach you a lesson," he began, and was about to attempt it when he was stricken to stone by the voice of the Princess, enunciating a sentiment sufficiently foreign in accent, but astoundingly American in purport.

" 'And eem one, Tug," said the fairest flower of European royalty. " 'E's got eet comin' to 'eem!"

Major Howitt collapsed. He wilted. He withered on the gaudy stem and was thereafter inconsiderable. Nor did his royal charge consider him. She turned to Tug Hervey.

"Good night, my Chevalier," she cried. "But wait! A keepsake for you to remember by." She tossed him a gossamer-web of lace handkerchief. "And do not forget that the good luck will come."

Good luck indeed! Tug Hervey, speeding taxi-borne to the office, hugged it to his bosom—his good luck, his mighty scoop—fashioning the introductory paragraph in his mind. His Fairy Princess, all innocent of how, was to make him the most-talked-of reporter in Centropolis by virtue of her Big Story.

How big he did not realize, until almost at the office railing he was seized by Fish Martin.

"Get to Howitt," he cried. "The Princess has disappeared. We've got a private

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tip. Make Howitt give up. Stick to him until——"

"That's all right," said Hervey, trying to be cool. "I've got it."

"Got *what?*"

"The Story."

"Of the Princess's disappearance?"

"Disappearance, nothing. She's back at the hotel now."

"How do you know?"

"Just landed her there myself."

"*You?*"

"Sure, me! Why not?" said Tug, all athrill with pleasurable excitement. He began to outline the adventure.

"Don't talk it!" shrieked the editor, hustling him into a side room. "Write it. No! Dictate it to a typewriter. Here, Dietz, take this story. I'll have 'em break the first page wide open for it. Now, Hervey, open up!"

For one hour and twenty minutes Hervey talked. And he talked well. It was good copy. Even Dietz, hardened by years of mechanical taking of dictation, snorted his appreciation here and there, and at the close ejaculated, "Hot stuff, boy!" With the finish of the last page came Fish Martin again, hot-faced and fierce, his forehead a mean pucker of suspicion.

"Here, you, Hervey! How do I know you aren't putting something over on us? Too much hero business in this to smell just right. Got any confirmation of it?"

The reporter swung around so indignantly that the Swaggerhang coat-tail struck a protruding desk-end; struck and clinked. With a quick hand he drew forth the forgotten diamonds and dangled them before the dazzled eyes of his chief.

"Is that good enough?" he challenged.

The city editor emitted a dim whoop of exultation. "All *right!* Put 'em up before you get pinched, my boy. The juiciest story this burg has turned out in ten years!"

For his own further enjoyment Hervey would have liked to stay and see his story safely put to bed in the forms. But the forgotten necklace was a pressing consideration. He strolled happily out and delivered it into the hands of the chastened and still bewildered Major Howitt. Passing by the Obelisk restaurant on his return, he was halted by Withington, who had been supping there with friends after the dance.

"Rather a clever trick you pulled, saving the royal fan, my boy," said the critic. "The Princess is something to look at, isn't she?"

Hervey assented warmly.

"Something to look after, too, I understand," pursued the other.

"Yes?" Hervey wondered whether Withington had already heard rumors of the "disappearance."

"So I'm told. She has an investigating spirit. In New York she did Coney Island with a Bowery statesman. Official Washington was turned inside out by a rumor that she had vanished from a White House reception to attend a Pension Bureau hop that promised more fun. Everywhere she goes, she contrives to have her own little bat on the side. Quite a story the Princess would make, if one could tell the inside facts."

"Why don't you write it?" inquired the cub innocently.

"I? One can't use stuff got in that way."

"Don't see why not," said Hervey.

The older man's eyebrows went up slightly. "Don't you? It's confidential, by implication. Told me by friends who know the Princess. Decent newspapermen don't use matter of that sort. Scrubs do, sometimes. That's what gives newspapers a bad name."

"Oh, I see. You can't give away your friends. But suppose you'd seen the thing yourself?"

"Seen it? How?"

"Well, suppose you'd been in on it? If you were the guy that took her to Coney Island——"

"And then wrote it up?"

"Yes."

"Do you think that would be honorable?"

"Why, if it wasn't given to you in confidence," began Hervey. A cold fear of realization was pressing upon his utterance.

"Don't you understand that a man who'd do a thing like that would be an outlaw from all decency?"

"But—but what harm would it do?" faltered the cub. "People wouldn't think any the worse of the Princess just for going to a few dance-halls?"

"For going a single step out of the beaten social path. They don't look at those things in Europe as they do on the South Side, my boy. It would be disgrace, almost ruin, to a princess. That is why the reckless adventurousness of our royal visitor is so astonishing."

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"You mean they'd *talk* about her; say—say things about her—her own people?"

"Talk! Why, it would be a morsel for every scandalmonger in Europe. What's the matter with you, Hervey?" he cried, for the boyish face had become gray.

was now a flame, searing his heart, would be out upon the ocean, beyond the immediate reach of scandal. So much he could save her.

That the expedient would wreck him he cared not at all. His plan was all made.

"SO YOU'RE THE BOY WHO SHOWED THE PRINCESS CENTROPOLIS, EH?"

"I took the Princess around the South Side to-night and wrote the story."

Withington drew back from him slowly. "You wretched little rat!" he said with deadly quiet, and turned his back.

But the wretched little rat did not note the act. Already he was out on the street, running at his best speed toward the office. As he ran it seemed to him that his brain was burning up with shameful fires, yet, notwithstanding, extraordinarily cool. For he was able to think with deadly precision. He was going to kill the Big Story—his Big Story, now turned to dust, to decay, to poison in his mouth.

Only for the day could he kill it. That he well realized. But by the following day his Princess, the touch of whose soft lips Just before the presses started, he would so cripple the machinery as to put the whole plant out of action for the night. Having worked in the press-room for a time, he knew exactly how it could be done. He even knew where to put his hand on the proper tool, a short-handled plumber's hammer which he had noticed left on a repair job between floors of the office. On his way up-stairs he possessed himself of the weapon, and slipped it into a tail pocket, thereby imparting a melancholy sag to the Kewt-Kut perfection.

Fish Martin was at his desk when Hervey arrived. For once he gave his cub a benign nod. "The Old Boy's been asking for you. He's in the private office."

Hervey went in. He was quite cool now,

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calculating his time nicely. There was about half an hour's leeway before the presses started. Then was his chance. Jail after that, or let them kill him. He didn't care.

Mayor Campbell, final arbiter of the *Sentinel*, sat at the inside desk which he seldom honored with his presence. Before him were spread some galley proofs. Hervey recognized them with a profound qualm of the soul. They were the proofs of his Big Story.

"So you're the boy who showed the Princess Centropolis, eh?" said the Old Boy, with a twinkle.

Hervey made some inarticulate response.

"Well, you've written a good story. A corking good story."

"If it could be held over," began the reporter eagerly, "I could write a better one."

"An excellent story," continued the owner, unheeding. "But I've got a disappointment for you, young man."

"A disappointment?" repeated Hervey dully.

"Yes. We can't use this." He tapped the galleys with a regretful forefinger.

"You—mean—it—won't—be—printed?" Each word had to be forced from the speaker's throat by an effort that left him spent.

"No. It can't. I am the mayor of this city. The Princess Alys is the guest of this city. That kills the story for my paper. I'm sorry."

What occurred thereupon almost made his Honor's eyes pop out. For Tug Hervey slumped heavily into a convenient chair, and the Swaggerhang tail of his Kewt-Kut Koat, bumping against the seat, opened to disgorge a baby sledge-hammer which forthwith put a decisive dent in the valuable hard-wood floor. Its fall was followed by the more leisurely descent of a dainty, tiny handkerchief which spread charitably above it, veiling its starkness.

"S-s-see that?" muttered Tug Hervey from between quivering lips, indicating the sledge.

"I do. What's it for?"

"I was going to muh—muh—murder your presses with it to keep the story from coming out."

Then he dropped his head on the speckless glass top, and nerve and nerves gave way simultaneously under the sudden loosening of the strain.

"Well, by Jove!" half-gasped his Honor. He glanced at the shaking figure bowed over the desk; he glanced at the tool of prospective destruction, and his regard lingered upon the little square of lace. "Well, by Jove!" said he again.

Footsteps approached the room. The mayor hustled over and slammed the door, shutting in Tug and his troubles from the ken of an unsympathetic world. He resumed his chair. The reporter lifted a shamed and swollen face.

"Now tell me the whole thing," said his boss.

The boy told it. At times his auditor smiled; once or twice he laughed; again, the weary, shrewd eyes above the pursed cheeks grew wistful and dreamy.

"What are you going to do now?" he asked, at the close.

"Go back to the woods, I guess," said Tug Hervey hopelessly. "I—I ain't—I'm not fit for any decent job."

"Aren't you? Well, I would be willing to take a chance on that. I'd even think you might be worth a raise. I wouldn't be surprised if you found your pay envelope fattened, after this, on the strength of that story."

The reporter winced sharply. His chief saw the sign, and guessed what agony of shame lay back of it. That rare and kindly tact which had done more to win him political success than all his manipulations, inspired him now to minister to the suffering boy. Rising, he let his hand fall upon the hard-muscled shoulder.

"Come back to your job to-morrow, son," he said gently. "There'll always be room for a gentleman on the *Sentinel*. We need you in our business."

Mr. Jones is Mrs. Jones's husband, but Mrs. Jones is not Mr. Jones's wife—sometimes.

And see other amazing foolishnesses in American divorce-laws in

Next Month's EVERYBODY'S

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The Real Adventure

By Henry Kitchell Webster

AUTHOR OF "THE BUTTERFLY," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY EDWARD L. CHASE

ON HER way home from college Rose Stanton is challenged by a street-car conductor for a fare already paid. She blazes up at him, and then permits herself to be put off in the midst of an outrageous rainstorm. Rodney Aldrich, who has attempted to defend her, drops off the car with her, admiring what he assumes to be sacrifice for a principle. He finds it was merely lack of nickels. But he finds, too, a wonderful charm in the girl's vitality and simplicity, and he walks with her to the elevated. The next day he goes to her home to return her rain-soaked note-books, which he has—more or less forgetfully—carried off. He is unceremoniously ushered into the sitting-room, and so, for his second sight of Rose, comes upon a lovely, tousled creature in a middy-blouse, stretching herself awake. Before he leaves he has talked out to her the whole story of his lawyers life, built on robust ideals and a big personal philosophy. Within a fortnight they are engaged—ready to try out the "real adventure" of marriage, and are breaking the news to Rose's mother—a suffrage leader who had devoted her to the Cause; to Portia, the sister who has supported her; and to Rodney's sister, Frederica, a celebrated beauty and a society woman of consequence.

After the honeymoon, Rose is transplanted from the rather meager comfort of her home to an establishment filled with wonderful furniture and wonderful servants, with a car at her disposal, and a magic world of dances, dinners, and operas opening before her. It is at a tea in the new social realm to which she has been transported that she meets a great foreign actress. In making some remark about American women, the actress catches sight of Rose's big, puzzled eyes, and, at once interested, offers a flimsy pretext for leaving the tea, bidding Rose come with her for a drive.

THERE was something Olympian about the way she did it. The excuse was made, and the regret expressed, in the interest of courtesy, but neither was seriously intended, it appeared, even to disguise the fact, which was simply that she had found something better worth her while, for the moment, than that tea.

No sooner were they seated in the actress's car and headed north along the drive, than, instead of answering Rose's question, the actress repeated one of her own.

"I ask who you are, and you say your name—Rose something. But that tells me nothing. Who are you—one of them?"

"No, not exactly," said Rose. "Only by accident. The man I married is—one of them, in a way. I mean, because of his family and all that. And so they take me in."

"So you are married," said the French woman. "But not since long?"

"Six months," said Rose.

She said it so with the air of regarding it as a very considerable period of time, that Gréville laughed. "But tell me about him, then, this husband of yours. I saw him perhaps at the tea this afternoon?"

Rose laughed. "No, he draws the line at

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ROSE SAID A QUEER THING THEN. SHE CRIED OUT INCREDULOUSLY: "AND YOU AND MOTHER ARE GOING AWAY TO CALIFORNIA TO LIVE! AND LEAVE ME HERE ALL ALONE!"

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teas," she said. "He says that from seven o'clock on, until as late as I like, he's—game, you know—willing to do whatever I like. But until seven, there are no—well, he says, siren songs for him."

"Tell me—you will forgive the indiscretions of a stranger?—how has it arrived that you married him? Was it one of your American romances?"

"It didn't seem very romantic," said Rose. "I mean not much like the romantic stories you read, and of course one couldn't make a story about it, because there was nothing to tell. We just happened to get acquainted, and we knew almost straight off that we wanted to marry each other, so we did. Some people thought it was a little—headlong, I suppose, but he said it was an adventure and that people could never tell how it was going to come out until they tried. So we tried, and—it came out very well."

"It 'came out'?" questioned the actress.

"Yes," said Rose. "Ended happily, you know."

"Ended!" Madame Gréville echoed. Then she laughed.

Rose flushed and smiled at herself. "Of course, I don't mean that," she admitted, "and I suppose six months isn't so very long. Still you could find out quite a good deal—?"

"What is his affair?" The actress preferred asking another question, it seemed, to committing herself to an answer to Rose's unspoken one. "Is he one of your—what you call, tired business men?"

"He's never tired," said Rose, "and he isn't a business man. He's a lawyer—a rather special kind of lawyer. He has other lawyers, mostly, for his clients. He's awfully enthusiastic about it. He says it's the finest profession in the world, if you don't let yourself get dragged down into the stupid routine of it. It certainly sounds thrilling when he tells about it."

The actress looked round at her. "So," she said, "you follow his work as he follows your play? He talks seriously to you about his affairs?"

"Why, yes," said Rose, "we have wonderful talks." Then she hesitated. "At least we used to have. There hasn't seemed to be much—time, lately. I suppose that's it."

"One question more," said the French woman, "and not an idle one—you will believe that? *Alors!* You love your husband. No need to ask that. But how do you love him? Are you a little indulgent, a little cool, a little contemptuous of the grossness of masculine clay, and still willing to tolerate it as part of your bargain? Is that what you mean by love? Or do you mean something different altogether—something vital and strong and essential—the meeting of thought with thought, need with need, desire with desire?"

"Yes," said Rose after a little silence, "that's what I mean."

She said it quietly, but without embarrassment and with full meaning; and, as if conscious of the adequacy of her answer, she forebore to embroider upon the theme. There was a momentary silence, while the French woman gazed contemplatively out of the open window of the limousine.

Then Rose said: "But you were going to tell me what you meant about—American women."

Madame Gréville took her time about answering. "They are an enigma to me," she said. "I confess it. I have never seen such women anywhere as these upper-class Americans. They are beautiful, clever; they know how to dress. For the first hour, or day, or week, of an acquaintance, they have a charm quite incomparable. And, up to a certain point, they exercise it. Your *jeunes filles* are amazing. All over the world, men go mad about them. But when they marry". . . . She finished the sentence with a ghost of a shrug, and turned to Rose. "Can you account for them? Were you wondering at them, too, with those great eyes of yours? *Alors!* Are we puzzled by the same thing? What is it, to you, they lack?"

Rose stirred a little uneasily. "I don't know," she said, "except that some of them seem a little dissatisfied and restless, as if—well, as if they wanted something they haven't got."

"But do they truly want it?" Madame Gréville demanded. "I am willing to be convinced; but myself, I find, of your women of the aristocrat class, the type most characteristic is"—she paused and said the thing first to herself in French, then translated—"is a passive epicure in sensations—sensations mostly mental, irritating or soothing—a pleasant variety. She waits to be made to feel; she perpetually—tastes. One may demand whether it is that their

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precocity has exhausted them before they are ripe, or whether your Puritan strain survives to make all passion reprehensible, or whether simply they have too many ideas to leave room for anything else. But, from whatever cause, they give to a stranger like me the impression of being perfectly frigid, perfectly passionless. And so, as you say, of missing the great thing altogether. A few of your women are great, but not as women, and of second-rate men in petticoats you have a vast number. But a woman, great by the qualities of her sex, an artist in womanhood, I have not seen."

"Oh, I wish," cried Rose, "that I knew what you meant by that!"

"Why, regard now," said the actress. "In every capital of Europe (and I know them all), wherever you find great affairs—matters of state, diplomacy, politics—you find the influence of women in them—women of the great world sometimes, sometimes of the half-world; great women, at all events, with the power to make or ruin great careers—women at whose feet men of the first class lay all they have; women the tact of whose hand is trusted to determine great matters. They may not be beautiful—I have seen a faded little woman of fifty, of no family or wealth, whose salon attracted ministers of state; they haven't the education nor the liberties that your women enjoy, and, in the mass, they are not regarded—how do you say?—chivalrously. Yet there they are!

"And why? Because they are capable of great passions, great desires. They are willing to take the art of womanhood seriously, make innumerable sacrifices for it, as one must for any art, in order to triumph in it."

"I have never seen such women anywhere as these upper-class Americans."

Rose thought this over rather dubiously. It was a new notion to her—or almost new. Portia had told her once she never would have any trouble making her husband "want" her as much as she liked. This idea of making a serious art of your power to attract and influence men seemed to range itself in the same category.

"But suppose," she objected, "one doesn't want to triumph at it? Suppose one wants to be a—person, rather than just a woman?"

"There are other careers indeed," Madame Gréville admitted, "and one can follow them in the same spirit—make the sacrifices—pay the price they demand. *Mon Dieu!* How I have preached. Now you shall talk to me. It was for that I took you captive and ran away with you."

For the next half-hour, until the car stopped in front of her house, Rose acted on this request—told about her life before and since her marriage to Rodney, about her friends, her amusements — anything that came into her mind. But she lingered before getting out of the car, to say:

"I hope I haven't forgotten a single word of your—preaching. You said so many things I want to think about."

"Don't trouble your soul with that, child," said the actress. "All the sermon you need can be boiled down into a sentence, and until you have found it out for yourself, you won't believe it."

"Try me," said Rose.

"Then attend. How shall I say it? Nothing worth having comes as a gift, nor even can be bought—cheap. Everything of value in your life will cost you dear, and sometime or other you'll have to pay the price of it."

It was with a very thoughtful, perplexed face that Rose watched the car drive away, and then walked slowly into her house—the ideal house that had cost Florence McCrea and Bertie Willis so many hours and so

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many hair-line decisions—and allowed herself to be relieved of her wraps by the perfect maid, who had all but been put in the lease.

The actress had said many strange and puzzling things during their ride—things to be accepted cautiously, after a careful thinking out. But strangest of all was this last observation of hers: that there was nothing of worth in your life that you hadn't to pay a heavy price for.

Certainly it contradicted violently everything in Rose's experience; for everything she valued had come to her precisely as a gift—her mother's and Portia's love of her, the life that had surrounded her in school and at the university, the friends she valued; and then, with her marriage, the sudden change in her estate, the thrills, the excitement, the comparative luxuries of the new life. Why, even Rodney himself, about whom everything else swung in an orbit! What price had she paid for him, or for any of the rest of it? It was all as free as the air she breathed. It had come to her without having cost even a wish.

Was Rodney's love for her, therefore, valueless? No, the Frenchwoman was certainly wrong about that.

It was with a very thoughtful face that Rose watched the car drive away.

Rose calls on her husband the lawyer

HOWEVER, it was one thing to decide that this was so, and quite another thing to dismiss the preposterous idea from her mind. There was still an hour before she need begin dressing for the Randolph dinner; but, as she had already had her tea and there was nothing else to do, she thought she might as well go about it. It might help her resist a certain perfectly irrational depression which the talk with the actress, somewhat surprisingly, had produced. And besides, if she were all dressed when Rodney came home, she'd be free to visit with him while he dressed—to sit and watch him swearing at his studs, and tell him about the events of her day. And he'd come over every now and then and interrupt himself and her with some sort of unexpected caress—a kiss on the back of her neck, or an embrace that would threaten her coiffure; and this vague, scary, nightmarish sort of feeling which for no reasonable reason seemed to be clutching at her, would be forgotten. She wished he would come—hoped he wouldn't be late, and finally sat down before the telephone with a half-formed idea of calling him up and reminding him that they were dining with the Randolphs.

Just as she laid her hand upon the receiver, the telephone bell rang. It was Rodney calling her.

"Oh, that you, Rose?" he said. "I sha'n't be out till late to-night. I've got to work."

She wanted to know what he meant by late.

"I've no idea," he said. "Ten—twelve—two. I've got to get hold of something, but I've no idea how long it will take."

"But Roddy, dearest," she protested, "you have to come home. You've got the Randolphs' dinner."

"Oh, the devil!" he said. "I forgot all about it. But it doesn't make a bit of difference, anyway. I wouldn't leave the office before I have finished this job, for anybody short of the Angel Gabriel."

"But what shall we do?" she asked despairingly.

"I don't know," said Rodney. "Call them up and tell them. Randolph will understand."

"But"—it was absurd that her eyes should be filling up and her throat getting lumpy over a thing like this—"but what shall I do? Shall I tell Eleanor *we* can't come, or shall I offer to come without you?"

"Lord!" he said, "I don't care! Do whichever you like. I've got enough to think about without deciding that. Now do hang up and run along."

"But Rodney, what's happened? Has something gone wrong?"

"Heavens, no!" he said. "What is there to go wrong? I've got a big day in court to-morrow and I've struck a snag, and I've got to wriggle out of it somehow, before I quit. It's nothing for you to worry about. Go to your dinner and have a good time. Good-by." The click in the receiver told her he had hung up.

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The difficulty about the Randolphs was managed easily enough. Eleanor was perfectly gracious about it and insisted that Rose should come by herself.

She was completely dressed a good three-quarters of an hour before it was time to start, and after pretending for fifteen interminable minutes to read a magazine, she chucked it away and told her maid to order the car at once. If she drove straight down-town, she could have a ten-minute visit with Rodney and still not be late for the dinner.

They headed north along the drive.

If any one had accused her of feeling very meritorious over not having allowed herself to be hurt at his rudeness to her or annoyed at the way he had demolished their evening's plans, and of hoping to make him feel a little contrite by showing him how sweet she was about it, she might, with a rueful grin, have acknowledged a tincture of truth about the charge; but she didn't discover it by herself. As she dreamed out the little scene, riding down-town in the car, she'd come stealing up behind him as he sat, bent wearily over his book, and clasp her hands over his eyes and stroke the wrinkles out of his forehead. He'd give a long sigh of relaxation, and pull her down on the chair-arm and tell her what it was that troubled him, and she'd tell him not to worry—it was surely coming out all right.

And she'd stroke his head a little longer and offer not to go to the dinner if he wanted her to stay, and he'd say, no, he was better already, and then she'd kiss him good-by and steal away, and be the life of the party at the dinner, but her thoughts would never leave him. . . .

She knew she was being silly, of course, and her beautiful wide mouth smiled an acknowledgment of the fact, even while her cheeks flushed and her eyes brightened over the picture. Of course it wouldn't come out exactly like that.

Well, it didn't! She found a single elevator in commission in the great gloomy rotunda of the office building, and the watchman who ran her up made a terrible noise shutting the gate after he had let her out on the fifteenth floor. The dim marble corridor echoed her footfalls ominously, and when she reached the door to his outer office and tried it, she found it locked. The next door down the corridor was the one that led directly into his private office, and here the light shone through the ground glass.

She stole up to it as softly as she could, tried it, and found it locked, too, so she knocked. Through the open transom above it, she heard him say "Hell!" in a heartfelt sort of way, and heard his chair thrust back. The next moment he opened the door with a jerk.

His glare of annoyance changed to bewilderment at the sight of her, and he said: "Rose! Has anything happened? What's the matter?" And, catching her by the arm, he led her into the office. "Here, sit down and get your breath and tell me about it!"

She smiled and took his face in both her hands. "But it's the other way," she said. "There's nothing the matter with me. I came down, you poor old boy, to see what was the matter with you."

He frowned and took her hands away and stepped back out of her reach. Had it not been for the sheer incredibility of it, she'd have thought that her touch was actually distasteful to him.

"Oh," he said. "I thought I told you over the phone there was nothing the matter!—Won't you be awfully late to the Randolphs'?"

"I had ten minutes," she said, "and I thought . . ." She broke off the sentence when she saw him snap out his watch and look at it. "I know there's something," she said. "I can tell just by the way your eyes look and the way you're so tight and —strained. If you'd just tell me about it, and then sit down and let me—try to take the strain away. . . ."

Beyond a doubt the strain was there. The laugh he meant for a good-humored dismissal of her fears didn't sound at all as it was intended to. "Good heavens!" he said. "There's nothing to tell! I've got an argument before the Court of Appeals tomorrow and there's a ruling decision against me. It is against me, and it's bad law. But that isn't what I want to tell them. I want some way of making a distinction so that I

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can hold that the decision doesn't rule."

"And it wouldn't help," she ventured, "if you told me all about it? I don't care about the dinner."

"I couldn't explain in a month," he said.

"Oh, I wish I were some good!" she said forlornly.

He pulled out his watch again and began pacing up and down the room.

"I just can't stand it to see you like that," she broke out again. "If you'll only sit down for five minutes and let me try to get that strained look out of your eyes. . ."

"Good Lord, Rose!" he shouted. "Can't you take my word for it and let it alone? I'm not ill, nor frightened, nor broken-hearted. I don't need to be comforted nor encouraged. I'm in an intellectual quandary. For the next three hours, or six, or however long it takes, I want my mind to run cold and smooth. I've *got* to be tight and strained. That's the way the job's done. You can't solve an intellectual problem by having your hand held, or your eyes kissed, or anything like that. Now, for the love of heaven, child, run along and let me forget you ever existed, for a while!"

And he ground his teeth over an impulse that all but got the better of him, after she'd shut the door, to follow her out into the corridor and pull her up in his arms and kiss her face all over, and to consign the Law and the Prophets both, to the devil.

Rose learns something about husbands and wives

ROSE'S arrival at the dinner—a little late, to be sure, but not scandalously—created a mild sensation. None of the other guests were strangers, either, on whom she could have the effect of novelty. They were the same crowd, pretty much, who had been encountering each other all winter—dancing, dining, and talking themselves into a state of complete satiety with one another.

But when Rose came into the drawing-room—in a wonderful gown that dared much, and won the reward of daring—a gown she'd meant to hold in reserve for a greater occasion, but had put on to-night because she had felt somehow like especially pleasing Rodney—when she came in, she reoxygenated the social atmosphere.

She was, in fact, a stranger. Her voice had a bead on it which roused a perfectly unreasoning physical excitement—the kind of bead which, in singing, makes all the difference between a church choir and grand opera. The glow they were accustomed to in her eyes concentrated itself into flashes, and the flush that so often, and so adorably, suffused her face, burnt brighter now in her cheeks and left the rest pale.

And these were true indices of the changes that had taken place within her. From sheer numb incredulity, which was all she had felt as she'd walked away from Rodney's office door, and from the pain of an intolerable hurt, she had reacted to a fine glow of indignation. She had found herself suddenly feeling lighter, older, indescribably more confident. That dinner was to be gone through with, was it? Well, it should be! They shouldn't suspect her humiliation or her hurt. She was conscious suddenly of enormous reserves of power hitherto unsuspected—a power that could be exercised to any extent she chose, according to her will.

Her husband, James Randolph reflected, had evidently either been making love to her, or indulging in the civilized equivalent of beating her; he was curious to find out which. And, having learned from his wife that Rose was to sit beside him at the table, he made up his mind that he would. A physician of the Freudian school, trained to analyze people's souls, he was well equipped to find out, without Rose's knowledge.

He didn't attempt it, though, during his first talk with her—confined himself rigorously to the carefully sifted chaff which does duty for polite conversation over the same *hors d'œuvres* and *entrées*, from one dinner to the next, the season round. It wasn't until Eleanor had turned the table the second time, that he made his first gambit in the game.

"No need asking you if you like this sort of thing," he said. "I would like to know how you keep it up. You have the same things said to you seven nights a week and you make the same answers—thrust and parry, carte and tierce, buttons on the foils. It can't any of it get anywhere. What's the attraction?"

"You can't get a rise out of me to-night," said Rose. "Not after what I've been through to-day. Madame Gréville's been talking to me. She thinks American women are dreadful dubs—or she would if she

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"I WISH YOU'D TELL ME SOMETHING," ROSE SAID. "WHY IS IT THAT HUSBANDS AND WIVES CAN'T TALK TO EACH OTHER?"

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knew the word—thinks we don't know our own game. Do you agree with her?"

"I'll tell you that," he said, "after you answer my question. What's the attraction?"

"Don't you think it would be a mistake," said Rose, "for me to try to analyze it? Suppose I did and found there wasn't any? You aren't supposed to look a gift-horse in the mouth, you know."

"Is that what's the matter with Rodney?" he asked. "Is this sort of"—a gesture with his head took in the table—"caramel diet beginning to go against his teeth?"

"He had to work to-night," Rose said. "He was awfully sorry he couldn't come." She smiled just a little ironically as she said it, and exaggerated by a hair's breadth, perhaps, the purely conventional nature of the reply.

"Yes," he observed, "that's what we say. Sometimes it gets us off and sometimes it doesn't."

"Well, it got him off to-night," she said. "He was pretty impressive. He said there was a ruling decision against him and he had to make some sort of distinction so that the decision wouldn't rule. Do you know what that means? I don't."

"Why didn't you ask him?" Randolph wanted to know.

"I did, and he said he could explain it, but that it would take a month. So of course there wasn't time."

"I thought," said Randolph, "that he used to talk law to you by the hour."

The button wasn't on the foil that time, because the thrust brought blood—a bright flush into her cheeks and a sudden brightness into her eyes that would have induced him to relent if she hadn't followed the thing up of her own accord.

"I wish you'd tell me something," she said. "I expect you know better than any one else I could ask. Why is it that husbands and wives can't talk to each other? With people who live the way we do, it isn't that they've worn each other out, because they see little more of each other than they do of the others. And it isn't that they're naturally more uninteresting to each other than the rest of the people they know. Because then, why did they marry each other in the first place, instead of any one of the others who are so easy to talk to afterward? Imagine what this table would be if the husbands and wives sat side by side! Would Eleanor ever be able to turn it so that they talked that way?"

"That's a fascinating speculation," he said. "I wish I could persuade her sometime to indulge the wild eccentricity of trying it out."

"Well, why?" she demanded.

The cigarettes came around just then, and he lighted one rather deliberately, at one of the candles, before he answered.

"I am under the impression," he said, "that husbands and wives can talk exactly as well as any other two people. Exactly as well, and no better. The necessary conditions for real conversation are a real interest in and knowledge of a common subject; ability on the part of both to contribute something toward that subject. Well, if a husband and wife can meet those terms, they can talk. But the joker is, as our legislative friend over there would say"—he nodded down the table toward a young millionaire of altruistic principles, who had got elected to the State Assembly—"the joker is that a man and a woman who aren't married, and who are moderately attracted to each other, can talk, or seem to talk, without meeting those conditions."

"Seem to talk?" she questioned.

"Seem to exchange ideas mutually. They think they do, but they don't. It's pure illusion, that's the answer."

"I'm not clever, really," said Rose, "and I don't know much, and I simply don't understand. Will you explain it, in short words"—she smiled—"since we're not married, you know?"

He grinned back at her. "All right," he said, "since we're not married, I will. We'll take a case. . . ." He looked around the table—"we'll be discreet," he amended, "and take a hypothetical case. We'll take Darby and Joan. They encounter each other somewhere, and something about them that men have written volumes about and never explained yet, sets up—you might almost call it a chemical reaction between them—a physical reaction, certainly. They arrest each other's attention—get to thinking about each other, are strongly drawn together.

"It's a sex attraction—not quite the oldest and most primitive thing in the world, but nearly. Only, Darby and Joan aren't primitive people. If they were, the attraction would satisfy itself in a direct, primitive

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way. But each of them is carrying a perfectly enormous superstructure of ideas and inhibitions, emotional refinements and capacities, and the sex attraction is so disguised that they don't recognize it. Do you know what a short-circuit is in electricity?"

"I think so," said Rose, "but you'd better not take a chance. Tell me that, too."

"Why," he said, "the juice that comes into your house to light it and heat the flat-irons and the toaster, and so on, comes in by one wire and goes out by another. Before it can get out, it's got to do all the work you want it to do—push its way through the resistance of the fine tungsten filaments in your lamps and the iron wires in your heaters that get white-hot resisting it. When it's pushed its way through all of them and done your work, it's tired out and goes away by the other wire.

"But if you cut off the insulation down in the basement, where those two wires are close together, and make it possible for the current to jump straight across without doing any work, it will take the short circuit instead of the long one and you won't have any lights in your house. Now do you see what I mean?

"Darby and Joan are civilized. That is to say, they're insulated. The current's there, but it's long-circuited. The only expression it's got is through the intelligence—so it lights the house. Absence of common knowledge and common interests only adds to the resistance and makes it burn all the brighter. Naturally Darby and Joan fall victims to the very dangerous illusion that they're intellectual companions. They think they're having wonderful talks. All they are doing is long-circuiting their sex attraction. Well, marriage gives it a short circuit. Why should the current light the lamps when it can strike straight across? There you are!"

"And poor Joan," said Rose, after a palpable silence, but evenly enough, "who has thought all along that she was attracting a man by her intelligence and her understanding, and all that, wakes up to find that she's been married for her long eyelashes, and her nice voice — and her pretty ankles. That's a little hard on her, don't you think, if she's been taking herself seriously?"

"Nine times in ten," he said, "she's fooling herself. She's taken her own ankles much more seriously than she has her mind. She's capable of real sacrifices for them—for her sex charm, that is. She'll undergo a real discipline for it. Intelligence she regards as a gift. She thinks the witty conversation she's capable of after dinner, on a cocktail and two glasses of champagne, or the bright letters she can write to a friend, are real exercises of her mind—real work. But work isn't done like that. Work's overcoming something that resists; and there's strain in it, and pain and discouragement."

In her cheeks the red flared up brighter. She smiled again—not her own smile—one, at any rate, that was new to her. "You don't 'solve an intellectual problem,' then," she quoted, " 'by having your hand held, or your eyes kissed?' "

Whereupon he shot a look at her and observed that evidently he wasn't as much of a pioneer as he thought.

She did not rise to this cast, however. "All right," she said; "admitting that her ankles are serious and her mind isn't, what is Joan going to do about it?"

"It's easier to say what she's not to do," he decided, after hesitating a moment. "Her fatal mistake will be to despise her ankles without disciplining her mind. If she will take either one of them seriously, or both for that matter—it's possible—she'll do very well."

He could, no doubt, have continued upon the theme indefinitely, but the table turned the other way just then and Rose took up an alleged conversation with the man at her right which lasted until they left the table, and included such topics as indoor golf, woman's suffrage, the new dances, Bernard Shaw, Campanini, and the Progressive party; with a perfectly appropriate and final comment upon each.

Rose didn't care. She was having a wonderful time—a new kind of wonderful time. No longer gazing, big-eyed like little Cinderella, at a pageant some fairy godmother's whim had admitted her to, but consciously gazed upon; she was the show, to-night, and she knew it. Her low, finely modulated voice, so rich in humor, so varied in color, had to-night an edge upon it that carried it beyond those she was immediately speaking to, and drew looks that found it hard to get away again. For the first time in her life, with full self-consciousness, she was producing effects, thrilling with the exercise of a power as obedient to her will as electricity to the manipulator of a switchboard.

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She was like a person driving an aeroplane, able to move in all three dimensions. Pretty soon, of course, she'd have to come back to earth, where certain monstrously terrifying questions were waiting for her.

What was her value to Rodney? Was she something enormously desirable when he wanted his hand held and his eyes kissed, but an infernal nuisance when serious matters were concerned? A fine and luxurious dissipation, not dangerous unless recklessly indulged in, but to be kept strictly in her place? Before her talk with Randolph she'd have laughed at that.

But did the horrible plausibility of what he had said actually cover the truth? Did she owe that first golden hour with Rodney, his passionate, thrilling avowal of his life's philosophy, to nothing deeper in herself than her unconscious power of rousing in him an equally unconscious, primitive sex desire? Was the fine mutuality of understanding she had so proudly boasted to her mother clear illusion? Now that the short circuit had been established would the lights never burn in the upper stories of their house again?

Turned about conversely, the question read like this: Was the thing that had, in Randolph himself, aroused his vivid interest in the subject—well, nothing more than the daring cut of her gown, the gleam of her jewels, the whiteness of her skin . . . ?

Those questions were waiting for her to come back to earth. But for the present the knowledge that they were there only made the aeroplane ride the more exhilarating.

She was called to the telephone just as she was on the point of starting reluctantly for home, and found Rodney on the wire. He told her that he had got hold of the thing he was looking for, but that there were still hours of work ahead of him while he was fortifying himself with necessary authorities. He wouldn't come home tonight at all, he said. When his work was finished, he'd go to the club and have a Turkish bath and all the sleep he had time for. When he got through in court to-morrow afternoon, he'd come home.

She never overlooked a paragraph of the legal news.

It was all perfectly reasonable—it was to her finely tuned ear just a shade too reasonable. It had been thought out as an excuse. Because it wasn't for the Turkish bath or the extra hour's sleep that he was staying away from home. It was herself he was staying away from. He wanted his mind to stay cold and taut, and he was afraid to face the temptation of her eyes and her soft, white arms. And in the mood of that hour, it pleased her that this should be so—that the ascetic in him should pay her the tribute of fear.

Afterward, of course, she felt like lashing herself for having felt like that and for having replied, in a spirit of pure coquetry, in a voice of studied, cool, indifferent good-humor:

"That's a good idea, Roddy. I'm glad you're not coming back. Good-night!"

In the rôle of comforter

THE next day, Rose took two steps toward making herself her husband's intellectual companion.

From a university catalogue she picked out the names of half a dozen elementary text-books on law, and then went to a bookstore and bought them. She had taken her determination during the endless waking hours of the night: she was going to study law—study it with all her power!

The other step was to go and hear Rodney's argument in court that day. This was not so easy. She didn't know what court he was appearing before, nor how to get in; and she wasn't willing to ask him. But by dint of patient telephoning, she found out what she needed to know.

She was successful in her project of slipping into the rear of the court-room—up on the eighth floor of the Federal building—without attracting her husband's attention; and for two hours and a half she listened,

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with mingled feelings, to his argument. A good part of the time she was occupied in fighting off, fiercely, an almost overwhelming drowsiness. The court-room was hot, of course, the glare from the skylight pressed down her eyelids. And then, there was no use pretending that she could follow her husband's reasoning. Listening to it had something the same effect upon her as watching some enormous, complicated, smooth-running mass of machinery. She was conscious of the power of it, though ignorant of what made it go, and of what it was accomplishing.

The three stolid figures behind the high mahogany bench seemed to be following it attentively, though they irritated her bitterly, sometimes, by indulging in whispered conversations. Toward the end, though, as Rodney opened the last phase of his argument, one of them—the youngest—a man with a thick neck and a square head—hunched forward and interrupted him with a question—evidently a penetrating one, for the man sitting across the table from Rodney looked up and grinned, and interjected a remark of his own.

"I simply followed the cases cited in Aldrich on Quasi Contracts," he said. "I have a copy of the work here, which I'd be glad to submit to the Court."

Rose gasped. It was his own book they were quoting against him!

"I propose to show," said Rodney, "if the Court please, that an absolutely vital distinction is to be made between the cases cited in the section of Aldrich on Quasi Contracts which my honorable opponent refers to, and the case before the court."

Then the other judge spoke up. They knew the cases, it appeared, and didn't want to look at the book; but it was clear that they were skeptical about the distinction. For five minutes the formal argument was lost in swift-flashing phrases in which everybody took a part. Rodney was defending himself against them all. And then suddenly it was over. The judges settled back again, the argument went on.

At half-past four, the oldest judge, who sat in the middle, interrupted again to tell Rodney with what seemed to Rose brutally bad manners, what time it was.

"If you can finish your argument in fifteen minutes, Mr. Aldrich, we'll hear you out. If it's going to take longer than that, the Court will adjourn till to-morrow morning."

"I don't think I shall want more than fifteen minutes," said Rodney, and he went on again.

And, presently, he just stopped talking and began stacking up his notes. The oldest judge mumbled something, everybody stood up, and the three stiff, formidable figures filed out by a side door. It was all over.

But nothing had happened!

Rose had been looking forward, you see, to a driving finish; to a dramatic summoning of reserves, a mighty onslaught. And at the end of it, as from the umpire at a ball game, to a decision. She had expected to leave the court-room in the blissful knowledge of Rodney's victory or the tragic acceptance of his defeat. In her surprise over the failure of this climax to materialize, she almost neglected to make her escape before he discovered her there.

One practical advantage she had gained out of an, on the whole, rather unsatisfactory afternoon. When she had gone home and changed into the sort of frock she thought he'd like and come down-stairs in answer to his shouted greeting from the lower hall, she didn't say, as otherwise she would have done, "How did it come out, Roddy? Did you win?"

In the light of her newly acquired knowledge, she could see how a question of that sort would irritate him. Instead of that, she said: "You dear old boy, how dog-tired you must be! How do you think it went? Do you think you impressed them? I bet you did!"

And, not having been rubbed the wrong way by a foolish question, he held her off with both hands for a moment, then hugged her up and told her she was a trump. "I had a sort of uneasy feeling," he confessed, "that after last night—the way I threw you out of my office, fairly, I'd find you—tragic. I might have known I could count on you. Lord! but it's good to have you like this! Is there anywhere we have got to go? Or can we just stay home?"

He didn't want to flounder through an emotional morass, you see. A firm, smooth-bearing surface, that was what, for every-day use, he wanted her to provide him with—lightly given, casual caresses that could be accepted with a smile—pleasantness, a confident security that she wouldn't be "tragic." And on the assumption that she couldn't walk beside him on the main path

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of his life, it was just and sensible. But it wasn't good enough for Rose.

So the very next morning she stripped the cover off the first of the law-books she had bought, and really went to work. She bit down, angrily, the yawns that blinded her eyes with tears; she made desperate efforts to flog her mind into grappling with the endless succession of meaningless pages spread out before her, to find a germ of meaning somewhere in it that would bring the dead verbiage to life.

In a variety of moods that included everything except real hope and confidence, she kept the thing up for weeks—didn't give up, indeed, until Fate stepped in, in her ironic way, and took the decision out of her hands. She was very secretive about it—developed, indeed, an almost morbid fear that Rodney would discover what she was doing and laugh his big laugh at her. She resisted innumerable questions she wanted to propound to him, from a fear that they'd betray her secret.

She even forbore to ask him about the case—it was The Case in her mind—the one she knew about; and as she struggled along with her heavy text-books, and a realization grew in her mind of the countless hours of such struggling on his part which must have lain behind his ability to make that argument, the thing accumulated importance to her. How could he, under the suspense of waiting for that decision, concentrate his mind on anything else?

She discovered in the newspaper, one day, a column summary of court decisions that had been handed down; and though The Case wasn't in it, she kept, from that day forward, a careful watch—discovered where the legal news was printed, and never overlooked a paragraph. And at last she found it—just the bare statement: "Judgment affirmed." Rodney, she knew, had represented the appellant. He was beaten.

For a moment the thing had bruised her like a blow. She had never succeeded in entertaining, seriously, the possibility that it could end otherwise than in victory for him. She read it again and made sure. She remembered the names of both parties to the suit, and she knew which side Rodney was on. There couldn't be any mistake about it. And the certainty weighed down her spirits with a leaden depression.

And then, all at once, in the indrawing of a single breath, she saw it differently. Now that it had happened—and she couldn't help its happening—didn't it give her, after all, the very opportunity she wanted? She remembered what he had said the night he had turned her out of his office. He wasn't sick or discouraged. He was in an intellectual quandary that couldn't be solved by having his hand held or his eyes kissed.

She saw, now, that that had been just enough. She couldn't help him out of his intellectual quandaries—yet. But under the discouragement and lassitude of defeat, couldn't she help him? She remembered how many times she had gone to him for help like that. In panicky moments when the new world she had been transplanted into seemed terrible to her; in moments when she feared she had made hideous mistakes; and, most notably, during the three or four days of an acute illness of her mother's, when she had been brought face to face with the monstrous, incredible possibility of losing her, how she had clung to him, how his tenderness had soothed and quieted her.

He had never come to her like that. She knew now it was a thing she had unconsciously longed for. And to-night she'd have a chance! Oddly enough, it turned out to be the happiest day she'd known in a long while. There was a mounting excitement in her, as the hours passed—a thrilling suspense. Perhaps, after all, it wasn't going to be necessary to grind through all those law-books in order to win the place beside him that she wanted. If she could comfort him—mother him in his defeat and discouragement, that would be the basis of a better companionship than mere ability to chop legal logic with him.

She could be content with the shallow sparkle of the stream of their life together, if it deepened, now and then, into still pools like tis.

She had resisted the impulse to call him up on the telephone, and a stronger one to go straight to him at his office. She'd wait until he came home to her. She had been feeling wretched lately—headachy, nervous, sickish—probably, she thought, from staying in the house too much and bending over her heavy law-books. Perhaps she had strained her eyes. But to-day these discomforts were forgotten. Every little while she straightened up and stood at an open window drawing in long breaths. He

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"I'm glad you're not coming back."

should see her at her best to-night—serene — triumphant. The pallor of her cheeks he had commented upon lately, shouldn't be there to trouble him.

For two hours that afternoon, she listened for his latch-key, and when at last she heard it, she came stealing down the stairs. He didn't shout her name from the hall, as he often did. He didn't hear her coming, and she got a look at his face as he stood at the table absently turning over some mail that lay there. He looked tired, she thought.

He saw her when she reached the lower landing, and came to meet her. "Oh!" he said. "I thought you were going to be off somewhere with Frederica this afternoon. It's been a great day. I hope you haven't spent the whole of it indoors. You're looking great, anyway. Come here and give me a kiss."

She hesitated, a little perplexed. Did he mean not to tell her? Was he trying to "spare" her, as he'd have said? The kiss she gave him had a different quality from those that ordinarily constituted her greetings, and the arms that went round his neck didn't give him their customary hug. But they stayed there.

"You poor, dear old boy!" she said. And then, "Don't you care, Roddy!"

He returned the caress with interest, before he seemed to realize the different significance of it. Then he pushed her away by the shoulders and held her where he could look into her face. "What do you mean?" he asked. "Don't care about what?"

It didn't seem like bravado—like an acted out pretense, and yet, of course, it must be. "Don't," she said. "Because I know. I've known all day. I read it in the paper this morning."

From puzzled concern the look in his face took on a deeper intensity. "Tell me what it is," he said very quietly. "I don't know. I didn't read the paper this morning. Is it Harriet?" Harriet was his other sister—married, and not very happily, it was beginning to appear, to an Italian count.

A revulsion—a sort of sick misgiving—took the color out of Rose's cheeks. "It isn't any one," she said. "It's nothing like that. It's—it's that case." Her lips stumbled over the title of it. "It's been decided against you. Didn't you know?"

For a moment his expression was simply the absence of all expression whatever. "Good Lord!" he murmured. Then, "But how the dickens did you know anything about it? How did you happen to see it in the paper? How did you know the title of it?"

"I was in the court the day you argued it," she said unevenly. "And when I found they printed those things in the paper, I kept watch. And to-day . . ."

"Don't you care, Roddy!"

"Why, you dear child!" he said. And the queer, ragged quality of his voice drew her eyes back to his, so that she saw, wonderingly, that they were bright with tears. "And you never said a word, and you've been bothering your dear little head about it all the time. Why, you darling!"

He sat down on the edge of the table, and pulled her up tight into his arms again. She was glad to put her head down—didn't want to look at his face; she knew that there was a smile there along with the tears.

"And you thought I was worrying about it," he persisted, "and that I'd be unhappy because I was beaten?" He patted her shoulder consolingly with a big hand. "But that's all in the day's work, child. I'm beaten somewhere near as often as I win. And really, down inside, leaving out a little superficial pleasure, I don't care a damn whether I win or lose. A man couldn't be any good as a lawyer, if he did care, any more than a surgeon could be any good, if he did. You've got to keep a cold mind or you can't do your best work. And if you've done your best work, there's nothing to care about. I honestly haven't thought about the thing once from that day to this. Don't you see how it is?"

He couldn't see how it was, that was

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plain enough. What he very reasonably expected was that after so lucid an explanation, she would turn her wet face up to his, with her old wide smile on it. But that was not what happened at all. Instead, she just went limp in his arms, and the sobs that shook her seemed to be meeting no resistance whatever. Where was her sense of humor? That was the thing to do—get her quiet first, and then persuade her to laugh at the whole affair with him.

He was saved from carrying out this program by the fact that Rose, of her own accord, anticipated him. At least she controlled, rather suddenly, her sobs, sat up, wiped her eyes, and, after a fashion, smiled. Not at him, though; resolutely away from him, he might almost have thought—as if she didn't want him to see.

"That's right," he said, craning round to make sure that the smile was there. "Have a look at the funny side of it."

She winced at that as from a blow and pulled herself away from him. Then she controlled herself and, in answer to his look of troubled amazement, said: "It's all right. Only it happens that you're the one who d-doesn't know how awfully funny it really is." Her voice shook, but she got it in hand again. "No, I don't mean anything by that. Here! Give me a kiss and then let me wash my face."

And for the whole evening, and again next morning until he left the house, she managed to keep him in the only half-questioning belief that nothing was the matter.

It was about an hour after that, that her maid came into her bedroom, where she had had her breakfast, and said that Miss Stanton wanted to see her.

Portia makes an announcement, and gives Rose a new ambition

IT ARGUED no real lack of sisterly affection that Rose didn't want to see Portia that morning. Even if there had been no other reason, being found in bed at half-past ten in the morning by a sister who inflexibly opened her little shop at half-past eight, regardless of bad weather, backaches, and other potentially valid excuses, was enough to make one feel apologetic and worthless. Rose could truthfully say that she was feeling wretched. But Portia would sit there, slim and erect, in a little straight-backed chair, and whatever perfunctory commiseration she might manage to express, the look of her fine eyebrows would be skeptical.

But this was only the beginning of Rose's troubles to-day. She was paying the price of yesterday's exaltation, and her spirits had sunk down to nowhere. What a fool's paradise yesterday had been with its vision of her big, self-sufficient husband coming to her for mothering because he had lost a lawsuit! What a piece of mordant irony it was, that she should have found herself, after all her silly hopes, sobbing in his arms, while he comforted her for her bitter disappointment over not being able to comfort him!

Well, and wasn't her other effort just as ridiculous? If ever he found her heap of law-books and learned of the wretched hours she had spent trying to discover what they were all about, in the hope of promoting herself to a true intellectual companionship with him, wouldn't he take the discovery in exactly the same way—be touched by the childish futility of it and yet amused at the same time—cuddle her indulgently in his arms and soothe her disappointment—and then urge her to look at the funny side of it?

Well, then, what was the use of trying? If James Randolph was right—and it seemed absurd to question it—she had just one charm for her husband—the charm of sex. To that she owed her hours of simulated companionship with him, his tenderness for her, his willingness to make her pleasures his own. To that she owed the extravagantly pretty clothes he was always urging her to buy—the house he kept her in—the servants he paid to wait on her. Well, then, why not make the most of it!

Only, if she went on much longer, feeling sick and faded like this, she'd have nothing left to make the most of, and then where would she be?

Oh, she was getting maudlin, and she knew it! And when she got over feeling so weak and giddy, she'd brace up and be herself again. But for the present, she didn't feel like seeing Portia.

But Rose's shrinking from a talk with Portia that morning was a mild feeling compared with Portia's dread of the impending talk with Rose. Twice she had walked by the perfect doorway of the McCrea house before she entered it, because she shrank from the ordeal that awaited her.

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Her sister's ménage had been a source of irritation to Portia ever since it was established, though a deeper irritation was her own with herself for allowing it to affect her thus. Rose's whole-hearted plunge into the frivolities of a social season, her outspoken delight in it, her finding in it, apparently, a completely satisfactory solution to the problem of existence, couldn't fail to arouse Portia's ironic smile. This was the sort of vessel her mother had freighted with her hopes!

She had fought this feeling with a bitter self-contempt. The trouble with her was, she told herself in icy self-communings, that she envied Rose her happiness, her opportunities, her husband — even her house. Why should all that wonderful furniture have been wasted on Rose, to whom a perfect old Jacobean gate-legged table was nothing but a surface to drop anything on that she wanted out of her hands? Why should a man of Rodney's powerful intelligence waste his time on her frivolous amusements, content just to sit and gaze at her, oblivious of nearly any one else who might happen to be about?

She knew that she, Portia, out of her disciplined experience of life, and her real eagerness for knowledge of it, was better able to challenge the attention of his mind than Rose. And yet she had never really got it. She remained half invisible to him—some one to be remembered with a start, after an interval of oblivion, and treated considerately—even affectionately, for that matter, as Rose's sister.

She found his door locked, so she knocked.

They had been seeing each other with reasonable frequency all winter. The Aldriches had Portia and her mother in to a family dinner pretty often, and always came out to Edgewater for a one-o'clock dinner with the Stantons on Sunday. The habit was for Rose to come out early in the car and take them to church, while Rodney walked out later, and turned up in time for dinner.

Mrs. Stanton had taken a great liking to Rodney. His manner toward her had just the blend of deference and breezy unconventionality that pleased her. So, while Portia would worry through the dinner, for fear it wouldn't be cooked well enough, or served well enough, her mother would sit beaming upon the pair with a contentment as unalloyed as if Rose were the acknowledged new leader of the great Cause and her husband her adoring convert, as they had been in her old day-dream.

So far as Rodney went, the dream might have been true, for he showed an unending interest in the Woman Movement—never tired of drawing from his mother-in-law the story of her labors and the exposition of her beliefs. Sometimes he argued with her playfully in order to get her started. More often, and so far as Portia could see, quite seriously, he professed himself in full accord with her views.

After this had been going on for about so long, Rose would yawn and stretch and sit down on the arm of her mother's chair, begin stroking her hair and offering her all manner of quaint, unexpected caresses. And then, pretty soon, Rodney's attention to the subject would begin to wander and at last flag altogether and leave him stranded, gazing and unable to do anything but gaze, at the lovely creature — the still miraculous creature, who, when he got her home again, would come and sit on the arm of his chair like that!

When this happened, Portia found it hard to stay in the room.

The reason why these family parties were at an end was what Portia came to tell Rose this morning. She hoped she'd be able to tell it gently—provide Rose with just the facts she'd have to know, and get away without letting any other facts escape, so that afterward she'd have the consolation of being able to say to herself, "That was finely done." All her life, she told herself, she had been doing fine things grudgingly, mutilating them in the doing. If she weren't very careful, that would happen this morning.

Rose greeted her with a "Hello, Angel! Why didn't you come right up? Isn't it disgraceful to be lying around in bed like this in the middle of the morning?"

"I don't know," said Portia. "Might as

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"ROSE! HAS ANYTHING HAPPENED? WHAT'S THE MATTER?"

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well stay in bed, if you've nothing to do when you get up." She meant it to sound good-humored, but was afraid it didn't. "Anyhow," she added after a straight look into Rose's face, "you look, this morning, as if bed was just where you ought to be. What's the matter with you, child?"

"Nothing," said Rose, "—nothing that you'd call anything, at any rate."

Portia smiled ironically. "I'm still the same old dragon, then," she said. And then, with a gesture of impatience, turned away. She hadn't meant to begin like that. Why couldn't she keep her tongue in control!

"I only meant," said Rose very simply, "that you'd say it was nothing, if it was the matter with you. I've seen you, so many times, get up looking perfectly sick and, without any breakfast but a cup of black coffee, put on your old mackintosh and rubbers and start off for the shop, saying you were all right and not to bother, that I knew that was what you'd say now, if you felt like I do."

"I'm sorry," said Portia. "I might have known that was what you meant. I wonder if you ever want to say ugly things and don't, or if it's just that it never occurs to you to try to hurt anybody. I didn't mean to say that, either. I've had a rather worrying sort of week."

"What is it?" said Rose. "Tell me about it. Can I help?"

"No," said Portia. "I've thought it over and it isn't your job." She got up and went to the window and stood looking out where Rose couldn't see her face. "It's about mother," she concluded.

Rose sat up with a jerk. "About mother!" she echoed. "Has she been ill again this week? And you haven't let me know! It's a shame I haven't been around, but I've been busy"—her smile reflected some of the irony of Portia's—"and rather miserable. Of course I was going this afternoon."

"Yes," said Portia, "I fancied you'd come this afternoon. That's why I wanted to see you alone first."

"Alone!" Rose leaned sharply forward. "Oh, don't stand there where I can't see you! Tell me what it is."

"I'm going to," said Portia. "You see, I wasn't satisfied with old Murray. That soothing, bedside manner of his, and his way of encouraging you as if you were a child going to have a tooth pulled, drove me nearly wild. I thought it was possible, either that he didn't understand mother's case, or else that he wouldn't tell me what he suspected. So a week ago to-day, I got her to go with me to a specialist. He made a very thorough examination, and the next day I went around to see him." Her voice got a little harder and cooler. "Mother'll never be well, Rose. She's got an incurable disease. There's a long name for it that I can't remember. What it means is that her heart is getting flabby—degenerating, he called it. He says we can't do anything except to retard the progress of the disease. It may go fast, or it may go slowly. That attack she had was just a symptom, he said. She'll have others. And by and by, of course, a fatal one."

Still she didn't look around from the window. She knew Rose was crying. She had heard the gasp and choke that followed her first announcement of the news, and since then, irregularly, a muffled sound of sobbing. She wanted to go over and comfort the young, stricken thing there on the bed, but she couldn't. She could feel nothing but a dull, irresistible anger that Rose should have the easy relief of tears, which had been denied her. Because Portia couldn't cry.

"He said," she went on, "that the first thing to do was to get her away from here. He said that in this climate, living as she has been doing, she'd hardly last six months. But he said that in a bland climate like Southern California, in a bungalow without any stairs in it, if she's carefully watched all the time to prevent excitement or overexertion, she might live a good many years.

"So that's what we're going to do. I've written the Fletchers to look out a place for us—some quiet little place that won't cost too much, and I've sold out my business—took an offer that I refused a month ago. I thought I'd get that done before I talked to you about it. I'll give the house here to the agent to sell or rent, and as soon as we hear from the Fletchers, we'll begin to pack. Within a week, I hope."

Rose said a queer thing then. She cried out incredulously: "And you and mother are going away to California to live! And leave me here all alone!"

"All alone with the whole of your own life," thought Portia, but didn't say it.

"I can't realize it at all," Rose went on after a little silence. "It doesn't seem—

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possible. Do you believe the specialist is right? They're always making mistakes, aren't they—condemning people like that, when the trouble isn't what they say? Can't we go to some one else and make sure?"

"What's the use?" said Portia. "Suppose we did find a man who said it probably wasn't as serious as that, and that she could probably live all right here? We shouldn't know that he was right — wouldn't dare trust to that. Besides, if I drag mother around to any more of them, she'll know."

Rose looked up sharply. "Doesn't she know?"

"No," said Portia in that hard, even voice of hers. "I lied to her, of course. I told her the doctor said her condition was very serious, and that the only way to keep from being a hopeless invalid would be to do what he said—go out to California—take an absolute rest for two or three years—no lectures, no writing, no going about.

"You know mother well enough to know what she'd do if she knew the truth about it. She'd say, 'If I can never be well, what's the use of prolonging my life a year, or two, or five; not really living, just crawling around half alive and soaking up somebody else's life at the same time.' She'd say she didn't believe it was as bad as that, anyway, but that whether it was or not, she'd go straight along and live as she's always done, and when she died, she'd be dead. Don't you know how it's always pleased her when old people could die—'in harness,' as she says?"

Her voice softened a little as she concluded, and the tenseness of her attitude, there at the window, relaxed. The ordeal, or the worst of it, was over; what she had meant to say was said, and what she had meant not to say, if hinted at once or twice, had not caught Rose's ear. She turned for the first time to look at her. Rose was drooping forlornly forward, one arm clasped around her knees, and she was trying to dry her tears on the sleeve of her nightgown. The childlike pathos of the attitude caught Portia like the surge of a wave. She crossed the room and sat down on the edge of the bed. She'd have come still closer and taken the girl in her arms, but for the fear of starting her crying again.

"Yes," Rose said. "That's mother. And I guess she's right about it. It must be horrible to be half-alive—to know you're no use and never will be. Only I believe it will be that way with her. I believe you told her the truth without knowing it. It's just a feeling, but I'm sure of it. She'll get strong and well again out there. You'll think so, too, when you get rested up a little.—You're so frightfully tired, poor dear. It makes me sick to think what a week you've had. And that you've gone through it all alone—without ever giving Rodney and me a chance to help. I don't see why you did that, Portia."

"Oh, I saw it was my job," Portia said, in that cool, dry tone of hers. "It couldn't work out any other way. It had to be done and there was no one else to do it. So what was the use of making a fuss? It was easier, really, without, and—I didn't want any extra difficulties."

"Well, there's one thing," Rose said. "I believe it'll do you as much good as mother. Getting a rest. . . . You do need it. You're worked right down to the bones. And out there where it's warm and bright all the time, and you don't have to get up in the dark any more winter mornings and wade off through the slush to the street-car. . . . And a nice little bungalow to live in—just you and mother . . . I—I sort of wish I was going too."

Portia laughed; a ragged, unnatural sounding laugh that brought a look of puzzled inquiry from Rose.

"Why, nothing," Portia explained. "It was just the notion of your leaving Rodney and all you've got here—all the wonderful things you have to do—for what we'll have out there. The idea of your envying me is something worth a small laugh, don't you think?"

Rose's head drooped lower. She buried her face in her hands. "I do envy you," she said. There was a dull, muffled passion in her voice. "Why shouldn't I envy you? You're so cold and certain all the time. You make up your mind what you'll do and you do it. I try to do things and just make myself ridiculous. Oh, I know I've got a motor and a lot of French dresses, and a maid, and I don't have to get up in the morning, because, as you say, I have nothing else to do—and I suppose that might make some people happy."

"You've got a husband," said Portia in a thin, brittle voice. "That might count for something, I should think."

"Yes, and what good am I to him?" Rose

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demanded. "He can't talk to me—not about his work or anything like that. And I can't help him, anyway. I'm something nice for him to make love to, when he feels like doing it, and I'm a nuisance when I make scenes and get tragic. And that's all. That's—marriage, I guess. You're the lucky one, Portia."

The silence had lasted a good while before Rose noticed that there was any special quality about it—became aware that since the end of her outburst—of which she was ashamed even while she yielded to it, because it represented not what she meant, but what, at the moment, she felt—Portia had not stirred; had sat there as rigidly still as a figure carved in ivory.

She slipped into the court room without attracting her husband's attention.

Becoming aware of that, she raised her head. Portia wasn't looking at her, but down at her own clenched hands.

"It needed just that, I suppose," she heard her older sister say between almost motionless lips. "I thought it was pretty complete before, but it took that to make it perfect—that you think I'm the lucky one—lucky never to have had a husband, or any one else, for that matter, to love me. And lucky now, to have to give up the only substitute I had for that."

"Portia!" Rose cried out, for the mordant, alkaline bitterness in her sister's voice, and the tragic irony in her face, was almost terrifying. But the outcry might never have been uttered for any effect it had.

"I hoped this wouldn't happen," the words came steadily on, one at a time. "I hoped I could get this over and get away out of your life altogether without letting it happen. But I can't. Perhaps it's just as well—perhaps it may do you some good. But that's not why I'm doing it. I'm doing it for myself. Just for once, I'm going to let go! You won't like it. You're going to get hurt."

Rose drew herself erect and a curious change went over her face, so that you wouldn't have known she'd been crying. She drew in a long breath and said, very steadily: "Tell me. I sha'n't try to get away."

"A man came to our house one day to collect a bill," Portia went on, quite as if Rose hadn't spoken. "Mother was out, and I was at home. I was seventeen then, getting ready to go to Vassar. Fred was a sophomore at Ann Arbor, and Harvey was going to graduate in June. You were only seven—I suppose you were at school. Anyhow, I was at home, and I let him in, and he made a fuss. Said he'd have us blacklisted by other grocers, if it wasn't paid.

"It was the first I ever knew about anything like that. I knew we weren't rich, of course—I never had quite enough pocket-money. But the idea of an old unpaid grocery bill made me sick. I talked things over with mother the next day—told her I wasn't going to college—said I was going to get a job. I got her to tell me how things stood, and she did, as well as she could. The boys were getting their college education out of the capital of father's estate, so that the income of it was getting smaller. She had meant that I should do the same. But the income wasn't really big enough to live on as it was.

"Mother could earn money, of course, lecturing and writing, but money wasn't one of the things she naturally thought about, and when there was something big and worth while to do, she plunged in and did it, whether it was going to pay her or not. And there were you coming along, and mother wasn't so very strong even then, and I—well, I saw where I came in.

"I got mother to let me run all the accounts after that, and to attend to everything. And I got a job and began paying my way within a week."

"If I had a thing like that to remember," said Rose unsteadily, "I'd never forget to be proud of it so long as I lived!"

"I wish I could be proud of it," said Portia. "But, like everything else I do, I spoiled it. I knew that mother was doing a big, fine work worth doing—worth my making a sacrifice for, and I wanted to make the sacrifice. But I couldn't help making a sort of grievance of it, too. In all these years I've always made mother afraid of me—always made her feel that I was, somehow, contemptuous of her work and ideas. That's rather a strong way of putting it, perhaps. But I've seen her trying

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to hide her enthusiasms from me a little, because of my nasty way of sticking pins in them.

"Oh, of course, in a way I was making the enthusiasms possible—I knew that. She never could have gone on as she did if she'd been nagged at all the time for money. Big ideas are always more important to her than small facts, but without some narrow-minded, literal person to look after the facts her ideas wouldn't have had much chance. I grubbed away until I got things straightened out, so that her income was enough to live on—enough for her to live on. I'd pulled her through. But then . . ."

"But then there was me," said Rose.

"I thought I was going to let you go," Portia went on inflexibly. "You'd got to be just the age I was when I went to work, and I said there was no reason why you shouldn't come in for your share. If things had happened a little differently, I'd have told mother how matters stood and you'd have got a job somewhere and gone to work. But things didn't come out that way—at least I couldn't make up my mind to make them—so you went to the university. I paid for that, and I paid for your trousseau, and then I was through."

Rose was trembling, but she didn't flinch. "Wh-what was it," she asked quietly, "what was it that might have been different and wasn't? Was it—was it somebody you wanted to marry—that you gave up so I could have my chance?"

Portia's hard little laugh cut like a knife. "I ought to believe that," she said. "I've told myself so enough times. But it's not true. I wonder why you should have thought of that—why it occurred to you that a cold-blooded fish like me should want to marry?"

Rose didn't try to answer. She waited.

"You have always thought me cold," she said. "So has mother. I'm not, really. I'm—the other way. I don't believe there ever was a girl that wanted love and marriage more than I. But I didn't attract anybody. I was working pretty hard, of course, and that left me too tired to go out and play—left me a little cross and acid most of the time. But I don't believe that was the whole reason. It wouldn't have worked out that way with you. But nobody ever saw me at all. The men I was introduced to forgot me—were polite to me—got away as soon as they could. They were always craning around for a look at somebody else. The few men—the two or three who weren't like that—weren't good enough. But a man did want me to marry him at last, and for a while I thought I would. Just—just for the sake of marrying somebody. He wasn't much, but he was some one. But I knew I'd come to hate him for not being some one else, and I couldn't make up my mind to it. So I took you on instead.

"I stopped hoping, you see, and tried to forget all about it—tried to crowd it out of my life. I said I'd make my work a substitute for it. And, in a way, I succeeded. The work opened up and got more interesting as it got bigger. It wasn't just selling four-dollar candlesticks and crickets and blue glass flower-holders. I was beginning to get real jobs to do—big jobs for big people, and it was exciting. That made it easier to forget. I was beginning to think that some day I'd earn my way into the open, big sort of life that your new friends have had for nothing.

"And then, a week ago, there came the doctor and cut off that chance. Oh, there's no way out, I know that! That's the way the pattern was cut, I suppose, in the beginning. I've always suspected the cosmic dressmaker of having a sense of humor. Now I know it. I'm the lucky one who isn't going to have to wade through the slush any more. I'm to go out to Southern California and live in a nice little bungalow and be a nurse for five or ten years, and then I'm going to be left alone in nice, genteel poverty, without an interest in the world, and too tired to make any. And I'll probably live to eighty.

"And yet—" she leaned suddenly forward, and the passion that had been suppressed in her voice till now, leaped up into flame—"and yet, can you tell me what I could have done differently? I've lived the kind of life they preach about—a life of 'noble sacrifice.' It hasn't ennobled me. It's made me petty — mean — sour. It's withered me up. Look at the difference between us! Look at you with your big, free spaciousness—your power of loving and attracting love! Why, you even love me, now, in spite of all I've said this morning. I've envied you that—I've almost hated you for it.

"No, that's a lie! I've wanted to. The only thing I could ever hate you for would

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be for failing. You've got to make good! You've had my share as well as yours—you're living my life as well as yours. I'm the branch they cut off so that you could grow. If you give up and let the big thing slip out of your hands the way you were talking this morning, because you're too weak to hold it and haven't pluck enough to fight for it . . ."

"Look at me!" said Rose. The words rang like a command upon a battle-field.

Portia looked. Rose's blue eyes were blazing. "I won't do that," she said very quietly. "I promise you that." Then the hard determination in her face changed to something softer, and, as if Portia's resistance counted no more than that of a child, she pulled her sister up in her arms and held her tight. And so, at last, Portia got the relief of tears.

* * * * * *

Through the two weeks that intervened before Portia and her mother left for the West, Rose disregarded the physical wretchedness—which went on getting worse—and dismissed her psychical worries until she should have time to attend to hem.

She helped Portia pack; she presented a steady, cheerful radiance of optimism to her mother that never faltered until the last farewells were said. Just how she'd take up the fight again for the great thing Portia had adjured her not to miss, she didn't know. She supposed she'd go back to her law-books—until she could work out something better.

She made desperate efforts to find meaning in the law books.

But the pattern, it seemed, was cut differently. She went to the doctor's office the day after Portia took her mother away, and discovered the cause of her physical wretchedness. She was pregnant.

Rodney recognizes his harness

RODNEY heard young Craig, who deviled up law for him, saying good night to the stenographer; glanced at his watch and opened the door to his outer office.

"You can go home, Miss Beach," he said. "I'm staying on for a while, but I sha'n't want you." Then, to the office-boy: "You, too, Albert."

He waited till he heard them go, then went out and disconnected his own desk telephone, which the office-boy, on going home, always left plugged through; went back to his inner office again, and shut the door after him.

There was more than enough pressing work on his desk to fill the clear hour that remained to him before he had to start for home. But he didn't mean to do it. He didn't mean to do anything except to drink down thirstily the sixty minutes of pure solitude that were before him. That hour had become a habit with him lately, like—he smiled at the comparison—like taking a drug. He was furtive about it, too. He never corrected Rose's assumption that the thing which kept him late at the office so much of the time nowadays was a press of work.

He tried to laugh that guilty feeling out of existence. But he couldn't. He knew too well whence it sprang. He knew whom he was stealing that hour from. It was his wife. The real purpose of that sixty minutes was to enable him to stop thinking and feeling about her.

It was not that she had faded for him—become less the poignant, vivid, irresistible thing he had first fallen in love with. Rather the contrary. The simple rapture of desire that had characterized the period of their engagement and the first months of their marriage, had lost something—not so much, either—of its tension. But it had broadened—deepened into something more compelling, more pervasive—more, in his present mood, formidable.

She hadn't seemed quite well, lately, nor altogether happy, and he had not been able to find out why. He had attributed it at first to the shock occasioned by her mother's illness and her departure with Portia to California; but this explanation seemed not to cover the ground. Why couldn't she have talked freely with him about that? Inquiries about her health, attempts to treat

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her with special tenderness and guard her against overtaxation, only irritated her, drove her to the very edge of her self-control—or over it. She was all right, she always said. He couldn't force confidence from her, of course. But her pale face and eyes wide with a trouble in them he could not fathom, stirred something deeper in him than the former glow and glory had ever reached.

And there was a new thing that gripped him in a positively terrifying way—a realization of his importance to her. The after-effect of her invasion of his office the night of the Randolphs' dinner and of his learning of the tremulous interest with which she had afterward followed the case he was then working on, had been very different from his first irritation and his first amusement.

He had discovered, too, one day—a fortnight or so ago, in the course of a rummage after some article he had mislaid, a heap of law-books that weren't his. He had guessed the explanation of them, but had said nothing to Rose about it—had found it curiously impossible to say anything. If only she had taken up something of her own! It seemed as essentially a law of her being to attempt to absorb herself in him, as it was a law of his to resist that absorption of himself in her.

But resistance was difficult. The tendency was, after his perfectly solid, recognizable duties had been given their place in the cubic content of his day, that Rose should fill up the rest. And yet there was a man in him who was neither the hard-working, successful advocate, nor Rose's husband—a man whose existence Rose didn't seem to suspect. (Was there, then, in her no woman that corresponded to him?) That man had to fight now for a chance to breathe.

He got a pipe out of a drawer in his desk, loaded and lighted it, stretched his arms, and sat down in his desk chair. In the middle of his blotter was a stack of papers his stenographer had laid there just before she went out. A glance showed him that they were the month's bills, all neatly scheduled and totaled; and the total came to more than three thousand dollars. He damned them cordially and moved them over to one side.

But the mood of quiet contentment he had, for just a moment, captured, had given place to angry exasperation. He felt like a bull out in a ring tormented by the glare and the clamor, and the flutter of little red flags.

There was nothing ruinous about his way of living. Including his inherited income with what he could earn, working the way he had been working lately, he could meet an expenditure of thirty-six thousand dollars a year well enough. It meant thinking about his fees, of course, seeing to it that the work he undertook was profitable as well as interesting. Only, declared the man who was not Rose's husband, it was senseless—suffocating! Rodney tried, with an athletic sweep of his will, to crowd that train of thought out of his mind, as, with his hand, he had swept aside the papers that gave rise to it.

He leaned his elbows on the cleared blotter and propped up his chin on his fists. The thing exactly in front of his eyes was his desk calendar. There was something familiar about the date—some subconscious association that couldn't quite rise to the surface. Was there something he had to do to-day, that he'd forgotten? No, Miss Beach would have reminded him of anything except a social engagement. And he distinctly remembered that Rose had said this morning that the evening was clear. And yet, surely . . . Then, with a grunt of relief and amusement, he got it. It was his birthday! Another mile-stone.

Where had he been, what had he been doing a year ago to-day? It would be interesting if he could manage to remember.

A year ago—why, good Lord! That was the day it had all begun. He'd sold the old house that day and then had started to walk over to Frederica's for dinner, and got caught in the rain and taken a street-car. He had heard a vibrant young voice say, "Don't dare touch me like that!" and, turning, had seen the blazing, glorious creature who held the conductor pinned by both wrists. That had been Rose—his Rose; that he was spending these sixty minutes out of the twenty-four hours trying to forget about!

And that was only a year ago. It was curiously hard to realize. Their identities had shifted so strangely—his own as well as hers. Well, and in what direction had he changed? How did he compare—the man who sat there now—with the man who had unhesitatingly jumped off the car to

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follow a new adventure—the man who had turned up water-logged at Frederica's dinner and made hay of her plan to marry him off to Hermione Woodruff!

They had had a great talk that night, Frederica and he. He remembered what he had talked about, and he smiled grimly over the recollection—space and leisure; the defective intelligence that trapped men into cluttering their lives with useless junk; so many things to have and to do that they couldn't turn around without breaking something. Had he been a fool then, or was he a fool now?

He was increasing his practise now, making money, getting cautious—prudent. He didn't bolt the track any more. And the quality of his work was good—he couldn't quarrel with that. Only, the old, big free dreams that had glorified it were gone. He was in harness, drawing a cart; following a bundle of hay.

He sprang instantly to his feet, thrusting back his chair so violently as he did so, that it tipped over with a crash. The one really footling, futile, fool thing to do, was what he was doing *now*—lamenting his old way of life and making no effort to recapture it! Let him either accept the situation, make up his mind to it, and stop complaining, or else offer it some effective resistance—sweep the flummery out of his life—clear the decks for action.

Well, and that was the most asinine consideration of all. Because, of course, he couldn't do one thing or the other. As long as the man who wasn't Rose's husband remained alive in him, he'd protest—struggle—clamor for his old freedom. And yet, so long as the million tiny cords that bound him, Gulliver-like, went back to Rose, talk of breaking them was sophomoric foolishness. He'd better go home!

The building was pretty well deserted by now, and against the silence he heard the buzzer in his telephone switchboard proclaiming insistently that some one was trying to get him on the phone. He thought at first he wouldn't answer. He didn't want to talk to anybody. But no one can resist the mechanical bell-ringers they use in exchanges nowadays—the even-spaced ring and wait, ring and wait, so manifestly incapable of discouragement. At the end of forty-five seconds, he snatched open his door, punched the jack into its socket, caught up the head-piece, and bellowed "Hello!" into the dangling transmitter.

And then the look of annoyance in his face changed to one of incredulous pleasure. "Good Lord!" he said. "Is that you, Barry Lake? Are you here in Chicago? And Jane, too? . . . How long you going to be here? . . . Lord, but that's immense!"

And five minutes later he was calling Rose on the wire. "Rose, listen to this! Barry Lake and his wife are here. He just called up. They got in from New York at five o'clock, and I've asked them out to dinner. —Barry Lake and Jane! What's the matter? Can't you hear me? . . . Why, they're about the best friends I've got.—The magazine writer, you know, and his wife. And they're coming out to dinner—coming right out. I told them not to dress. I'll come straight home myself—get there before they do, I guess. . . . Why, Rose, what's the matter? Aren't you well? Look here! If you're below par, and don't feel like having them come, I can call it off and go over to the hotel and dine with them. . . . You'd rather we came out to the house? You're sure? Because they won't mind a bit. I can take them to a restaurant anywhere. . . . All right, if you're sure it won't be too much for you. I'll be home in fifteen minutes. Lord, but it was good to hear old Barry's voice again! I haven't seen him for over a year. You're sure you'd rather? . . . All right! Good-by!"

But he sat there frowning in a puzzled sort of way for half a minute. Rose's voice had certainly sounded queer. He was sure she hadn't planned anything else for tonight. He distinctly remembered her saying just before he left for the office, that they'd have the evening to themselves. And it was incredible that she minded his bringing home two old friends like the Lakes on the spur of the moment, to take pot-luck. Oh, well, you couldn't tell about people's voices over the phone. There must have been something funny about the connection.

*The next instalment of "**The Real Adventure**" will appear in the September number.*

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Joffre Personally

by Harrison Reeves

JOFFRE resembles the late J. P. Morgan somewhat, in that he is the same kind of monster. His head is altogether too big for his body. His nose is very large and very ugly. His upper teeth stick far out over his under lip, so that his thin mustache does not hide them. His shoulders are narrow and rounded over upon his flat chest. His arms are very long and rather thin for a fat man. His hands are enormous and bony, like the hands of a long, skinny man. His belly is little and pudgy. His legs and feet are those of an ill-developed, little fat man.

He has a way of squinting and grinning which is very characteristic. He stands badly, dresses ridiculously, never rides a horse any more, and walks about like President Poincaré.

The soldierly part of him is his head, which is hard, tough, calm, and hideous with the same sort of interesting hideousness which the late Mr. Morgan had to such an extraordinary degree. The pretty photographs which make him look like Mr. Taft do not resemble him a bit. He is simply a softer edition of Mr. Morgan, with more

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kindliness and humor and with less conscious force, initiative, and pugnacity. He is perfectly French-looking and strikes the French officer as a natural development of the type of French general of plebeian origin. The noble generals have a different look about them, a superior stature, thinness, and sharpness, with a touch of scorn in their facial make-up.

His officers say that none of the three or four sayings attributed to him by journalists since the opening of the war was really uttered by him, and that he has no "sayings" in him. He gave one interview, to an old school friend turned journalist, and was highly amused because the censor cut it all out of the papers.

He has never made any speeches. He sat silent through four months of daily Socialist discussions of the three-years' military-service law in the Chamber of Deputies. He has written only a single brochure—on the expedition to Timbuctoo—as literary baggage for his entry to the Academy. He does not write the brilliant "orders of the day" which are generously attributed to him by the censor, and it is said that he never writes personal letters or reads newspapers.

At work he is systematic and keeps a large clerical staff overworked. But he is a soft master as regards hours, insisting that all his subordinates shall sleep as long as they can stay abed, which he does himself.

His admirers say that he is incapable of worry or of the slightest degree of excitement. He has never shown any emotion about anything and has never been known to be interested in anything outside his immediate job.

His society never bores anybody, simply because he uses up all his time in working fairly steadily and fairly hard, sleeping a lot, eating slowly and resting after meals, taking little walks for his health, and riding about the country in his family automobile on inspection trips. He has the air of being quite as tediously on the job and of making an honest living for his family as if he were a little business man.

He fussed along over the battle of the Marne just the way he does about the routine details of army administration, and slept a lot every night. The only special recommendations which he has ever seen fit to publish were concerning the necessity of town loafers' getting busy threshing the crops in the war zone and "small matters" about how to keep the roads up.

He received a batch of journalists in his school-house office on the front one day, when the Minister insisted. He sort of yawned at them, mumbled something banal about "saving the country," and got them hustled out. The only map in the room was a black-and-white one of Poland, and the General appeared to be in the course of straightening out his cash accounts.

Joffre's manner of attacking the enemy suggests that he has no fancy idea back of the attack but merely attacks to accomplish the purpose of war, which is to defeat the enemy where you find him and to impose your will on him, whether it leads in any particular direction or not.

Above all, Joffre cares nothing for the political direction of his strategy. Supreme credit must be given to him, in the early part of the war, for his utter indifference to the "rescue" of Paris, which the Government and the people naturally regarded as the cardinal point of the campaign. Joffre let Paris take care of herself as best she could, while he fought his enemy squarely on the field till he beat him. He knew full well that if he didn't beat him, Paris would fall in three days without any siege and the name of Joffre would be anathema in over-centralized France till that little geographical point was relieved.

But if Joffre had permitted himself to worry about Paris, as von Kluck's whole strategy overwhelmingly influenced him to do, he might have saved Paris, but he would have saved it only to lose all France and then Paris, too.

What was needed was a purely military steadiness and courage. Joffre is all purely military steadiness and courage.

Joffre and General Cherfils were talking the other day about a certain aristocratic general who had heaved a sigh of relief that "God was at last on the side of France." Cherfils's comment was: "Since 1870 God has somehow come to distinguish between France and the Government of France."

Joffre is of the people, not of the Government. His father was a cooper and his mother tended the vines on their little farm. Out of such work they wrung the competency which gave Joseph Jacques Joffre the income for a military career.

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The Window in the Wall

by Helen Baker Parker

ILLUSTRATIONS BY B. J. ROSENMEYER

"SAY," drawled the blonde girl, wearily, as she investigated her elaborate coiffure with a much-ringed hand, "Floor-walker's asked Madonna to go to Lincoln Park Saturday afternoon! Heard him ask her! What do you——"

"Ain't she the lucky one!" envied the new girl. "Wonder if he'll wear his frock clothes. Well, I'm still waitin' for the Duke o' Lancaster! He seems to 've missed his train—Yes, ma'am, a dollar ninety-five a yard—No, ma'am, you'll find the inexpensive lace in the basement."

"Well, she certainly has the looks," grudgingly owned the blonde one, whose own looks were going fast. "But then, of course she's got the kid, and that's a handicap for sure. Ever see him? He's kinda queer. Something wrong with him, I guess. She calls him 'little brother.' You can't expect a girl to make anything of herself with a drawback like that! Might as well be in prison behind a stone wall six feet thick and a mile high—Say, 've we got any more o' that M'ree Anton et pattern like this sample?—I'm *trying* to find *out*, madam—Yes, ma'am, a dollar ninety-five a yard—half a yard for collar and yoke—I suppose you *could* get it out of a third—Here comes Miss Andrews. She knows the stock."

Miss Andrews was "Madonna"—so called by the lace-counter girls, partly, but only partly, because her great, sad eyes looked out from beneath straight black hair parted in the middle and lying thick and lustrous beside her pale temples. She had the merriest laugh imaginable, but she didn't wear it every day. Besides, it belonged to the Drawback.

Jimmy had a back that curved, but unless you insisted upon a profile he was exceedingly lovely. His eyes were full of wonder; for, having been denied the privilege of play, he had time to meditate upon the mystery of life. While Madonna was at the store, Mrs. Maloney, a very kind lady who lived above a saloon, took him in at a dollar a week, along with washings at two dollars a day. But at night Madonna and the boy enjoyed the privacy of their own apartments on the fourth floor of a human hive. No, I shall not give you the address. It would mean nothing to you. No Seeing-Chicago guide points to the rusty sign that swings in front of the Harmony Flats with the legend, "Rooms Heted."

Somewhere under the roof was a place, technically called a room, in which were a couch converted by the fairies into a bed when Madonna waved her umbrella over it, a one-hole kerosene stove that smoked, a chair that was perfectly adequate if you didn't tip back, and a square foot of leprous mirror over a box that was curtained with a very artistic piece of unbleached muslin, dyed with Sunday-morning coffee.

It was never light enough to hurt the eyes; for, save for a half-hour in the morning, the sun had to get through two stone walls before it reached Madonna and Jimmy. In those halcyon moments of early morn the sun came slanting through the one little high window and made exquisite patterns on the floor whenever a particular sign around the corner of the stone wall swayed in the wind and swung its lure: "Kostlivy's Dance Hall. Entire fourth floor. Ladies Free!" The moonlight also lay there on certain magic nights of the month, in arabesque of light and shadow.

In this space a canary sang of freedom in a

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JIMMY'S EYES WERE FULL OF WONDER.

cage larger than his need. Here, too, a geranium blossomed, not with vulgar luxuriance, but daintily, with the restraint of Japanese art, in a single fragile blossom.

The little window was high above the floor, and it shut out the sight of tired women with sagging, gaping skirts and wet aprons; anemic children eating the forbidden fruit of the poor; untidy back porches with their unemptied garbage, their unwashed milk-bottles on slanting window ledges; gray, unmended garments forever flapping on slack, creaking pulley-lines; smoke and flame from factories never silent, never quiet. Through the polished panes, Madonna and Jimmy could see only the eternal stars; the limitless blue, cloud-flecked or veiled with tears.

Through the window also came the sound of the dance-hall music, filtered through the clean wind; and who shall say whether the notes that reached the little high room were the by-product or its very essence? Jimmy knew it was angels ever bright and fair. Madonna believed it was youth and love.

The wall space of the apartment, unbroken by windows, was utilized as an art gallery. At night when Madonna and Jimmy had eaten their shinbone soup, most delicious after Madonna's tested recipe with tomato (in season), or onion (which we have always with us); and after Madonna had drunk deep of after-dinner tea, they cut the advertisements from old newspapers—the oldest things under the ancient heaven—and pinned them on the wall.

And many an artist who had found art too long and had hoped, vainly, to exhibit on the walls of French salons, would have been warmed in his heart could he have seen the

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wares of his soul displayed before the comprehending eyes of Jimmy. There was, also, one masterpiece; for Mrs. Maloney, merely by washing the duck suit of a bartender, had obtained a knight in armor riding a white horse; and the letters that advised Madonna and Jimmy to smoke a gentleman's smoke were in sparkling gilt, a foot high.

I said the room was there. It is there tonight; but Madonna and the child are there no more.

The floorwalker in question, whose domain was the first-floor center aisle, greeted customers with a gracious inclination of the head according to his interpretation of Rule 3 of the manual, delicately wringing his clean white hands. His frock coat falling in graceful folds against his gray, striped trousers (Rule 25), he might have been in the act of bestowing upon a woman his ancestral estates and titles, when in reality he was saying: "Is there"—pause, bow, and gentle wringing of hands—"anything I can do for you? Boys' clothing? Second floor. Oh, he's twenty-one? Men's department, first floor, north room, to your left. Lace? Yes, right here. Miss Andrews, show this lady some lace."

Since the invitation to Lincoln Park, his "Miss Andrews, show this lady some lace" had been a signal for significant nudges and speculations.

The invitation was to Madonna one of the seven wonders of the world, for a black dress may cover a multitude of red veins.

She had been in Chicago three years, she and Jimmy, carving out their financial career. When the carving is done out of six a week, there is no rim left. Madonna craved a rim to spend on doctors, for there is nothing in the Law and the Prophets that says, Thou shalt not covet a straight back for the One Thou Lovest. *And if thou art poor a straight back costs.*

No one in all those three years had craved the pleasure of Madonna's company to any of the many places where you pay money for happiness. She had heard other girls tell about the invitation to the dance; how they had been asked to theatres and after-theatre suppers where were laughter and lobster; how men, who scarcely knew them, had been positively annoying with invitations to be joyous. But no such experience had ever come to Madonna. She had walked alone among the city's male population that was supposed to be going about like a roaring lion seeking whom it might devour. When she went abroad for a loaf of bread, a bit of cheese, or an onion for her soup, the male population opened doors for her and stood with bared head, at a respectful distance.

And it couldn't have been altogether the cheese or the onion, for it was the same when the paper bag contained Jimmy's favorite little tea-cakes, with raisins in them.

The day that she went to the powers that were to ask for a very thin border to put around her six a week, the powers that were stroked his three chins meditatively, and looked at her. She wore no ring, no chain, no bracelet. A single little gold heart pinned together her high collar. Her long black sleeves closed tightly about her thin wrists. He asked her what she wanted of more money, and she told him what she did with her present munificent salary. She gave him an itemized account. It didn't take her long. The smell of the tea-room came to her—smell of rare beef, guiltless of a swim in the soup-kettle; smell of rich food that is good for curved backs.

She drew her thin hand across her perfect eyelids. Then she looked at him with eyes as cold, as distant, and as inscrutable as the Northern Lights and told him what she wanted to do with fifty cents more a week. His neck where it rolled over his collar reddened with a flush that crept up into his thin hair. He looked away, clearing his throat, and wrote something on a piece of paper. She went down the elevator, carrying in her dilated nostrils the smell of the grill-room and in her blue-veined hand the paper. He had made it a dollar.

After that she found out in how many ways a doctor may say, "There is really nothing that can be done."

She had felt very well acquainted with the floorwalker, however. Every morning for two years, except Sundays and holidays, he had said, "Good morning, Miss Andrews," with often a bit of speculation on the day, according as the weather man said it would be generally fair or partly cloudy. Then she was so used to the frock suit and the gray tie pricked by the near-pearl stickpin. And hundred of times he had said, "Miss Andrews, show this lady some lace." So that when he asked her to go to Lincoln Park, she replied in her best business voice, "Very well, Mr. Kelly," and was just about

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IT WAS, WITHOUT DOUBT, JIMMY'S AFTERNOON OFF.

to ask, "White or black?" when she remembered that she was being invited out on the search for happiness. Whereupon she presented him with one of Jimmy's smiles and said she would be delighted.

At first she had thought to leave Jimmy with Mrs. Maloney and salve her conscience with a box of crackerjack, for when, after three years, you enter the race for the thing that is not always set before us, you feel like laying aside every weight. But one look at the child lying asleep on his side—never again could he lie on his back—thin and white beside his calico bear, was enough.

"Jimmy," she announced as she turned him tenderly on his other side, "you're going to have an afternoon off!" She had washed out his one unfaded suit and bought him a new hat.

The eternal feminine, however, demanded

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a new dress. It was slow work, for Mrs. Anderson below stairs needed her sewing-machine almost all the time for the beautiful shirt-waists she made, which brought in, if her eyes let her work all day, thirty-eight cents. Madonna could make dresses almost well enough to do it professionally; necessity, during the generations of her ancestors, having at last given birth to invention. There were several other things she could do almost well enough. Incidentally, it happened that she could sing divinely; but Jimmy and Mrs. Anderson, who alone had tested her voice, did not tell her this; so she was saved all the heart-break of an artistic career.

If we seem long in getting to the Great Adventure, it must be remembered that Madonna had waited three years. Three years? Longer than that, for Jimmy was seven. Seven years Madonna had put him to bed. And never had he reached his hand into the dark that it had not found her. There had been no time for love, and now she was twenty-seven, with three gray hairs over her left temple.

Friday night she sewed feverishly at the dress, looking now and again at the pattern which promised that the skirt measured two yards around the bottom. Madonna hated two-yard skirts, or had hated them, from the memory of hundreds, seen at their best, walking leisurely down the center aisle and coming to a full stop in front of the encyclopedic floorwalker; and, at their worst, hurrying frantically up the elevated stairs. But she had become accustomed to them, as one learns, in regard to vice, to first endure, then pity, then embrace.

And now that she had read over a man's shoulder the prophecy in the *Woman's Realm* that skirts would be a trifle fuller, she realized that she had never yet had a scant one. In fact, Madonna was apt to be a trifle behind the styles.

With piteous desire she coveted the scant dress to wear to Lincoln Park in company with the floorwalker; and as she bent over the pink cotton poplin there were left at last only the sleeves to put in, the hooks and eyes, and the collar. But the needle broke, the thread rolled under the couch; the sleeves turned out to be for the same arm. A score of things happened with diabolical humanness; and finally, when it was already Saturday and the stars shone palely through the little window, she laid the dress over the back of the chair. Little specks were dancing before her eyes; a place like a silver dollar pained like fire on the top of her head; but what hurt the most was the lump in her throat.

She let down her hair, gave it fifty strokes with her pine brush, rubbed well into her face a very, very little cold cream, and crept into bed beside Jimmy. She turned him gently on his other side, and listened to the music from the dance-hall. It sounded very beautiful to Madonna and filled her with pleasure and pain. She thought she would like to dance sometime. Madonna had never danced. For a long time she watched the stars serenely fixed in the limitless blue and the shifting moonlight on the cotton dress. She would have so liked to wear it. And it was only two yards around.

She woke at the sound of milk-wagons rattling over the streets. The friendly stars had turned to rain, which prophesied doom like a major prophet; but Madonna laughed in its face. For there was Jimmy.

"How soon'll it stop, mother?" demanded Jimmy, who was orthodox enough to cover his doubt with a shout of belief.

"About noon, or maybe sooner, and dear, just for to-day you'd better not call me—Oh, never mind—It's going to clear off at ten minutes before twelve!"

If, in the indescribable confusion and restlessness of Saturday morning, there was plot and heart interest in the floorwalker's eyes when he said, "Miss Andrews, show this lady some lace," Miss Andrews only looked solemnly back with a "Very well; white or black?" And the blonde girl, who wore a new lavallière, shrugged her powdered shoulders with a cynical prophecy: "She's got an awful drawback. It's like livin' behind a stone wall. But some one'll be kind enough to show her a way out. And she's got the looks."

At half-past-two Mrs. 'Enery 'Ughes, her wet gingham apron folded diagonally over her stomach, called up the stairs, "Miss Handrews! Gen'leman 'ere!" Her hoarse nasal voice carried successfully to the spot where Madonna was surveying herself, by instalments, in the little glass and where, like all well-conducted instalments, the vision faded just at the supreme moment.

The floorwalker having seen her in black every day for two years, and the day having proven generally fair, she wore her white dress. Twice she had measured it and

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found it to be four yards around, and by no stretch of the imagination did it look less. Mrs. Maloney, having received a charity offering of a hundred pounds of starch, had stiffened it unnecessarily, as she had also the two petticoats, both of which Jimmy declared were needed; so that even after Jimmy, according to direction, had hugged her passionately around the ankles, she looked for all the world like an inverted white carnation. And that *wasn't* the way women wanted to look that season.

Her hat, clean and faintly odorous, turned down where it should turn up, and up where it should turn down; but she put it on wrong side before and—such is the accident of fashion—it was the latest thing from Paris!

"Skirts will be a trifle fuller," she confided to Jimmy, as she washed his face once again and adjusted his elastics, which had lost the resilience of youth. She was glad of the sailor collar, for under it his back seemed not so different from the backs of other children.

And then they went down; one flight, two flights, three flights. At sight of the man in the hall she stood still, her hand on the newel-post. Mr. Kelly's business suit was frock, but when he was dressed up it was in a large brown plaid with a bold dash of red, and a golf-red tie, whereon winked an emerald lizard.

At sight of Jimmy the man, too, was speechless. There were no rules in the manual to cover the case. Then, "I—didn't know about him!"

"Oh, he goes where I go. You—you don't want him to go——"

"It isn't that—let me think how to say it—You see, I didn't know you had him. I ought to have known, from your face; but I didn't dream of your being married."

"Oh! *Oh!*" Madonna laughed aloud, and the floorwalker, never having attended grand opera, listened with amazement to the music. "He's my little brother—Jimmy!"

At that, Little Brother was on the floorwalker's shoulder. The man was a little rough at first approach, but Madonna in a low voice told him about Jimmy's back, and Mr. Kelly produced rabbits and birds out of his sleeves and coat-tails. Also he threw back his head and displayed a set of very white, gold-filled teeth.

It was, without doubt, Jimmy's afternoon off. As the cavalcade progressed toward the park it added to its impedimenta one box of crackerjack, one package of ginger snaps—the name on whose label the editor regrets is unavailable for these pages—one bag of lemon drops, one tin whistle, and one violent magenta dog, tied with a purple string.

In the park they saw all the animals; Mr. Kelly carrying Jimmy, and Jimmy carrying the impedimenta, except the magenta dog, which Madonna clasped tenderly and absentmindedly to her breast.

"I want him to see everything there is!" said she. "You know he can't play, but he enjoys seeing, more than most."

Mr. Kelly rode with him on the ponies, rode with him on the merry-go-round. Mr. Kelly, squatting in front of the cages, with Jimmy sitting the crease out of his new trousers, threw peanuts to the bears, made faces at the lions, and made the monkeys laugh. And then, when at last Jimmy was ready to watch the lake, Madonna and Mr. Kelly sat beside him and each other, and got acquainted.

At last, when the sun made a great white way across the water, they had supper at a table that overlooked the lake.

"Shall we begin with soup?" said the host.

"If you don't mind I believe I'd rather not have soup. But do *you* want soup, Jimmy, dear?"

Jimmy looked at her out of tragic eyes, swimming with tears. "No, mother, *not soup!*"

"Well, let's see then; we'll cut out the soup. Shall we begin with steak, thick, juicy, and rare?"

Jimmy would so begin.

"And potatoes *au gratin*, whatever that is, and lima beans, and tea——"

"Coffee, if you don't mind."

"Did I say tea? I meant coffee—coffee by all means, and ice-cream and—pie, and home-made cake."

They ate it all, even the little green tree that stood up to shade the potatoes.

Then they saw the animals eating their supper, saw the boats once again, shadowy now, mist-mantled, and went home. By the time they reached Madonna's apartments, Jimmy was asleep, ironing a very neat crease into the shoulder of Mr. Kelly's coat.

"Get him to bed and then come down on the step," said the floorwalker, who guessed

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the social limitations of the Harmony Flats. "Let me carry him up."

"Oh, no! I'll carry him up. Really, you know, he isn't heavy, very—I think he gained a little last month, though."

"Well, I'll carry him two flights and I'll stand there till you get up, and if you fall I'll make a good foundation." At the landing they shifted the little burden.

"It's the first real happy day he's ever had," said Madonna, "and everything turned out just as he always said it would! How *did* you think to hang a string over the pier? He always wanted to fish in deep water. He caught all there were in the wash-dish, long ago."

Mr. Kelly leaned over the child in the light of the kerosene hall-lamp and saw the happy day still playing about his lips. "Don't forget to come down," said he. "I want to talk."

He heard her coming down slowly, hesitantly. "I think," she said, "he'll be all right. I left the door open and I'll be listening every minute. I never left him like this before."

"Now see here," protested Mr. Kelly, "for an hour, while that child sleeps like a little log, I'm not a floorwalker, I'm a human being. Dan's my name. What's yours? I've heard the girls call you Madonna; and do you know that I haven't heard you called a thing but 'mother' all day?"

"Jimmy calls me that. You see I'm all the mother he's ever known. He likes to pretend that I am. He might as well—you see it isn't for long. My name, though, is Mary. No one has called me that for three years—just 'mother' and 'Miss Andrews.'"

"Mary—*Mary*." He said it first timidly,

"WHAT LITTLE I'VE GOT IS YOURS, IF YOU'LL TAKE IT."

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as though he had never heard the magic word before—and it was his mother's name —"That music sounds pretty good, doesn't it? Do you dance?"

"No, do you?"

"No." He cleared his throat and blew part of the dust off his yellow shoes. He flecked a bit of imaginary lint from his sleeve.

"Mary," he said, looking at the bared head beside him, "Mary, I—I haven't got much money. You see, until six months ago I had my mother—she was an invalid. I've taken care of her for fifteen years. She was in bed for five years—One way, I suppose it was a handicap. I couldn't branch out and do what I wanted to do in a business way because I had to stick to a sure thing, even if it was nothing more original than the center aisle. And I never could go out nights and learn how to act in society. As I said, I can't dance. The only dance-music I recognize is 'Blue Danube Waltz' that my little sister used to play on the cabinet organ down in Maine. You see—I've been kind of walled in from all that. But yet, another way—well, Mary, I'm straight. I'm clean as I was when I thought heaven was just above the Methodist steeple, and the end o' the world and the pot o' gold were right out Main Street. That's all I've got, that and my sealed envelope. I used to be excited when I opened it, but I've got over that. What little I've got and what little I am is yours, if you'll take it—or if you won't. It's been yours for two years. I've been loving you from the first because you were—different. But I never dreamed about the little kid——"

"No. You see I've got him."

"And to-day when I saw what a mother you are to him—and how you've kept yourself with—a—handicap like that—and you a girl—and so beautiful—I could—well, there's a halo over your head!"

He laid his hand on her hair. His arm slipped down about her and drew her to him.

"Mary, *Mary*, I want you for my wife. I want——"

"I've got Jimmy——"

"Of course. I want to marry him, too. Do you think you could learn to love me after a while? I'm just an ordinary duffer. I used to dream about a career and seeing my name in the papers—and all that—when I was a little shaver I had great dreams—but all that is the other side of the stone wall. But I'd be good to you, girl, I would! I'd be good to Jimmy! Do you think that—after a while—you could learn——"

"I wouldn't have to begin at the beginning. I have loved you from the first——"

"Loved *me, in that frock coat?*"

"You were a man for a' that!" She stroked his Sunday-plaid shoulder timidly. "Do you suppose I didn't see how you were nicer to the old ladies than the young ones? And how, to some that dressed too young and had such queer eyes, you were hardly polite? And how lovely you were to little children? Oh, didn't I see?"

"You know what your eyes always made me think of, Mary? Candles, white candles burning on an altar. I've watched them burning for two years—and the light has never gone out. Do you know what that has meant to me—Mary?"

Overhead the elevated reeled continuously, with sickening monotony, around a curve. A garbage wagon rattled along the street. But these two were looking into the Future. The Past cast no shadow upon it. To-morrow stretched away, elysian, ineffable, eternal.

"Did you ever dream, Mary, that there was anything like this beyond the wall?"

"Would it be like this, if there hadn't been the wall—Dan?"

After a while he kissed her good-night, in wonder and reverence, and listened as she went slowly up the stairs, one flight, two flights, three flights. She was not weary, only her eyes were blinded with the glory she had seen.

In the little room Jimmy murmured "happy day," and reached his hand into the dark.

She was there, just as she had always been. She leaned over him. "Yes, Jimmy, it was our happy day, and a week from to-day is our wedding-day."

The dance-hall sign swung and creaked in the wind. Its shadow moved on the floor and made patterns of rare old lace on the cotton wedding-gown.

High on the altar of heaven the tapers were burning in the golden candlesticks.

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The Autobiography of an Actress

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARMAND BOTH AND R. M. BRINCKERHOFF

MY DAUGHTER Isabelle (named after the heroine of "East Lynne," one of my greatest successes) came to me the other day and said she thought that she ought to tell me she had decided to go on the stage.

Isabelle expected this to be a great shock, because she thinks I do not know that all last winter, while I was on the road, she was practising facial expression and voice culture in that little study of hers, with Ibsen over the desk, Maeterlinck and Sudermann on either side of it, and Shakespeare fallen down behind the bookcase somewhere—she will have to go on her hands and knees by and by to find him and pick him up; but she does not understand that yet.

I tried to look as surprised as was expected, and I can not be so bad an actress as Isabelle thinks me, for she seemed satisfied. She had, however, prepared herself to argue the matter out against opposition. This she did thoroughly. She brought forth a full financial table showing how economically she could pursue the most expensive training, and she was very firm with me upon the inadvisability of my making things too easy for her by giving her big parts in my own company at once.

Fortunately, I was able to agree with my daughter's premises, and our formidable conversation ended without that drawing together of my child's lovely brows and that hot flushing of her ingenuous cheek which are too apt to cloud our serious encounters.

Let it be understood that though Isabelle thinks so little of my acting she does not doubt that it was very good in its day; she merely despises the school for which I stand, and is afraid, I am sure, to begin her profession with me for fear that I shall try to teach her compliance to its standards. In short, she is so out of sympathy with me that she can not believe in my having the least sympathy with her. I would assure her, if I thought she would understand me, that should she find herself able to star in "Hedda Gabler" and "Johannes-feuer," she would never find her *passé* mother trying to fetter her to "East Lynne" and "Led Astray."

In the meantime, is there any possibility of turning her from her purpose? And again, if so, do I wish thus to turn her? I haven't Isabelle's head and I don't know.

Would I do it all over again myself? I wonder!

Billy's Daughter Decides for the Stage

WHEN I used to brag to Isabelle, in the dramatic parent's chronic hope of keeping its progeny out of the business, that I went on the stage only to make a living, I was extremely disingenuous. I always intended to be an actress, and at home, when I was a baby prodigy, before my father had suffered the bitterness of a checked ambition, he had delighted to prophesy that I would be a great one.

He was one of your serious students, like Isabelle, and I do not know how he ever brought himself to decline on such a play as "The Prairie King" after the *Hamlets* and

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"ISABELLE THINKS LITTLE OF MY ACTING, THOUGH SHE DOES NOT DOUBT THAT IT WAS VERY GOOD IN ITS DAY. HER IDOLS ARE IBSEN, MAETERLINCK, SUDERMANN, AND IT IS A DEEP DISTRESS TO HER THAT HER MOTHER IS IDENTIFIED WITH 'EAST LYNNE' AND 'LED ASTRAY'."

Othellos which, even in those palmy days, somehow yielded him no golden harvest. It filled his pockets very comfortably, but it turned him into a bitter and discontented man, who despised his work and found his gloomy satisfaction only in boring his guests with Shakespearian recitations.

I suppose he might have gone on cursing the *Prairie King* and playing him indefinitely if he had not lighted upon a blank-verse tragedy called "The Doom of Venice," which seemed to him a happy compromise between Shakespeare and the public taste; in producing it he backed this belief to his last dollar, and lost.

Shortly after, he died. I was fifteen then; six months later I went to my mother and said I had just written to all my father's influential friends asking for work, because something had to be done and I had determined to go on the stage.

Of course, I had always observed and imitated acting; I was as tall as a grown woman, and altogether there was no reason why I should not go on the stage, if the only thing necessary had been to go. Unfortunately, it took some one else to open the door. And none of those friends of my father to whom I had written so trustfully displayed any wildness of alacrity about that. I had written nearly a dozen letters, and I had two replies. These were not from the most intimate of our friends, and they both told me, with excessive civility but with a kind of hurry and a kind of chill, the many circumstances which prevented them from offering me anything.

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In the late summer, just as my mother had consented to take me to New York and the agencies, a letter from one of those very agents made clear my path. Mr. Guy Richmond (as I shall call him) was making up his company, and he had asked the agent after Billy H——'s daughter; my father, to whom he had, as a novice, presented a letter of introduction thirteen years before, having taken him to lunch and helped him to a certain coveted part. He'd never met Billy since, but he would like to do a good turn to Billy's daughter.

So I marched upon New York.

The Opening Night

MY MOTHER and I went to live in a boarding-house on Fifteenth Street, to be near Fourteenth, where the big shops were—a residence of mellow brick and ornate wrought-iron balconies and ailanthus trees. All New York was filigreed with balconies and ailanthus trees in those days, unless it was frozen into brownstone fronts. Broadway was Broadway, even then; and I was rather exhilarated than frightened by the crowd and rush, the noise and clamor. I meant to have New York for my saddle-horse, so the wilder the gait, the greater the glory.

Until the day of the first rehearsal.

My courage suddenly went out of me with the dawn; I woke to a cold, a quaking world, and my hope was dead before I dressed myself. I crawled, shivering through the sunshine and the indifference of happy, unrehearsing crowds, to the stage door, which I would by that time so willingly have run far from. At last I passed the ogreish door-keeper and left the sunshine behind me, and was swallowed, forever, into the huge stage's world of shadows, its gray, watery, dusty light glowing at the heart with ruddy bunch-lights and stands of tawny gas—the dearest light I know.

Once there, I remained standing near some folded scenery—a robber's castle I think it was, canvas side out—and waited to be called to the block, too nervous to sit down and too frightened to walk back and forth as another girl, presently joined by two young men, was doing. The leading lady came in, gaily rustling and floating. Then a couple of oldish people, wearing comfortable, business-looking clothes, to which they were indifferent, and not decked for the sacrifice as I was. When the stage-manager slammed the prompt-book down on his table he was accosted by a peaked-looking boy, as miserable, evidently, as myself; but nobody spoke to me until Mr. Richmond came.

My mother and I had called on him when we first reached town, and I admired him immensely. He was still fairly young and very good-looking, and I made a hero of him, of course—I think I had some wild hope of a railroad wreck during the season, in which I could die saving him; or at least of a panic in the theatre, where I might perish, under his bidding, at my post. Unembarrassed by any knowledge of this benevolence, Mr. Richmond introduced me to the stage-manager and the leading lady and the first old woman, and occasionally cast a kind eye upon me, himself starting me for my first entrance with a signaling "Now, my dear!" as *Paris* stepped forward.

For my wonderful gentleman's repertoire began with *Romeo*, and all these agonies were apropos of *Paris's* page; I was to make my first appearance as that innocent youth, and my entire part consisted of a single and not very awe-inspiring statement:

"I'm almost afraid to stand alone, here in the churchyard, yet I will adventure."

Nothing terrible happened on that great day, and the days went on and I continued to adventure without destruction, and shopping was an adorable excitement and packing a wearisome one, and I had a heart-sickening parting with my mother, and then she weakened and went on to the first stand with us, and the opening night arrived.

The opening night! My first night! Ah, well, well, well! Across what a gulf, across how strange a space, do I look back upon that little girl, whose youth is more inexorably removed from me than Isabelle's, that little utter stranger, for whom I feel so sorry, I don't know why, and whom I envy, so wearily, I don't know what!

I couldn't eat any dinner, I remember, and I remember, too, the bare look of the dining-room in that country hotel, and the damp odor of soap on the board floor and of boiling in the napkins, where a little more soap could have been used to advantage, and how cold was everything one touched on that hot night. I remember carrying

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some little last package through the narrow darkness of an alley to the stage-door, and the sickening pretense of feeling like other people as I passed, irrevocably, into the bare, half-lit emptiness of the theatre, and my envy of the door-keeper, of the stage-hands who were sweeping the stage, of any one who didn't have to act that night!

Even my dressing was full of racking uncertainties—what sort of make-up I should get on, whether my wig would have curled properly—in my dress alone I had any confidence. For I was to dance, as a young lady, in the minuet, before I acted, as a young gentleman, at *Juliet's* tomb. I had a sea-green gown all sewn with pearls and emeralds, and a little cap braided of those same jewels—I mean, of course, the costless, priceless jewels of the stage—and I was to carry my mother's feathered fan. This array had once been to me a joyful thought; but that night when my mother essayed to make me up I cried all the rouge off my cheeks and the cosmetic off my eyelashes as fast as she could put them on, and it was a relief to have the girl I dressed with arrive and chatter so incessantly as to make me rather irritable than scared.

The time came when I was really dressed, and the picture in the mirror sent a little life and wonder into me, and I was taken to Mr. Richmond's room by a triumphant parent who pretended to want to know if my dress would do, and kindly complimented.

And then there was the stage set for the hall of the *Capulets*, and I was on it; and all round me moved strange, transformed, gallant figures; and I was in the attitude I had rehearsed, with the young man I had rehearsed with: and yet everything was different, and beyond the curtain's thin but all-powerful screen, beyond the piercing, tearing, maddening music, waited—The Audience.

Pray, pray, my heart! Command yourself, Billy's daughter, and step out joyfully into your inheritance—there is your dear Mr. Richmond, and if you may not die for him, see, at least, if you can not dance for him. Oh! the signal for the curtain; the sense of your life falling away, lower and lower, as higher and higher the curtain lifts; the sense of the film of light and behind that the immense black house, crowded with living people, and with fate and the future and the infinitely more awful present; and close at hand the living, breathing, wonderfully transfigured, passionately nervous comrades who depend on you to do your part—to keep, at least, your fixed smile, to move, at least, your rigid muscles—bow, make-believe to chatter, you who pretend to be an actress, you, the guest of *Capulet!* Rise, cross, bow, smile, smile, smile! That is *Capulet's* voice, that you have heard before, outside this terrible brightness, in safe and shadowy yesterdays . . . . oh, for that fatal, coming cue, "Which of you all will now refuse to dance?" —Tra-la-la-la-la-la-la-la.

The guest of *Capulet* bows to her partner, stretches her long young legs to the familiar music, as if it were some safe and steady stair on which she walks—the dance is on! And one begins to be warm again, to be glad again, to be in one's element, to be a part of a richly flowing, gaily triumphant life—the dance is over! All too soon the scene is over! How does one wait to be the page of *Paris*—how does one wait and live? "I'm almost afraid to stand alone"—yes, but with how warm and how eager a fear!

That fear remains forever, and forever the warmth and the freedom and the sense of release and passionate living follow it. Thus, at sixteen, I found myself.

The "Second Woman's" Ups and Downs

I PLAYED that whole season with Mr. Richmond and was very happy. The traveling was hard, but I was at an age which thinks hardship picturesque. He had a repertoire of twelve pieces, and that repertoire and I were very useful to each other. When I was alone I gnawed away like mad at every female part in it. I became the curse of those who roomed near me in hotels, and the butt of those who encountered me, horrifying stray couples in the less-policed stretches of public parks, raving out *Juliet* and *Marco* and *Pauline*.

Staid elders said that no good ever came of that kind of thing, and lazy young ones declared it was all pose. But still I think it is the only way. I have no faith in the devotee who is willing to die but not to look like a fool. I lived in a trance populated by the richest presences on earth; I dramatized the very roads that I saw out

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of the car windows, and the very colds I caught were bent to the service of *Camille*.

Then toward Christmas salaries were cut, and the second woman left. Another came and was unsatisfactory, and then they put me into the "second" business, and I felt that I had arrived.

Perhaps outsiders will therefore find it difficult to understand why I arrived in New York in mid-April almost penniless. In the first place, then, we had had a season of thirty-five weeks. I had been engaged at twenty-five dollars. Out of this I had had to buy eleven costumes—*Osrick* and *Lazarillo* had each cost me a pair of silk tights at ten dollars a pair; one of my two poor little evening dresses cost me forty, the other twenty-five. With expert management I got everything for two hundred dollars. I had an agency fee of twelve-fifty to pay. The cheapest respectable hotels (boarding-houses were impossible, as we played largely one-night stands) cost from a dollar to a dollar and a half a day. My mother's ready money was nearly gone, and I had to send her five dollars a week.

My agency fee I cleared off in the first two weeks. After that I began paying off the two hundred for my costumes at five a week, and this left me fifteen dollars a week to live on, from six to four and a half dollars a week beyond my hotel bills for sleepers, for laundry, for my street clothes, for my doctor's bill, for everything. At the end of sixteen weeks my salary was cut to twenty dollars and we lay off, without salary, for the week before Christmas. And although, a month later, when I was made second woman, my salary was raised to thirty, and two of my new set of costumes were furnished, it may be clear how it was that I had no money when I got back in April.

Oh, that first summer in New York! I was not quite free of debt and there was not

Drawn by R. M. Brinkerhoff

"WE CARRIED OUR REVISED 'EAST LYNNE' THROUGH A SEASON OF FORTY-THREE WEEKS IN THE WEST. FORTY-THREE WEEKS IN WHICH THE PUBLIC SAT UNDER THE DRIPPINGS OF OIL-LAMPS, AND WE DRESSED IN DRESSING-ROOMS MADE OF SHEETS, AND PLAYED WITH OUR BREATH FREEZING AS IT LEFT OUR MOUTHS."

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in those days the thrice-blessed institution of "summer stocks." But my mother had begun to realize a little money from the sale of our house and she sent me eight dollars a week, and I was just seventeen, and free, and full of hope. My mother had made me a couple of little lawn dresses and trimmed me a flowered hat, and I went about to all the terrible agencies as gaily as if they had been afternoon teas. I had no less than five offers: three of them gave me no opportunity, were distinct backsliding; I hesitated at such impassioned length between the two others that I lost one; the other kept me hanging for a month; then the star came to town, gave me a rehearsal, decided I wouldn't do, and cast me forth again with my value somewhat damaged and my self-confidence badly shaken.

This was in mid-August, and made me so desperate that I foolishly snatched at the chance of going out as leading woman with a young fellow I knew who meant to barnstorm with "Don Cæsar" and "Hamlet" on six hundred dollars that he had got hold of. We stayed out nine weeks, miraculously, though we got no salary for the last four, and finally had our trunks held.

It was then the end of October, too late for any chance of work. I had now no clothes, and I was still in debt. I got a little unheated hall bedroom at the top of a lodging-house, and bought a coffee-pot, a frying-pan, and a ten-cent gas-stove; I washed my clothes in my basin and put a heavier lining in my summer jacket, and on holidays we all went to a fifty-cent French table-d'hôte, in a basement, where they played the *Miserere* on a piano and a mandolin, and where the world was at least hot and bright, and we all felt ourselves to be sitting somewhat desperately at its gorgeous banquet.

I say "we all," and indeed that is the main thing to be said of what it is the convention to refer to as "that terrible winter." It was not terrible: it was only hard and perilous. I do not know that I have ever been so happy; I am certain that I have never had so much fun. And this happiness came from being richly companioned and of a crowded heart, that beat fast with ceaseless, eager sympathies in those rich and hungry days. We were a group of young creatures, living mostly in the same house and all following the same profession; boys and girls between seventeen and twenty-three, a few meagerly employed, the rest not employed at all, but all wild with ambition.

We studied and worked together, and got up scenes together, and argued and shrieked and played and cooked together, and helped each other in all ways; and quarreled as to who paid for the butter the last time; and made what we supposed to be love and had our hearts broken; and redeemed our male comrades from awful vices, like smoking cigarettes, by the mere beauty of our womanly society; and went together to the galleries of theatres to see great foreigners, and for midnight walks to get a thrill and feel Bohemian—we were so proud of being Bohemian, of course, and yet all the while we were really entirely respectable and, pathetically innocent and ignorant.

It was not till the end of March that I got a position, but then my luck seemed to have turned for good, and for the next three years I worked continuously—or as nearly continuously as the summer of those days let actors work.

I had two seasons of what is called "second business"—*Celia*, *Olivia*, *Hero*, *Queen Elizabeth* in "Mary Stuart," *Helen* in "The Hunchback"—with a popular and clever female star—years of tranquillity and profit, both financial and artistic. I worked hard and studied hard, and took myself very seriously; I began also to give myself great airs and to be spoken of as a coming actress—I was just passing out of my teens, but I wore my hair high, and a tight black velvet dress with a train, as one giving notice that she steps toward a career!

And as, in what I felt to be my dead youth, I had reeked with amorous fancies, and craved and mimicked romantic experiences, so then, at twenty, I put aside all thought of men save as fellow-workers and spoke to them in a throaty voice, with a challenging glance, of conceptions and technique. I carried solid books about with me wherever I went, and adorned myself with heavy and eccentric jewelry, and was said to be wedded to my art. Yet I was no such fool as not to work," like a miner buried in a landslide," at fencing, at voice-culture, at the acquisition of foreign literature, and at every great part on the horizon.

When, in the spring before I was twenty-one, I signed to play leads—*Juliet* and all

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"I MADE MY FIRST APPEARANCE AS '*PARIS'S*' PAGE IN 'ROMEO AND JULIET,' AND MY ENTIRE PART CONSISTED OF THIS ASSERTION: 'I'M ALMOST AFRAID TO STAND ALONE, HERE IN THE CHURCHYARD, YET I WILL ADVENTURE.'"

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—with an eminent tragedian, I picked up my mother in my affluent hands and rushed for a vacation overseas to develop my mind by the sight of the Tower of London and the Comédie Française.

Six Black Years Off Stage

MY LEADING business was a great success. I was spoiled and petted, and young men began to run after me to distraction, and I laughed at them. I was wild with pride and life and glee, and at the end of the season, when a manager offered to put me out for six weeks in "East Lynne" —old, even then, but as reliable as my father's "Prairie King"—I consented to being featured, as one who condescends.

In that company there was a dark and handsome man playing *Sir Francis Leveson*, and at once, without pause or scruple, I struck my flag. I threw myself at his head —myself, my life and heart and reason, my ambition and my individuality. He made me, with a glance, his slave, and he married me. Despite a thousand ecstasies, I hardly know whether or not I was ever happy with him; but there is no shoal, nor one profound black gulf of sorrow, that he did not teach me.

I lived with him six years and bore him two children, my son Frank, who is now going into business, I thank Heaven, and Isabelle; and when he left me, after I had turned twenty-eight, there was a third child coming—Esther. When he was gone I did divorce him, most unwillingly, out of pure shame and distraction, after having made myself a public wonder that I had not divorced him long before.

We came to New York again, my children and I, and Esther was born there, in a hospital. I may be understood when I say that I am glad my mother had died, shortly after my marriage, when nothing had as yet occurred to grieve her; I am glad, too, she never knew that I took the little capital she had hoarded for me and spent it in a production I made to please my husband. It was he who starred in it and failed in it, and not I. I had not gone back to the stage after my boy was born, partly because my acting brought on so many jealous tantrums, and partly because I had already begun to dread showing my shamed face to the world. So that now I had neither friends nor money for my babies.

After I left the hospital we lived by the kindness of a lodging-house keeper, who trusted me through the whole summer for one terrible sun-beaten room. I looked for work when I was strong enough, but I must have been a spectral joke indeed in that July—no wonder no one wanted me; and, as I had to pawn article after article for our food, it became increasingly difficult to assume the necessary prosperity of appearance. I had been off the stage six years—no one knew or cared about me any longer. It was midsummer and there was nothing doing.

I tried making things, which, of course, I could not sell. And we sat under the roof, my two brave but wondering little children, and my baby and I, and—waited.

And then Esther fell ill. I had spent my life until I had nothing but my fever and my misery to give her, and it was she who paid. The doctor said she must get away to the seaside; I wrote to my husband, who was then abroad, begging him for money. He has since said that he never got my letters, and I am very willing to believe it.

But I managed to take Esther sometimes on the boat to the Iron Pier. Frank was five, and I used to ask him, on the evenings after those days, if she didn't look a good deal better, and he always said she did. But the doctor said she could not live unless the hot wave broke, and it did not break. I sat there and I saw her die, and I knew that her father was somewhere in the world. . . .

Sometimes, when Isabelle is going to a dance, in one of her sweet, shimmering little gowns, with rosebuds in her hair, I bid her good-by more longingly than she understands—"for she, kissing back, can not know that my kiss is given to her sister——"

When the fall season was well begun there came back to the house where I lived a young fellow who had signed in the spring and gone away. What the landlady told him about me I don't know, but he began at once to bring fruit and candy to the children and to make friends with me whether I would or not. He used to take Frank and Isabelle to the park after his rehearsals; sometimes he got me to go out to dinner with him to those very tables d'hôte where ten years before I had seen such visions, and my blood got drunker on the abundant food than on the wine.

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Then one day he came to me, breathless, and carried me away with him to the theatre where he was rehearsing, and I was brought upon the stage and a part was put into my hands. There was nobody there but the stage-manager, whom I knew, and who was very gentle with me and told me to come back and rehearse with the company at two —then we should see. It seemed that the leading woman had quarreled with the management and resigned her part; through a hundred circumstances there seemed no one else they could lay hands on, and the boy who brought me there had waylaid the stage-manager, a friend of his; he had agreed to suggest me, and here I was, waiting for the trial of the afternoon with the managers in front.

I didn't feel as if I could act, nor had I any craving to, but I did crave the money, very much, I imagine, as a thief does.

My sponsor took me out in a cab and bought me a hat and a dress—"My spec," he said, "and I've just touched the management for plenty;" he took me to Delmonico's and gave me champagne for lunch.

I got the part, and I still think it was the rustle of his dress and the flush of his champagne that did it.

It was in a conspicuous, emotional melodrama, such as "Her Atonement," and from that day to this I have never really lacked either for money or for work.

The Return—A Leading Lady

THE position in which I found myself at the end of the season in that melodrama to which my good boy friend had introduced me was, if not peculiar, perhaps all the more worthy of attention. I was very nearly thirty years of age; I was divorced from my husband; to get alimony from him, even had such an idea been supportable to me, would have been the exhaustive occupation of a lifetime; I had a boy of six and a girl of four to support; I had a spirit completely disillusioned, and an experience of a woman's security in the world the reverse of reassuring.

I was confronted with the question of how I was to achieve that security, not tentatively but forever; so that never again in a terrible room, besieged by heat and hunger, should any child of mine be laid beneath the sword of Damocles.

In that first season of my return, as soon as I had begun to draw a safe breath and lift my head again, I set to work examining and testing my talent to see what had happened to it in all the years that it was buried. I was quite listless toward it for itself, but it was my sword, my box of tools,

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my hand at cards; and if it were rusty or broken, if it were blank—! I saw that it worked as smoothly and effectively as ever; in that mechanical play it readily took its meed of success.

Then, as the months went on, my life began to expand again and warm itself a little, and I remembered the activity and variety of my girlhood. And now that all this new artistic sap was rising in me, the thought of spending my next season on one conventional heroine was intolerable.

There was at that time, so far as I know, but one summer stock, a company playing in a Canadian seaport and presenting two plays every week, and that company became the aim of my soul. The juvenile of our melodrama—a worthless lout, if ever there was one—was going there; he had been casting sheep's-eyes and reading maudlin poetry at me all season. I suddenly began to sigh over the poetry and to smile into the eyes, and he spoke for me to the management. Also, I got a letter from our own management to the owner of the theatre, and, discovering that the stage-manager had been in my husband's ill-fated starring venture, I wrote and reminded him of that fact shamelessly.

There was no influence I could reach that I did not bring to bear in carrying me past those other women struggling for the same position and perhaps needing the money more than I. But I fought and I won, and before I had been a month in that company there was no longer any question as to what had happened to my talent: I was an actress at last.

For, except in the inevitable mark against my age, those six years had not spoiled me; they had made me, rather. In the first place, for professional purposes, even my appearance was improved. I had lost my schoolgirl prettiness, but I had gained fire and suggestion in its place; the rigidity was gone from my tall slimness, the sleekness from my nervous hands; and I had got, to do my work, a face curiously flexible and expressive, with shadowed eyes.

I was the "interesting" person now, for whom the audience has been waiting, as soon as I stepped upon the stage; people began to say that I had "magnetism," and certainly my days had given me the fulness and the authority of pain—mere trouble may be the barrenest of all things, but grief is never so, nor love, nor shame. It was the deep quick of life and death with which I had been one, and if my heart seemed the harder for it and curiously empty, I found all the things which it had known waiting for me in the work which took me wholly again into its mystery: I had not lost one breath of all those years.

In that summer by the sea, at once so crowded and so isolated, I felt for the first time the thrilling satisfaction of that transfusion of life between oneself and one's audience, which is the continued miracle and daily bread of the successful actor. The plays were soon selected largely for me—"Camille," "Led Astray," "The Flowers of the Forest," "Lucrezia Borgia," "Adrienne Lecouvreur," together with more recent melodramas, such as "The Planter's Wife" and "The Silver King," and we closed with "East Lynne" for my benefit.

The Price of "Starring"

WHEN I got back to New York in August I was there but a moderately well-established leading woman. Such reputation as I had was rather against me, at variance with the spirit of that time; I was known as a woman who had once, ages ago, before enlightenment came into being and the world was saved, been featured in "East Lynne," and who in modern times had played for a small season with exceptional credit "the lead" in a popular melodrama. And melodramas, calling themselves such, were already in bad repute.

I was as anxious to escape them as my own child could wish. I refused a couple of splendid offers; for what I had secretly made my mind up to was to be a star, and to be one quickly. My cogitations over that one word "security" had shown me that there is no permanent financial safety for the employed, that none but the employer may ever rest and look on garnered fields.

I hardly know how to make clear to present-day readers how honorable in those times was the position of a star—how rare, how high, how significant of immense, unflagging public favor, how difficult of attainment by any genius, beauty, or devotion, without the stamp of time. And I did not mean to wait for time! And I was so obscure!

One day I was talking over with that

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young fellow who was my good friend the only offer which I had at all considered. It was from a tragedian of moderate standing, "popular priced," but not exactly "melodrama." At a pinch, he would do.

And then my friend said—I can see now his face as he spoke, and the table in the little restaurant where we sat—"There's a great spirit in that fellow all the same, a great ambition. He won't rest till he's another Charles Heriot." Charles Heriot! It was as though he had put his finger on the secret spring and the entrance was disclosed.

Charles Heriot was in those days what might be called the "crack" actor of America. Born of an Irish mother and some Spanish nobleman whose carriage and whose brows he bore, he was the handsomest of men; full of the most adorable charms, beautiful qualities, and exquisite, rare impulses, he was the best actor of romantic comedy that ever I saw, and I do certainly believe the least scrupulous of God's creatures. He was almost the last of us to maintain an extensive repertoire, using as the back-bone of each season some new drawing-room comedy of the best literature procurable, with a "character part," highly sentimentalized, for its star rôle.

He had, notoriously, two passions—for social standing and for women. I remembered my success in playing upon and then overlooking last season's juvenile, and I remembered also a lady who liked and believed in me, the wife of an officer quartered in that Canadian town in which I had been a visiting queen, who was now in New York. Through her I met the man whom I am calling Charles Heriot.

I then wrote to him for an appointment apropos of his leading business, and he replied, naming a time. Before that time came I took the greater portion of all the money I had and rented with it, for three days, the show apartment of the show hotel in New York. I rented properties for it, too—books and plants, etchings and rugs, and a tea-service and a maid; I contrived a

Courtesy of The Clipper, New York, N. Y.

THE NEW YORK I CAME TO.

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tea-gown whose luxury, I hoped, was not too much the luxury of "East Lynne" nor "The Crust of Society," and at the appointed hour I sent a carriage for him and a note, saying that I had sprained my ankle and begging him to call instead of me.

Blas and *Charles O'Malley* he won my heart a hundred times. For it may as well be admitted at once that he fell insanely in love with me.

I hope and think that I did not exactly intend that from the beginning; but there

Photograph by Underwood & Underwood, New York.

THE NEW YORK I LEFT.

If he had not come!

But he came. He came and I gave him tea, and he must have taken away with him the sense of a lady in whose keeping the social standing of his leading woman would not suffer. For he left behind him the promise of that position at the one hundred and fifty dollars that I asked him—a rousing salary for those days—and the season before I had got sixty!

I played the season out with him with great success, and with an unbounded joy in the richness and variety of my parts. I played his daughter in one piece, his mother in another, with changing centuries and nationalities that seemed to freshen and renew my blood; and if he never succeeded in touching my fancy in real life, in *Ruy* must always have been, across my facile managing of his moods, the shadow of what was to be. And when I saw it coming I did not hesitate to seize and use it. At first he was carrying on an affair with some poor creature whose heart and whose whole life he broke, and it was not until spring that he became at all serious about me.

The end of the season brought on, opportunely enough, an attack of violent love-making, so that I was able to leave the company, all injured dignity and refusing to speak to him. He followed me to the watering-place where I had taken the children, and I left it. He followed me again, and there I forgave him. I signed to return to his company only on his own offer of an increase of salary and—of being featured.

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Here, in less than two years, here was a change! I am not afraid to say that in my work and in my devotion to my work I had earned it, but, heavens, how weary was the paying for it all over again in grappling with Heriot's ardor! He was no spineless juvenile of cheap melodrama: he was the victor on a myriad fields; the most royal of lovers: the keenest, the most engaging, the most responsive of companions. I have often wondered whether, had he been ugly or of a dryer mood, he must not have touched me; but he was a charmer of my husband's very school, and from that school I was graduated.

Finding that he could never feel sure of my heart, it became an obsession with him to marry me. Never for one instant did I consider such a thing; but I certainly allowed him, encouraged him, to believe that I would end in doing so; and in the meantime, when he found that I would not consent to his following me about in the summer without a pretext, he accepted my suggestion of a summer season of repertoire in San Francisco.

For the majority of our plays during the summer I had no difficulty in getting Heriot to produce dramas in which the star part was really mine, and as my popularity rose to flood-tide his jealousy was not of me with the public, but of the public with me. He hated me to have power, and yet he fed me power generously, rather than let me seek it elsewhere.

I was soon able to bring to his notice all manner of flattering offers for the winter from Eastern managers, two of whom wished to star me; neither of their offers was exactly what I wanted, but they served my purpose: Heriot said that he would co-star me with himself!

He did, assuring me that if this scheme proved successful for the one season he should not then hesitate to contract, for a long term of years, to star his wife. Poor soul, in attempting the gilding of my cage he merely furnished me the wings I flew withal! When he had co-starred me for that winter, scarcely a manager in the country but sat outside my door. I chose the highest of them, told the truth to Heriot, and left him.

The whole affair was my one experience of the adventuress; it is the Bluebeard's closet of my life into which, willingly, I never look. But, in judging me, judge also that form of civilization which puts the keys of the world into men's hands alone.

The Syndicate's Iron Hand

THE next few years was a time of unruffled peace, plenty, and satisfaction. My children were great, strong, growing creatures, sweetly and lavishly arrogant, confident, happy, ignorant of the value of money—they had forgotten. I found an actress whom I had known when we were all as poor as she had remained, and gave her charge of the house I still kept open whenever I had to go on the road, that the children's education might not be interrupted. She took them into the country in the summers, where, on my way to and from Europe, I would join them for a fortnight.

I was one of the foremost stars in America; my manager had absolute control of the foreign dramatic market of which he served me up the cream, and when modernity did not yield me the equivalent of a *Magda* or a *Tess*, the races and the centuries were ransacked for me, and for me courtezans and martyred queens were dramatized. Wherever I went I was a person of distinction. No path could have looked smoother or more secure, when a curious thing happened.

My first contract had run out and I had played nearly a year of the second when I was astonished by a rumor that I was next season, at the age of thirty-seven and with a reputation for the extremely "temperamental," to appear as a sort of semi-ingénue in a French comedy of manners. Let us suppose that Mrs. Patrick Campbell were announced as a rival to Miss Billie Burke! At first I laughed, and then I wrote to my managers and protested that even the rumor made me appear absurd. He replied, with the sweetest and steeliest jesting, that the part and I were assigned to each other! The very words looked unreal to me. I could not believe that I must do as I was bid, and only the submissive sympathy of my associates brought home to me that, as an artist, I was merely living in a beautifully appointed prison.

Until then I had known only the best of that theatrical empire which is called the Syndicate. It had come into its fullest power while I was off the stage; it had

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handled Heriot, established before its day, with a light and a loose rein, and me it had merely made. Yet my manager was the heart and soul of the Syndicate, and he was my proprietor.

But I was very valuable property, and when I got back to town he was extraordinarily patient and reasonable with me. He assigned the failure of the part in London to its having been played by an ideal pretty miss who was "nothing but an amateur." What it wanted for this country was a woman of experience to deal with its subtleties and a woman of popularity to counteract the story of its English failure—more concisely, it wanted me. He said he felt that it would be a rest for me, and that meantime I could prepare for the play that was being written specially for me for the next season, which was to be the crown of my career. There was nothing to do but to play his French comedy for him, and I played it.

And in it I made my one downright failure as an actress. It was unmitigated, absolute. The press, which must have known I was not a free agent, turned on me with a single voice and condemned me as if that did its heart good; I could not meet my friends' embarrassed eyes nor the faint praise of their entangled voices. The public I did not have to meet—it stayed away.

Well, my manager was a disinterestedly obstinate man; he would not admit he had been wrong, and he kept me out all that season at considerable financial loss to himself. He had another peculiar quality—he could never see his actors in any part but the last that they had played, and all my successful past was wiped with one movement from his mind.

But I did not care. I saw myself treated with cold politeness, my company slighted, my business neglected, and I smiled to think of the flush and dazzle of next year and how after the first night of my Meredithian *Diana*—for that and no less was what the most accomplished of English playwrights had consented to dramatize for me—my manager would beam upon me as once more the symbol of his judgment. I entered into a happy correspondence with my playwright, I lived in my *Diana*, and all that season of midnight jumps and prairie breakfasts never did she veil her face from me. With the spring I flew to her, in her manuscript form, in London; my playwright, who had taken fire for the play only at my suggestion, even honored me with a dedicatory poem, and I came home by way of Paris and the dressmakers' with *Diana's* armor in my trunks. . . .

At that time a wealthy divorcée was about to make her first adventure as a star, and the evening papers, the night

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of my arrival in New York, announced her, for November, as *Diana*.

When, after an insane fortnight, I found my manager to be implacable, I left the Syndicate. My contract would not run out till the end of the season, but my manager was genuinely indifferent; he had wholly lost interest in me—that failure!—and he was heartily glad to see me go into the desert.

Second-Class Houses and Happiness

IT WAS not so much like a desert as a blank wall. Actor after actor had stunned himself against that wall, and the Syndicate had picked him up again and galvanized him to its purposes. It is all changed now, even if to breakneck competition, but then in first-class houses there was no court of appeal. In a violent interview with my manager I had threatened him with my ability to buy my own pieces, and play them for myself, and he had quietly replied: "Will you? What pieces will you buy? And where will you play them?"

It was true. The Syndicate owned all the theatres, and it owned also all the dramatists. I could have done, I think, without the theatres and played to my public in the streets, but I had to have something to play.

For a month I read, day and night, the manuscripts of amateurs. My heart cried out for the Shakespeare of my youth; but Shakespeare will not go down now without that gorgeous investiture which we call a production, and I could not carry a production into the town-halls and stock-show pavilions where I must play. And at last, one fevered dawn, sitting haggard amid a sea of rejected rural maidens and Russian adventuresses, I had an idea.

Once or twice before *Lady Isabelle* of "East Lynne" had been used as the stop-gap of my life; why not give *Lady Isabelle* a new dress and try her again? A young newspaper man and I threw ourselves at the task: we made her over, included some terrific woman's-rights modernity, cut out, as my young friend said, "a few of the gad-zookses"—and called our product "The Woman in Question."

I got together a cast of splendid actors whom the Syndicate had dropped overboard, and we played a season of forty-three weeks. And the public followed me and sat under the drippings of oil-lamps and over the bells of the trains in the depot down-stairs, and we dressed for them in dressing-rooms made of sheets, and played for them with the breath freezing as it left our mouths. Forty-three weeks! And such business! And such notices!

When even our experienced appetites quailed at the moldy dinners of infirm hotels, we told ourselves, with a warming thrill, how, far, far off on Broadway, the Syndicate sat and gnawed its nails.

If this were a small country, how long might I not have continued as a privateer! But the vast areas where, even under conditions such as I have suggested, no un-Syndicated foothold was then possible, the fearful railroad jumps, the ventures upon impossible plays, the streaks of bad business, sucked up the profits. For three years I went on with it, but it was a wild-cat life; and for my third season I was very glad to come to terms with a man whose theatres I had occasionally played in and who now offered me the whole chain of them on condition of an interest in my business.

He was, in his way, a potentate. He owned a circuit of second-hand theatres in the Northwest, actual popular gold-mines, beneath the notice of the great Syndicate and indifferent to it. They were what is called "popular-priced houses," and I had maintained my standing as a first-class star only by charging first-class prices when I played them. I found the owner of these refuges at once extraordinarily shrewd and extraordinarily fair, and I was glad to decline upon the strength which took my affairs in hand. I was tiring out, just as my daughter was entering her teens and as it approached the time for Frank to go to college.

My "popular-priced" manager came to me with the whole Sardou repertoire in his hands. The plays, he said, were a little out of date for the first-class houses, but they were hot cakes for his, and if there was anything higher-browed, like *Lady Macbeth*, I was specially keen on, he didn't care if I stirred a few of 'em in once in a while. I would have to come down to his prices, but he guessed I would find they panned out all to the good in the finish.

I signed the contracts, and then, perhaps from the relief of relaxation, fell ill and did not readily fall well again. My season had

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"THE METROPOLIS HAS TIRED OF THOSE ELOQUENT, PRIMITIVE, AND HIGHLY COLORED PARTS SUCH AS 'TOSCA,' WHICH YESTERDAY WERE GOOD ENOUGH FOR ANYBODY. BUT THEY ARE STILL HOT CAKES IN THE PROVINCES."

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to be closed, and weeks after that I still could find no reason sufficient for another grappling with my life. My new manager was my children's right-hand man through this trouble, and in the spring he somehow carried me out to Colorado and set me growing and living there. He ran, for the summer, one of the famous Denver stocks; but he used to find time to come and see me up in the mountain country, and read me reports of prize-fights and scientific discoveries to cheer me up. And when at length he suddenly and shyly asked me, though I was forty years old, I married him.

That was five years ago, and my second marriage remains the safety, the satisfaction, and the refreshment of my heart. Our business partnership is as successful. We make a great deal of money, which is well managed after it is made. I am no longer, I shall never be again, a kind of social fad and first-class star; but in the second class I easily lead. My husband has extended his circuit, and now only the extreme East is barred to me; through the West—middle and south and north—I go every season, in our own theatres and those of allied chieftains, playing to crowding audiences the *Fedora* and *Tosca* and *Gismonda*, of which, as yet, they have not tired.

I am very content.

Therefore with what consistency may I oppose Isabelle in her choice of a career? I suppose the answer is, that I do not oppose her.

In the long run, let me say clearly that, for a girl, I consider the stage an excellent place and a profitable profession. Its dangers, its oppressions and privations are the dangers and oppressions of every road on which a girl must walk alone to earn her living; its virtues, its rewards, belong only to itself. Others things being equal, and supposing that a girl can earn her living on the stage at all, she can earn a better one there than in any other business that I know, and she will be more comfortable, happier, freer, yes, and safer, while she is earning it. I say safer, for if still here, as everywhere, the keys of the world are in men's hands, at least there are no dark corners where a collar of servitude may be slipped over one's head even while the door is being opened. The eternal fight is fought out in the open here, with a thousand distractions, championships, alternatives, resources.

But what Isabelle wants is to act. And how far will stage popularity let her act? Success will grasp her beauty, her youth, her trained skill, her extraordinary gift of temperament and her rare, her profound talent, but it will use scarcely more than their surface. How will she bear a career of playing parts chosen for her by whatever managerial power owns her as its puppet? Parts so far within her ability as to rust rather than to tax it—one every two or three years!

Isabelle, mounted on the summit of her Craigs and Schnitzlers, Reinhardts and Shaws, salutes on the dramatic horizon the breaking of a new dawn. How am I to tell her that it is only her young devotion shining in her eyes? Particularly when, oddly enough, I, too, can sometimes see against her dawnlight that thrillingest figure of romance, the solitary horseman! Rebel and outlaw, scouting for the new day, oh, he was there in my time, too! But there he had to remain; a mere prophet, unarmed with cash, he could seldom attack the capital and ossified into a theorist. To-day, few of him as there are, he rides with a readier sword, no statue of dignity but a vigilant, athletic spirit, and Isabelle speaks his words when she turns on me:

"I will go into vaudeville, then, and make money to produce what plays I like! And if I lose that, I will go into moving-pictures and make more! And if I lose that—Ah, well, if sometimes the public won't stand by me, sometimes it will! After all, mustn't it at last see for whom I dive into deep seas and come up offering my pearls?"

Dearest our public—whose fondest cry is that you go to the theatre to be amused, and yet who never cease to question why there are no great actors in our day—when you prefer good plays to bad ones, when you know proficient actors from amateurs; above all, when you will support richly varied repertoires with an avidity that equals your blind rush to a long run—then, and not till then, will you free the artists who enrich you from the traffickers who drug you.

In the meantime we, my father who died of "The Prairie King," and my daughter who dreams of a career of beauty and of service, and I, who simply do as well as I can with things as they are in the business, we can but make you our bow.

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"AND PAY PADDY DOYLE FOR HIS BOOTS!"

The Chanty-Man Sings

By William Brown Meloney

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOHN WOLCOTT ADAMS

Mr. Meloney began hearing and singing chanties at twelve, when he ran away to sea. He has heard and sung them on all the Five Oceans. And he has gathered them all. Here are the best.

I SING the Chanty Man.

A tremulous echo is all that is left of him upon the seas. Soon it will have escaped—fled down the winds of yesterday of which he sang so lustily:

Oh, blow, ye winds, I long to hear you,
Blow, bullies, blow!
Oh, blow to-day and blow to-morrow,
Blow, my bully boys, blow!

Oh, blow to-day and blow to-morrow,
Blow, bullies, blow!
Oh, blow away all care and sorrow,
Blow, my bully boys, blow!

Thus I heard the Chanty Man sing to the winds in days full of the mystery of tall, white-pinioned ships and the call of far-away waters. I heard him under fair skies, and again when there were no skies and he, waist deep in hissing water—a piece of drift on a reeling deck—rhymed a song which cheated an outraged sea.

A bit of bay belongs to the Chanty Man, for it was he who sang our flag over all the salt seas; sailed it into and out of the world's uttermost ports; exalted us above all other nations in traffic on the waters. And, too, rough and ready though he may have been, he was, in Geoffrey Chaucer's phrase, "*a good felawe.*"

But even if you would deny him his bay, he is still worth a thought in these days when our nation has but a shadow of a merchant marine and our great commerce

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rides in foreign bottoms—when the Chanty Man and his chanty are passing.

A chanty is—no, *was*—a merchant seaman's work song, and the Chanty Man was its leader—the acknowledged foresinger, forehand of the working crew. Black and blue from the thuggery of "Shanghai" Brown's boarding-house—or "Patch Eye" Curtin's, or Katie Wilson's; split-lipped, broken-nosed, ear-slit, scalp-torn; cheated and shorn by cozen and crimp; sick of soul and body; his chief earthly possessions a pot, pannikin, and spoon, and a pair of leaky sea-boots; his most precious belonging the stocking of his latest charmer knotted round his neck—and still he could sing! Blessed was the ship that could boast one good man of his tribe. Thrice blessed she that could boast one in each watch.

For without his chanty the seaman could not have worked the under-manned and underfed, and often sty-fed, vessels in which he went up and down the world; he could not have set sail to favoring breeze or furled it from destroying gale. There is nothing like a song to lift any kind of work along; and a chanty was then—and still is, on the few square-rigged wanderers left on the seas—as good as ten men on a rope's end, capstan-bar, or windlass-brake.

The chanty was peculiarly an institution of the merchant marine. In the navies the crews of the ships in the days of sail were—as they are to-day—so large that a work song was seldom necessary, and therefore seldom heard. I know of only one true navy chanty or chorus.

In the beginning, of course, the chanty was wholly British. In the fifteenth century Englishmen were heaving in an anchor with this:

Vayra veyra, vayra veyra,
Gentil gallantis veynde:
I see hym, veynde, I see hym.
Pourbossa, Pourbossa.
Hail all and ane, hail all and ane;
Hail hym up til us, hail hym up til us.

(*Haul one and all, haul him [the anchor] up to us.*)*

*From a work entitled "The Complaynt of Scotland," 1450.

With the birth of the nineteenth century and the quickening of the United States as a national seafarer, the chanty came into our ships. We molded it to our needs, our idioms; nationalized it. But through all the years its construction remained unchanged.

The old airs, too, survived. Somewhere on the salt seas to-day one of the last chanty men is lifting his voice in "Whisky! Johnny!" or "The Maid of Amsterdam," ignorant that the sailors of Queen Bess's reign sang the same words and same tunes. "Whisky! Johnny!" may be found among songs of the sixteenth century in the Percy Reliques. It was probably a street ballad. "The Maid of Amsterdam" is a solo from Thomas Heywood's "The Rape of Lucrece," which went on the boards about 1630.

One can imagine the horny-fingered pigtails of those times catching at a verse in the theatre or at a fair or drinking-place to take it down to the sea, perhaps with its own tune or with one heard as children at grandmothers' knees. Through the centuries, unwritten, like Homer's lines, these words and tunes were tongued along by succeeding generations of seamen.

It must not be understood that the British and American merchantmen were the only singers on the seas. They were the only *chanty* singers. I have heard the French sailor, the Italian, the Norwegian, the German, sing at work, but they sang songs, not chanties.

Strictly speaking, there were four kinds of chanties: *capstan*, *windlass*, or *anchor*, to get under way, sung to a march time that varied with the difficulty of the task; *halyards*, to hoist topsail and topgallant-yards—the time fitted to a rhythmic hauling motion; *sheet*, *tack*, or *bowline*, to set or adjust sail to the most advantage—the time lively, quick, jerky; and those used at the *pumps*. This last kind was practically extinct in my time at sea. The old-style brake-pumps had been succeeded by the rotary patents, and the turning motion somehow would not lend itself to a tune.

The Rio Grande

Solo
Chorus
The ship she's a-sail-ing out over the bar. A-way Ri-o! A-way Ri-o!
Solo
Chorus
The ship she's a-sail-ing out o-ver the bar. We are bound to the Rio Grande!

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"OH, SHANGHAI BROWN HE LOVES US SAILORS."

I never heard but one pumps chanty.

Technically, a true chanty verse consisted of a variously long solo line followed by a short chorus line, a second solo-line which rhymed with the first, and then a long or drawn-out chorus line.

That was the form of all the halyards chanties, of necessity the kind most often sung.

But in weighing anchor the character of the task permitted a longer chorus; as thus, in "Outward Bound"— a favorite in the days when sailing packets were the Western Ocean shuttles between the New and Old Worlds.

(The Chanty Man:)
We're outward bound from New York Town;
(All hands:)
Heave, bullies, heave and pawl!
(The Chanty Man:)
Oh, bring that cable up and down.
(All hands:)
Hurrah, we're outward bound!
Hurrah, we're outward bound!

To the Battery Park we'll bid adieu,
Heave, bullies, heave and pawl!
To Suke and Moll and Sally, too,
Hurrah, we're outward bound!
Hurrah, we're outward bound!

Of all the chanties, none had the direct

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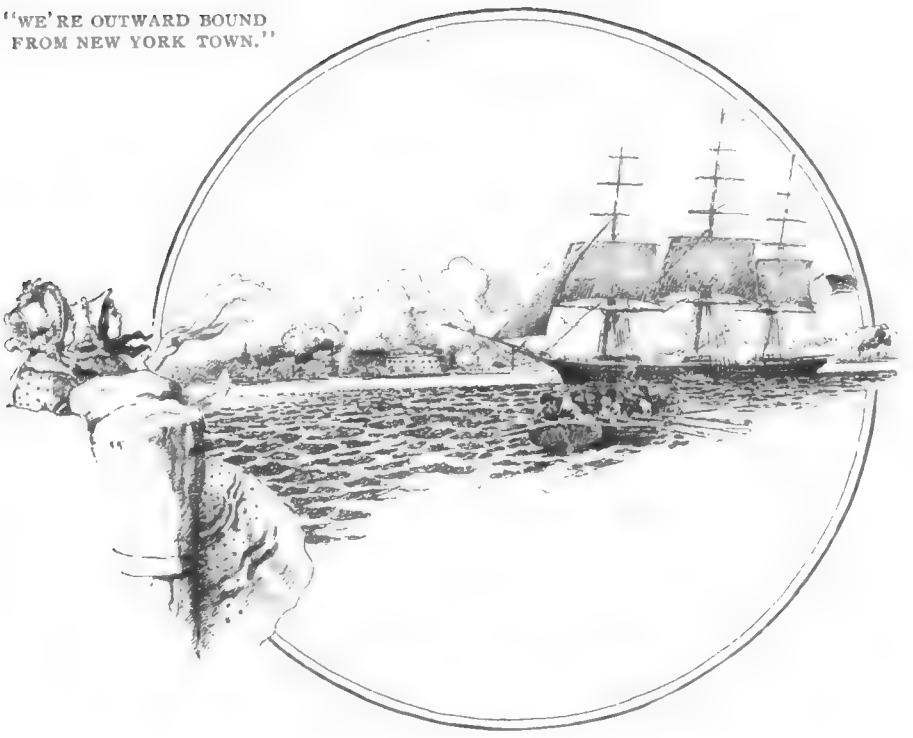

"WE'RE OUTWARD BOUND FROM NEW YORK TOWN."

heart appeal of those with which an anchor was weighed on an outward-bounder. The men who sang them were going down to traffic in the unconquerable deep; standing forth to solve, perhaps, the eternal mystery. "All hands man the capstan!" the word would pass. Next, the mate bawling and the boatswain echoing, "Heave away there!" And then the Chanty Man, as by divine right, assumed his leadership for the voyage:

In Amsterdam there dwelt a maid,
Mark well what I do say:
In Amsterdam there dwelt a maid,
And she was mistress of her trade.
And I'll go no more a-roving
With you, fair maid,
A-roving, a-roving;
Since roving's been my r-u-i-n,
I'll go no more a-roving
With you, fair maid.

Her cheeks was red, her eyes was brown,
Mark well what I do say:
Her cheeks was red, her eyes was brown,
Her hair, like glow-worms, hanging down.
And I'll go no more a-roving
With you, fair maid,
A-roving, a-roving,
Since roving's been my r-u-i-n,
I'll go no more a-roving
With you, fair maid.

One must stop roving right there. To say the least, the rest of "The Maid of Amsterdam" is exceptionally Elizabethan; but the air is a glorious one. And how it could weigh a mud-hook!

"The Maid" is notable, by the way, as an example of the rare three-line-solo chanty, and also for its extended chorus.

Another splendid capstan chanty, and one of innumerable versions, was "The Rio Grande":

The ship she's a-sailing out over the bar,
Away Rio! Away Rio!
The ship she's a-sailing out over the bar,
We are bound to the Rio Grande!
Oh, away Rio! Oh, away Rio!
Oh, fare ye well, my bonny young girl,
We are bound to the Rio Grande!

Still another, "The Fishes," the conceit of which alone makes it worth repeating, ran:

Oh, a ship she was rigged and ready for sea,
Windy weather! Stormy weather!

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And all of her sailors were fishes to be,
Blow, ye winds, westerly, gentle sou'westerly,
Blow, ye winds, westerly—steady she goes!

Oh, first came the herring, the king o' the sea,
Windy weather! Stormy weather!
He jumped on the poop: "I'll be capt'n!" cried he,
Blow, ye winds, etc.

Oh, next came a flatfish, they call him a skate,
Windy weather! Stormy weather!
"If you be the capt'n, why, sure I'm the mate."
Blow, ye winds, etc.

The discovery of gold in California and its consequent opening of a great trade around Cape Horn to the Golden Gate was productive of this anchor-weighing chanty—"The Banks of the Sacramento":

Round Cape Horn in the month o' May,
To me hoodah! To me hoodah!
Round Cape Horn in the month o' May,
To me hoodah, hoodah, hay!
So blow, boys, blow,
For Cali-forn-ee-O!
There's plenty of gold,
So I've been told,
On the banks of the Sacramento!

I'll bet my money on a bob-tailed nag,
To me hoodah! To me hoodah!
I'll bet my money on a bob-tailed nag,
To me hoodah, hoodah, hay! . . .

"Homeward Bound" is another capstan favorite, which may be identified with the great clipper tea-trade days. These were the days when romance sailed with commerce and men dared to call their ships "Wild Pigeon," "Flying Fish," "Flying Cloud," "Flying Dragon," Flyaway," "Fleet-wing," "Trade Wind," "Gale," "Hurricane," "Typhoon," "Whirlwind," "Tornado," "Simoon," "Sirocco," "Monsoon," "Lightning," "Herald o' the Morning," "Wind o' the Dawn," "Undaunted," "Intrepid," "Dreadnought," or else after fair women; days, too, when a premium of one pound was paid on every ton of the tea season's first cargo landed in London; ay, days when it was cheaper for England's poor to drink gin, for the tax on tea was six shillings the pound!

We're homeward bound across yon sea,
Good-by, fare ye well!
We're homeward bound with Chi-nee tea,
Oh, good-by, fare ye well!
Hurrah, my boys, sing fare ye well!

The cotton trade between the Gulf Ports and the looms of Lancashire expressed itself best in "Mobile Bay." It was bully at topsail halyards. Hark!

Oh, have you ever been in Mobile Bay?
Roll the cotton down!
A-rolling cotton for a dollar a day?
Oh, roll the cotton down!

Oh, a pleasant place is Mobile Bay,
Roll the cotton down;
Where a white man gets a nigger's pay,
Oh, roll the cotton down!

And a nigger gets a white man's pay,
Roll the cotton down, etc.

Britain's merchantmen celebrated the Crimean War at their capstans with this one, called "Sebastopol":

The Crimee War is over now,
Sebastopol is taken!
The Crimee War is over now,
Sebastopol is taken!
So sing, cheer, boys, cheer,
Sebastopol is taken!
And sing, cheer, boys, cheer,
Old England gained the day!

They set Waterloo to this halyards chanty known as "Boney":

'Twas on the Plains o' Waterloo,
To me way, hay, hay-ho!
He met the boy who put him through,
*Jawn France-o!**

"THEY CALL ME HANGING JOHNNY, SO HANG, BOYS, HANG."

*Jean François.

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The Iron Duke o' Wellington,
To me way, hay, hay-ho!
That day almighty deeds were done.
Jawn France-o!

A repetition of the solo lines will be observed in many of the verses. This custom was to enable the Chanty Man to cast the rhyming line of the succeeding verse. He improvised as he sang, except in the classics such as "The Maid of Amsterdam" and "Lowlands."

Often his poetic feet stumbled and his rhymes flattened out like flounders' tails, but he sang bravely and not without purpose. As a long passage wore on he would become a very personal interpreter of the crew's opinions of ship, owners, master, mates, cook, and grub—the lyrical barrister of the forecastle's real or imaginary wrongs. Thus a crew worked off its "grinds" on those who ruled from abaft the mast.

This is a topgallant halyard "grind":

And who d'ye think's the skipper o' her?
Blow, boys, blow!
Why, Holy Joe, the nigger lover,
Blow, my bully boys, blow!

Now, who d'ye think's the chief mate o' her?
Blow, boys, blow!
A big mu-latter, come from Antigua!
Blow, my bully boys, blow!

It is not to be wondered that things like this were productive of ructions and of "belaying-pin soup"—that is, a beating—on forecastle bills of fare.

The cleverest and most irrepressible improviser I ever knew was the fellow who first charmed my ears with "The Maid of Amsterdam." He was a Norwegian who had sailed away his native accent in American and British ships. We called him "Long Ned." As he first presented himself to my sight he had just come from such a manhandling as twenty years ago made "Shanghai" Brown's boarding-house and San Francisco's waterfront notorious throughout the world.

As we went through the Golden Gate in the haze of an October afternoon he took the forehand on the foretopsail halyards and, to the air of "Blow, Boys, Blow," paid his compliments to "Shanghai" in this wise:

Oh, Shanghai Brown he loves us sailors.
Blow, boys, blow!
Oh, yes, he does like hell and blazes,
Blow, my bully boys, blow!

That verse is sufficient to indicate the rest, although as Long Ned went on his meter and rhyming improved. The hoisting of each topsail and topgallantsail marked a canto.

Good as was Long Ned at improvisations, he also knew the chanty classics. One murky morning off the pitch of the Horn he sang "Lowlands," an ancient chanty, as a weather-beaten, storm-racked handful of frozen men hoisted a main uppertopsail. The scene haunts me. The sea was a gray, snarling, snapping monster. Half a gale was howling through the ice-whiskered rigging. The sky was a bleak slab of slate—low and billowing like a circus-tent top. Every now and then under our lee, less than two miles away, "Cape Stiff" reared itself like a huge black gravestone. We were fighting to escape. And thus Long Ned was singing in a wonderful, rich baritone:

I dreamt I saw my own true love,
Lowlands, Lowlands, hurrah, my John;
I dreamt I saw my own true love,
My Lowlands a-ray!

"I am drown-ed in the Lowland Seas," he said,
Lowlands, Lowlands, hurrah, my John;
"I am drown-ed in the Lowland Seas," he said,
My Lowlands a-ray!

Sally Brown

Solo
Oh, Sal - ly Brown of New York Ci - ty
Chorus
Solo
Aye, aye, roll and go! Of pret - ty Sal this is a dit - ty.
Chorus
I'll spend my mon - ey on Sal - ly Brown.

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"FULL AND BY!"

I will cut my breasts until they bleed,
Lowlands, Lowlands, hurrah, my John;
I will cut my breasts until they bleed,
My Lowlands a-ray!

I will cut away my bonny hair,
Lowlands, Lowlands, hurrah, my John;
I will cut away my bonny hair,
My Lowlands a-ray!

No other man shall think me fair,
Lowlands, Lowlands, hurrah, my John;
No other man shall think me fair,
My Lowlands a-ray!

Long Ned smiled in sunshine and grew dark with storm. Under circumstances as depressing as those off the Horn we were jammed in midwinter off Hatteras—I heard him sing "Hanging Johnny" to the setting of a fore uppertopsail. The canvas for more than a week had lain in an ice sheath along its yard. As the yard rose slowly, protesting at every haul, it became a gallows-tree in my eyes. The chanty began:

They call me Hanging Johnny,
Away—i—Oh!
They call me hanging Johnny,
So hang, boys, hang!

I'll hang you all together,
Away—i—oh!
I'll hang you all together,
So hang, boys, hang!

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Some poor devil poured the bitterness of his soul into this version of "A Long Time Ago," a halyards chanty of frequent employment in Cape Horn traders:

I wish to God I'd never been born,
To me way, hay, hay-yah!
To go rambling round and round Cape Horn,
A long time ago.

Around Cape Horn where wild winds blow,
To me way, hay, hay-yah!
Around Cape Horn through sleet and snow,
A long time ago!

Never was the deep-water sailor more interesting than when, with his heart full of wrongs done him ashore by the boarding-house masters, crimps, runners, and shoddy dealers, he cast his chanties in a narrative mood. Woe unfits most folk for work or, at least, makes it all the harder. But the Chanty Man made a lay of his personal disasters and with it lightened his labor. Hear him in this version of "Blow the Man Down":

As I was a-walking down Ratcliffe Highway,
Away-hay—blow the man down;
A neat little craft I met under way,
Oh, give us some time to blow the man down!

She was round in the counter and bluff in the bow,
Away-hay—blow the man down;
So I took in all sail and cried, "Way enough now!"
Oh, give us some time to blow the man down!

The inevitable result of that remarkable meeting was that "Jack" was shanghaied. The "neat little craft" had sold him out to a crimp for the ruling port price in "blood money." And when "Jack" came to his senses again he was on deep water, "undergoing cruel hard treatment of every degree" in "a ship that for Sydney was bound," and enjoining all listeners:

Now I'll give you a warning afore we belay,
Away-hay—blow the man down;
Don't *never* take heed of what pretty girls say,
Oh, give us some time to blow the man down!

But the sirens of the port astern would be hardly a week in the past when the Chanty Man would be singing topsails to the masthead with "Sally Brown":

Oh, Sally Brown of New York City,
Aye, aye, roll and go;
Of pretty Sal this is a ditty,
I'll spend my money on Sally Brown!

Oh, Sally Brown is very pretty,
Aye, aye, roll and go;
Prettiest gal in all the city,
I'll spend my money on Sally Brown!

The setting of most of the "Blow the Man Down" chanties, both American and British, was Liverpool. Lancashire's big port was the eastern terminus of the Western Ocean packet liners of the thirties, forties, and fifties—the heyday of sailing-ships as passenger carriers. "Blow the Man Down" was sung in these craft more often than anything else. The men who manned them were not called sailors, but packet-rats. The ships were "tough" ones; the trade hard and driving.

Aye, first it's a fist and then it's a fall. . . .
When you are a sailor aboard a Black Ball.

So ran one chanty most truthfully of that trade.

The Black Ball reference was to a particular and famous line of packet ships. The meaning of the word "blow," as employed at that time, was to strike; to knock.

But to come to a Chanty Man of Black Ball vintage who went a-walking—something always happened to deep-water sailors who went a-walking:

As I was a-walking down Paradise Street;
Way, hay—blow the man down:
A saucy young policeman I happened to meet.
Oh, give us some time to blow the man down!

Says he, "You're a Black Ball by the cut o' your hair,"
Way, hay—blow the man down;
"You're a packet-ship rat by all's foul and all's fair,"
Oh, give us some time to blow the man down!

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"Oh, policeman, policeman, you do me much wrong,"
Way, hay—blow the man down;
"I'm a *Flying-Fish* sailor just home from Hongkong,"
Oh, give us some time to blow the man down!

"No; you've sailed in a packet that flies the Black Ball,"
Way, hay—blow the man down;
"You've robbed some poor Dutchman of boots, clo's and all,"
Oh, give us some time to blow the man down!

Oh, they gave me three months in Walton's black jail,
Way, hay—blow the man down;
For blowing and kicking that Bobby to kale,
Oh, give us some time to blow the man down!

That Chanty Man's description of himself as "a *Flying-Fish* sailor just home from Hongkong" was an assumption of class. The *Flying Fish* was a famous, flash tea-clipper. She was a ship to boast—a deep-water aristocrat. A "Dutchman" was the appraisal, in all American and British merchantmen of that time and later, of a slow-witted person, a fool, a bungler at his work. It was used regardless of nationality.

Of all the halyards chanties I should say that "Whisky! Johnny!" was the prime favorite of sailor-men. Strangely, it carried a sort of moral, and the kind of men who used to "go deep water" liked to moralize—at sea. I have seen it put life in a gang of bullies who, a moment previously, had been in a state of semi-coma as the result of a farewell 'longshore bout with John Barleycorn; put them on their toes and drive a good ship winging seaward. This version is the purest:

Oh, whisky is the life of man,
Whisky! Johnny!
It always was since time began,
Oh, whisky for my Johnny!

Oh, whisky makes me wear old clo's,
Whisky! Johnny!
'Twas whisky gave me a broken nose,
Oh, whisky for my Johnny!

I think I heard our Old Man say,
Whisky! Johnny!
"I'll treat my men in a decent way,"
Oh, whisky for my Johnny!

"I'll treat my men in a decent way,"
Whisky! Johnny!
"I'll grog them all three times a day,"
Oh, whisky for my Johnny!

"I'LL SPEND MY MONEY ON SALLY BROWN."

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"A glass o' grog for every man,"
Whisky! Johnny!
"And a bottle full for the Chanty Man,"
Oh, whisky for my Johnny!

With all the old-time sailor's irreverence for most things, one never heard him make boast against or challenge the sea and the elements. His chanties were all of himself—his ships, his masters, his mates, the persons and things ashore which went to make up his hard life; never of the deep or the winds.

The nearest approach to exceptions to this rule, within my knowledge, are contained in the first chanty quoted here and in "The Fishes." In the first the address to the winds is the Chanty Man's individual desire to forget his own "care and sorrow." He did not ask that the winds should blow on his ship. In "The Fishes" the winds are invoked to blow from a specific quarter and in a specific manner; "gently" and "sou'-westerly."

This used to be a spirited version of a chanty of fifteenth or sixteenth century origin—"Haul Away the Bowline":

Haul on the bowline, the main and foretop bowline,
Away, haul away, haul away, Joe!

Haul on the bowline, the packet-ship's a-rollin',
Away, haul away, haul away, Joe!

Haul all together, we're sure to make her render,
Away, haul away, haul away, Joe!
Haul, my bully boys, we'll either break or bend her,
Away, haul away, haul away, Joe!

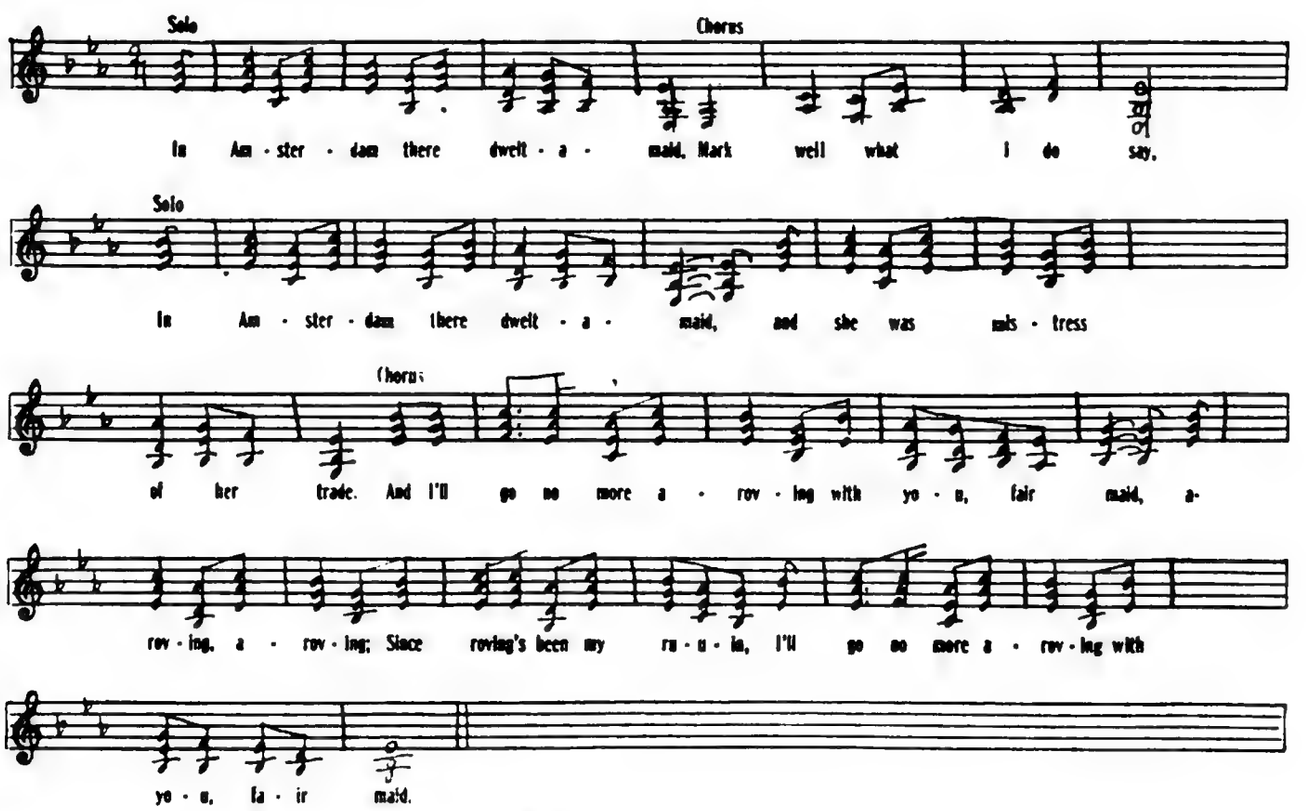
The bowline, pronounced "bo'lin'," was a line which square-rigged vessels used, when on the wind, to draw the weather leeches or edges of their courses, topsails, and topgallantsails forward or toward the bow.

"Paddy Doyle's Boots" was sung, or rather cried, in furling the heavy, board-like fore and main courses and lower topsails:

We'll *drink*
Aye,
Brandy and gin,
Aye,
And pay Paddy Doyle for his boots!

The effect produced by twelve or fifteen men crying that through the wrack of a storm, as they lay hooked along a great tossing yard, struggling for their lives to

The Maid of Amsterdam


Solo
Chorus
In Am - ster - dam there dwelt - a - maid, Mark well what I do say.
Solo
In Am - ster - dam there dwelt - a - maid, and she was mis - tress
Chorus
of her trade. And I'll go no more a - rov - ing with yo - u, fair maid, a-
rov - ing, a - rov - ing; Since roving's been my ru - u - in, I'll go no more a - rov - ing with
yo - u, fa - ir maid.

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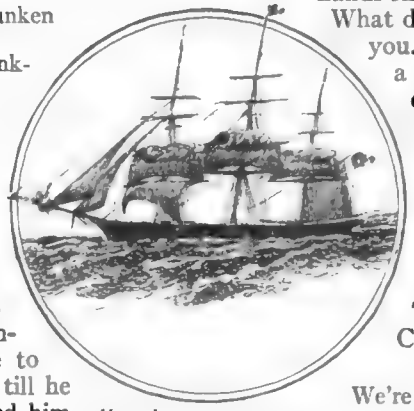
Shanghai Brown
Solo
Chorus
Solo
Oh Shang-hai Brown he loves us sail-ors, Blow, boys, blow! Oh
Chorus
yes he does like hell and blaz-es, Blow, my bul-ly boys, blow.

master and smother a bellowing, gale-thrashed sail, was weird indeed.

This is the specimen of the navy man-o'-war chanty or chorus to which reference has been made earlier—solo-less, you see:

What shall we do with a drunken sailor?
What shall we do with a drunken sailor?
What shall we do with a drunken sailor,
Early in the morning?
Way, hay, there she rises!
Way, hay, there she rises!
Way, hay, there she rises!
Early in the morning!

There were three verses like that. The second consigned the inebriated one to bailing out the long-boat till he got sober; the third doomed him to durance vile in the "brig"—a man-o'-war's prison.



"SHE'S A LIVERPOOL PACKET; LORD GOD, SEE HER GO!"

This chorus was employed principally in hoisting boats and heavy weights aboard.

In the merchant service, where also it was of frequent use, it was called a main brace "walk-away." It was sung in swinging the main and mizzen yards in tacking ship. With everything in readiness for the maneuver, the bawling of captain or mate in charge would start the action with, "Hard down!" The ship, helm alee, would claw into the wind, hands forward letting go of the fore-sheet and jib-sheets. As the canvas there spilled the wind and the great fabric aloft began to shiver, the order would come, "Off tacks and sheets!" The tacks and sheets of the courses and stay-sails on main and mizzen would be let go and shifted.

Then followed the magic words, "Main-sail haul!" Instantly the "bullies" tailed on to the main braces and, stamping in unison, started "What Shall We Do with a Drunken Sailor?" The heavy yards would come flying round. "Let go and haul!"—a moment later—would set the gang forward casting off the fore and center tacks and hauling the foreyards round. That finished the task and began the new tack.

And now I hear a thrilling call: "All hands on deck! Man the capstan!" What does it mean? Look round you. What could bring such a light into men's eyes, such eagerness into every movement of their bodies? Can't you understand? Why, we're going home! Home!

But hark! Hear the tramp of feet on the fo'c's'le head, and—and—There he stands — the Chanty Man:

We're homeward bound, oh, joyful sound!
Good-by, fare ye well,
Good-by, fare ye well!
Come, rally the capstan and run quick around,
Hurrah, my boys, we're homeward bound!

Our anchor we'll weigh and our sails we will set,
Good-by, fare ye well,
Good-by, fare ye well!
The friends we are leaving, we leave with regret,
Hurrah, my boys, we're homeward bound!

Oh, heave with a will and heave long and strong,
Good-by, fare ye well,
Good-by, fare ye well!
Oh, sing a good chorus for 'tis a good song,
Hurrah, my boys, we're homeward bound!

We're homeward bound, you've heard them say,
Good-by, fare ye well,
Good-by, fare ye well!
Then hook on the catfall and run her away,
Hurrah, my boys, we're homeward bound!

We're homeward bound, may the winds blow fair,
Good-by, fare ye well,
Good-by, fare ye well!
Wafting us true to the friends waiting there,
Hurrah, my boys, we're homeward bound!

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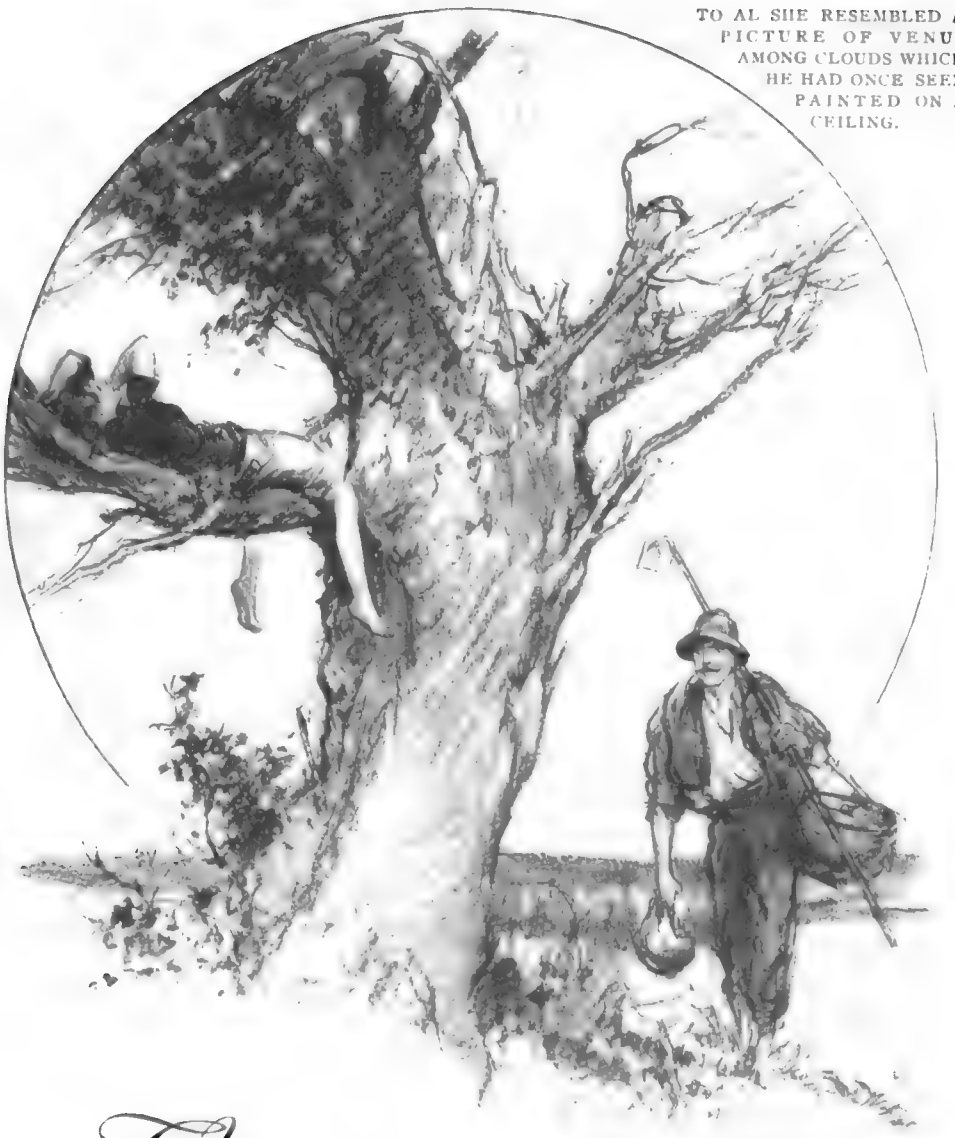

TO AL SHE RESEMBLED A PICTURE OF VENUS AMONG CLOUDS WHICH HE HAD ONCE SEEN PAINTED ON A CEILING.

The Family Tree

by

Richard Matthews Hallet

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. R. GRUGER

SHORTLY after Al Work had determined to build himself a little house, as he was coming home from the clam-flats on a windy evening he saw a girl lying out astride a gnarled branch of the willow that overhung Hodder's Brook. As he came nearer he saw that it was Jane Montgomery, the blacksmith's daughter. The wind

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had tumbled her hair; she was a solid girl, and to Al she more than a little resembled a picture of Venus floating among clouds which he had once seen painted on a ceiling.

Al thought nothing of it at the time beyond imagining that he might marry her some day; but later he looked up the title to the land thereabout, and bought it, with promise to pay in labor. Having bought the land, he built a house on it. This house seemed to rise in the face of every material obstacle, as if rooted in the blind determination of character. It so happened that he built the house around the forlorn willow, as if to acquire for it the tenacity of those mighty roots. The stump of the tree, as it turned out, protruded a foot and a half into the front chamber of the house; and Al, in building the bed-frame—of good red oak, utilized the willow for a fourth leg.

A young man, Detritus by name, a clerk in a stationery store, looked in on him one evening as he was tacking wall-board, and asked him what the idea was in having the tree there in such a curious part of the house. Al looked at the tree anew, as if it had grown there overnight, like a weed in a garden.

"I calculate it's my family tree," he said finally.

The young man, Detritus, inquired of Al if he had a family.

"Well no, not exactly," Al told him, "but you would have to have a tree before the family. You got to have something to go on, ain't you?"

Detritus reported this to the town, and on Sunday a good many people in muddy buggies drove up to see Al's family tree. They mostly said that the house was "all nothing," as everything that Al had turned his hand to was all nothing; and the tree was all nothing, too. But in spite of this Al went on with it, working nights and in between. He bartered his labor during the day for subsistence. Cash of any kind was scarce in town; people mostly lived by barter, as the Indians had before them. Barter is less handy than cash but less agonizing, too.

All the time he was building the house Al could not but think from time to time what a pretty picture the girl Jane had made swinging her legs in the willow-top just before he had acquired the property. There she'd been, high against the sky, with a red sweater and red cheeks and bare legs spattered with mud where she had come across the flats.

Al hadn't said a word to her then; but he had done some tall thinking since, and he had decided to ask her to marry him as soon as he had built his house and steadied down. He said nothing to Jane Montgomery of all this; and during the early stages of the house, kept his eyes on the ground, and never so much as looked at her, though she often came by the house, and would certainly have stopped and conversed if she had had anything in the way of encouragement.

But each time that Al was made aware of her he straightway began fumbling for nails, or gluing his eyes morosely on the bubble in his level. Time enough; and the girl could take care of herself.

By the time Al had come to the second story of his house the girl had got tired of taking care of herself. She was what is known as a sober-minded girl. The young men about town who worked in the tack factory made no appeal to her. She was looking for solid points of character, and these Al had in good measure. He had the jaw of a lion and the eye, so to put it, of a gazelle; a good bushy mustache, and thoughtful creases either side of his impressive nose. He was, in a word, single of mind and body, and he was shadowed by no gloomy pensioners of old romances. His goodness was a kind to challenge the interest or expectancy of none but a sober-minded girl, such as Jane was.

These being the facts and secret leanings of the parties, Jane had no hesitancy in laying the case before her father, James Montgomery, the blacksmith. She told him that Mr. Work seemed to her a very sober and sensible man, who ought to have more encouragement than he had had so far; and she asked if it couldn't be arranged for him to barter his arm at the smithy for a time against his board.

James Montgomery was not slow to see that his daughter in making this request was not actuated wholly by altruism. He saw that she was preparing the way to induce Al to look at things in as sensible a way as she did herself. And he was not at all averse to having her do so; for he had, as it was, two other unmarried daughters, Mildred and Florence, both older than Jane, and, if anything, even more sober-minded.

As it chanced, he was in need of a striker

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at his shop, the man whom he had up to that time employed having been so affected by the sober-mindedness of Jane that he had quit the town, and even, it was rumored, the country.

James Montgomery therefore waited upon Al Work and told him how the matter stood.

Al promptly agreed to work for the blacksmith, taking it out in board and wheel-rims. He said, however, that he had got his house in such shape now that he could sleep in it, and would.

It seemed to Al an unprecedented stroke of luck that he should have made an arrangement which would bring him three times a day under the same roof with the girl whom he intended to marry as soon as he had steadied down. It strengthened his belief that his destiny and his inclination were one and the same.

However, he said nothing of all this to Jane. Time enough. Too much time, indeed. The house was far from done, and the system of barter, now that he had made up his mind, appeared in rather an unfortunate light. And every day lost now added so much to the time which must elapse before he could become a grandfather.

Jane did not lose heart. She went soberly to work to win his confidence, and after a week or so she found herself sitting with him on the plush sofa in the dining-room of Mr. Montgomery's house. The window behind the sofa overlooked the harbor and the clam-flats. Close by Hodder's Brook, Al's house could be seen standing up structurally, at a distance of about fifty feet from the railway embankment.

By prearrangement with Jane, Mildred and Florence were washing the dishes in the kitchen.

"It must be terrible hard to build a house all by yourself," Jane said. "It seems a terrible undertaking, somehow."

"It ain't," said Al, "once you make up your mind to it."

"It must cost such a sight," said Jane.

"Ain't cost me but $1.45," said Al.

"A dollar forty-five," said Jane gently. "That isn't sensible, Mr. Work."

Al blew his nose with quiet satisfaction. "Fact, though," he said. "I had to pay out $1.45 to record the mortgage; and after that the rest come easy enough."

Jane was confused by the word "mortgage;" but as soon as Al had good-humoredly explained it, she understood at once, and it seemed to her that he had acted all the way through with a good deal of astuteness.

"Then again, it must take a terrible sight of planning one way and another. You've got to have everything in mind when you start. I should think it would be dreadfully confusing."

"It ain't, not when you get at it," said Al. "Of course I had plans; but, as I say, I went pretty much my own gait when I come to get past the joists. Them plans kept curling up and blowing away, and it got so's't I give 'em away to some children. George Washington's birthday, that was."

"You just made it up as you went along?" said Jane.

"Well, yes," said Al. "That's about the size of it. Of course, built the way it was, you would expect it to have some drawbacks. 'T don't set quite even, for one thing."

Jane said she had not noticed that.

To which Al replied that, though it was not noticeable to the naked eye, there it was, notwithstanding.

"I guess people won't notice," Jane said.

"Another thing," Al commented: "I had a choice of cutting them twelve-foot joists six and six or eight and four, for the second story. If I cut them eight and four I'd lose the four, so I done the other thing. Consequence is the eaves come down pretty far over the second-story windows." Al laughed a little and added: "A man I had come to look at it, said it looked like a man's hat that was jammed too far down on his head. When you look at it that way you can't help laughing."

"I don't think that was polite at all," said Jane seriously.

"Oh, it don't detract none from the house," Al said, wiping his eyes.

It was now so dark the house could not be seen, but Jane did not wish to light the light while the hour was propitious. The sofa upon which they were sitting was upholstered in red plush, with a roll at one end, upon which Jane's arm was resting. Their weight pressing down upon the springs had opened a gaping crevice there, and Jane said quietly:

"I believe one of my combs has got down this crack. Do you think you can reach your arm down?"

To do this it was necessary for Al to slide

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IT SEEMED TO AL A STROKE OF LUCK THAT HE SHOULD BE THREE TIMES A DAY UNDER THE SAME ROOF WITH THE GIRL HE INTENDED TO MARRY AS SOON AS HE STEADIED DOWN.

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his arm past Jane's waist, in case she should decide not to rise. She contented herself with leaning forward a little, and Al quickly put his hand down and in a moment or two drew up a tortoise-shell comb.

"Thanks ever so much," Jane said.

Al put his hand back in his lap and told her not to mention it. As soon as they had resumed their normal position again, Jane said pleasantly:

"They tell me you've got a family tree in your house, Mr. Work."

Al said he had; and shortly after, left. Time enough. He felt that no good purpose could be served by prematurely touching on this topic which he had so near his heart. He felt that so far everything had gone smoothly, but perhaps it would be a year yet before he could come to the point.

However, now the ice was broken, he had no hesitancy in speaking to her about the house. He even took her opinion of some particulars on the ground that women sometimes know. He asked her whether he ought to place the shingles close together and allow them to shrink, or place them a little way apart and allow them to swell. Jane thought they should be put close together, for if put a little way apart they might not swell, and if, in addition to that, they should shrink, it would rain in. This seemed to Al a sensible view to take, and he put them close together.

Al continued to work on the house and serve as a striker to Mr. Montgomery all through the spring; and at times he would sit on the sofa with Jane and speak in low, modest tones about the progress of his work.

Very often when she was returning over the flats at night, swinging her basket of clams, she would stop to ask Al how he was, and he would smile in a friendly fashion at her and answer:

"Sick abed on two chairs."

His birthday was the first of March, and on the night of this day he found a little present from Jane by his plate. It was a mustache comb, and while he was parting his mustache with it and wondering how he could best thank her for her thoughtfulness, happening to glance up, he saw that she was wearing a new comb in her hair, with a very handsome silver backing.

To cover his confusion, Al said: "Isn't that a new comb?"

"Oh, no," said Jane pleasantly. "It has been in the sofa," explained Jane. "Mr. Detritus fished it up for me."

"Oh," said Al.

He saw now that Jane had slipped out of his grasp. For a week Mr. Detritus had been taking his meals at the Montgomerys', and Al was not slow to see that he thought Jane a good, solid girl. Now that Jane had explained to him in this plain fashion that she thought Mr. Detritus a serious young man as well, Al decided that the best he could hope for was to saw wood and finish the house.

He, however, continued to barter his arm in the daytime for board at the Montgomerys', and he treated Jane with the same civility as before, notwithstanding her defection. Jane, for her part, seemed a little colder toward him, and what she did say was mostly about Mr. Detritus. Al felt that, with her new interests, she would no longer be concerned in the house; and so he said nothing more, though he was now in a position to shed some interesting light on her sentiment about the shingles.

Al's cousin, Joe Harley, was a coach builder, who had known Al all his life, and was in the habit of telling Al what he thought about him. Some time after the succession of Detritus he encountered Al rolling a keg of nails toward Hodder's Brook, and stopped to "have it out with him," as he said.

"I see, Al," he began, "that you have got your chicken-coop perched on a four-foot pole yonder."

"Yes," answered Al, "I have."

"Now, why'n hell's that, Al?" said Joe.

"It's that embankment," said Al frankly, pointing to the railroad. "I kinder mistrust, Joe, that them northeast winds will beat the tide up pretty high hereabouts; and if Hodder's Brook should misbehave, what with one thing and another, I might get a hatful of water in the yard."

Joe then asked if this was the reason Al had hauled that dory up to the foot of the larch-tree.

"Yes," said Al, "it is, Joe."

Jane continued to shower attentions on Detritus at meal-times; and at the same time she renewed a former intimacy with Joe Harley, on the ground that she, in common with every one else, was interested in Mr. Work's house, with its family tree. Such a notion.

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Mr. Harley, whose wife sympathized with Jane, found himself drawn more and more toward her as the weeks passed; and the time came when she entrusted him with a very delicate commission which will appear best in a conversation he had with Al about the middle of March.

"Al," said Joe, "you know Detritus?"

"Yes," said Al, "I know him."

"Seems he wants to marry Jane."

"He ain't in a position *to*," said Al gravely; "but I know he does."

"Position ain't inclination, Al," said Joe, "and the girl wants to marry him."

Al then said he was in no position to stop them.

"No," said Joe. "But I've been talkin' to Jane, and it seems you can help 'em."

"I wouldn't be a hendrance," said Al. He sat on a keg and wiped his brow.

"The fact is," said Joe, "old Montgomery has got his back up against the fellow."

"He favored me some," said Al.

"So they would elope, if this Detritus feller had the nerve. But it seems he's low-spirited. You see, Al, he works daytimes and he ain't in a position to put no plans through till after dark; and old Montgomery kinder scents it and watches his daughter like a hawk till bedtime."

"He *is* pretty strict," said Al.

"Now, Al," said Joe, "you know that girl's room. The winder opens on the chicken-coop, and if she could step out, along ten o'clock, and make sure of somebody to receive her on the ground, she would make the spurt. But this Detritus is a low-spirited fellow. He ain't the gumption for it. But he thinks if somebody was on hand there to drive the girl to the station for the 10:15, he'd be there to take her off his hands."

"Seems like it was his *place*," said Al.

Mr. Harley then said that he and Jane had talked it over at length, and had come to the conclusion that Al was far and away the likeliest man for the conduct of this affair, Jane having gone so far as to say that he was a steady man, and that with him on the ground no misunderstanding could arise.

"My God," said Al again, "it's the feller's place!"

To this Joe replied that there was no good of that talk, since the man, Detritus, had not what grit there would be in an oyster. Al then said again that he felt a little strange about it, but that he would not be the man to stand between them, and if they really wished it, he would act.

"Ten o'clock Thursday night," said Joe, "you take my surrey and drive up as far as the elm that's got the Robert Burns plow nailed to it. Don't go on farther'n that; old Montgomery ain't sleeping well since Detritus come on the scene—you sneak around back, and give two whistles. The old man lies in the front chamber."

"I'm a little mistrustful of it," Al said, "but I wouldn't hender 'em."

Joe looked over the embankment. "Soft weather coming, Al," he said. "Them chickens in your coop are going to be uncommon grateful for that pole before long."

"I mistrust so," said Al.

He went about, knocking his house together as usual. He had ceased to work as a striker for Montgomery, owing to his eagerness to push the house to completion before the torrents of spring should overtake him. Meantime he lived by promising to barter his arm later in return for what groceries he requisitioned.

He felt that Jane had been perhaps a little inconsiderate of his feelings in selecting him as the instrument of her deliverance from the toils of the blacksmith. Often, as he worked, he recalled the evenings that they had sat on the sofa together; and, more distantly, the night he had spied her sitting in the willow, which was now the fourth leg to his bed; and he decided to push work on the house more than ever, to take up his mind.

On Thursday night he quit a little earlier than usual, in order to go to his room and change into his best clothes. Looking out the window he saw that it was a swollen kind of night, with the tide racing across the flats and clouds gathered in the north. Although he felt that it was going to be soft weather, he was inclined to take a hopeful view.

At eight o'clock he went down Joe Harley's lane, smoking his pipe, and made sure that the harness of the horse, Cashier, was in good order. He was beginning to feel just a little mite anxious about the night's undertaking. However, after backing the surrey out into the yard he looked into the north again, and went down to Hawes's pool-room to await the inevitable hour.

Al seldom played pool, but he was fond of watching players and spitting into a basin of sand that was there. On this night he

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smoked rather more than usual, and was hardly conscious that Hawes's one pool-table, at which he stared, was deserted. He was wondering how he had come to do as he had about that family tree, and he was conscious a little of the exigencies which clustered about his schedule for the night as Joe had outlined it to him.

He had not been sitting long when the door opened and Detritus himself came in. He was a well-dressed, agreeable young man, wearing in his violet tie a pearl; but it seemed a strange thing to Al that he should appear, as he did most certainly, like a man without a care in the world.

He began by asking Al if he would not care to play a game of pool. It was Al's first thought to draw him aside and inquire of him if he felt sure of having made every arrangement for the night; but it occurred to him at once that Detritus was acting in this indifferent manner in order to disguise his intentions, which, if they were once known, would soon come to the ear of the blacksmith Montgomery. Al therefore determined to assume that his cousin Joe had done everything possible to coordinate the separate acts in this joint undertaking; and promptly agreed to play a game of pool with the very man whose girl he was committed to take that night out of her father's house.

They played for a while in silence, but suddenly Detritus, as he was chalking his cue and working his neck around inside his collar, had the inspiration to ask Al how his family tree was coming along, and whether it had leafed out. To this Al replied that it was in the same situation as before. Detritus then said rather boisterously that this was a good thing; and went on with considerable originality to say that marriage was what General Sherman had said war was, only more so.

"Don't let yourself be led away by that tree, Mr. Work," he said.

Al replied that he would know how to govern himself when it came to that. Time enough. He was not a man, he said, who could be led about by the nose.

Mr. Detritus, who played a very good game of pool, only spoke as he was squinting down his cue, and then in very careful tones:

"Don't—let—them—come it over you!"

He concluded by saying that, at best, a man with a family tree was not safe; he was —not—safe. Marriage was like a—tide: crept up and—crept up; looked—harmless, but a man was—lost—understand—before he could run. High tide.

Mr. Detritus here executed a brilliant carom which ended the game, and grounded his cue heavily as a sign to the marker. "You cut down that tree," he said to Al severely.

It seemed to Al that for a man situated as Detritus was, his argument, though strong, was not in good taste; but he supposed that in his desperate endeavor to let no hint of his undertaking escape, he went all lengths. He certainly succeeded in conveying the impression that nothing unusual was in the air.

Al and Detritus played together until half-past nine. At that hour Al looked at the clock, and, after spitting in the basin of sand and standing his cue in the rack, he said he must go now. All the time he was promising Hawes to pay in terms of barter, he kept looking out of the corner of his eye at Detritus, who, as the hour drew near, preserved the most admirable deliberation in all his movements. For a man of his reputed low spirits, on the threshold of an adventure so serious as the night's promised to be, he was indeed singularly calm.

As Al was going through the door he sniffed and said quietly: "There may be a hatful of rain to-night."

"I shouldn't wonder," said Detritus, who was already playing pool again, this time with a spare car-conductor who had wandered in, in uniform.

Al trudged away soberly, and harnessed the horse Cashier into the surrey; but he could not but reflect mildly on the composure of Detritus, in view of his approaching flight. Yet it was of course an expedient composure, since not a breath of his intention could escape so long as he played pool. Al came to the conclusion that the man Detritus was not so helpless as he was painted.

So thinking, he came to the elm bearing in its crotch the Robert Burns plow. Here he stopped and, after hitching the horse, went on as softly as he could through the dead peach-orchard to the back yard of the Montgomerys'. He made more than a little crash in getting over the fence, and toppled over a rack of wheels which had been laid against it on the other side; but he had small fear of having awakened Montgomery, because the blacksmith was

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on the far side of the house, and a strong wind was now coming from that direction.

Standing in the shadow of the hen-house, Al whistled twice with sufficient strength to pierce the wind. At once he heard the window open, and directly afterward he saw above him the substantial form of Jane Montgomery, who called down to him in gentle tones to know how they should manage it.

Al, making a reassuring wave with both arms, but saying nothing, cast about him in the blackness. He found two oil-casks and a bundle of fishing-poles. There was no ladder. Jane was what he called a solid piece; but with the aid of what he could bring to bear on the roof and her own willingness, he got her to the ground with a clear conscience.

"There's going to be a hatful of rain," he said then.

The intended of Detritus with a low moan pressed her face close to his and cried out: "Oh, Mr. Work, what a dreadful night! Am I doing wrong, I wonder?"

It seemed to Al that it was too much, in view of his other duties toward her, to ask him to shoulder the ethical onus of the escape, and he said only, "There, there."

When she passed her bundle to him, he took note that her hand was cold and trembled a little, and, with a dryness in his own throat, he had a dark sense of the strangeness of destiny in its use of trifles.

At this moment a gust of wind blew rain in their faces; and Mr. Work, taking the girl by her elbow, ushered her out of the yard. The velocity of the wind was now such as to make it entirely safe for him to go out this way.

Suddenly stopping by the gate, the girl, clinging passionately to the stolid figure of her escort, cried in his ear: "Oh, Mr. Work—only think—if something should go wrong—I could never go back!"

"There, there," he returned hoarsely; for at this moment there was present to his mind an uncomfortable image—the image of Detritus playing pool with the car-conductor. It was becoming more and more hard for Al to dissociate the thought of that green table from the brazenly unhurried and irresponsible figure of Detritus, drooping over it. The fury of the night, too, seemed to lend a darker significance to his remarks on marriage. Was it possible that the man had, after all, voiced his own sentiments in the matter; that he had decided at the eleventh hour not to run away?

This thought came to Al robed in gloom, for he was conscious how very disappointed Jane would be in that contingency.

Feeling rather helpless, he was about to help her into the back seat when she protested that in the circumstances she could not bear to be alone, inquiring if Mr. Work would mind it if she sat in front.

Having done his full duty by the personal property of the imperturbable Detritus, he could not honestly say that he objected to Jane's sitting with him on the front seat. He therefore settled her beside him and, spreading the robe over her knees, tucked it well in, and ordered the horse Cashier to go forward.

But when it came to the choice of Main Street or the road leading more directly to the station, Mr. Work was irresistibly impelled to the former by the fact that the pool-room was on that street.

Now, the pool-room had a very large window of plate-glass extending along its front side, and when Al was level with it, although rain streamed on the glass and blurred everything within, there could be no mistaking among the vague figures leaning about the table those of the glittering car-conductor and his friend, Detritus, who had lost nothing of his incomparable composure.

Al brought the horse Cashier to a halt, and the lady at once cried:

"Oh, Mr. Work, what has happened?"

Al then realized that in her expectant and wrought-up condition, to point out the singular conduct of Detritus would serve no good end. It would be, of course, impossible for the lady to make her appearance in a pool-room; equally indiscreet for Al, as her deputy, to summon Mr. Detritus into the street, where the surrey with its occupant would betray all. He therefore decided to assume that Detritus was, after all, acting in good faith, and at the proper time would appear at the station.

"Don't you take on," he said kindly; and, resuming the reins, drove on to the station. The rain now fell in torrents, and Jane, leaning her head on his shoulder, wept that she was a lost woman.

"There, there," said Al, but at the same time it must be said that he was oppressed by the outrageous nonchalance of the figure of Detritus, as he had seen it through the glass.

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"Suppose he shouldn't be there?" uttered Jane.

Knowing that, whatever might be the later movements of Detritus, he was not there now, Mr. Work was in a hideous difficulty to reply; but he made shift to remark that he dared say they could get back between them.

Jane Montgomery here sobbed that he knew perfectly well it was one thing to get down off the hen-house and quite another thing to get up on it again. To this Al did not demur, as indeed he could not have done; but he ventured to say there must be some other way of getting into the house again, if worst came to worst.

Jane answered firmly that there was no other way, unless they waked her father; and to wake her father was to bring instant disaster on their heads.

By this time they had reached the station, and one look sufficed to show them that Detritus was not there. Already they were within five minutes of train time, and little hope was in either breast that the wretched lingerer in love would now be true to his appointment.

"The coward!" cried Jane. "To lose his nerve like this—at the last moment—after getting me up in the middle of the night——"

To Al it seemed as if that pool-player had been uncommonly in possession of himself. Yet how explain, save as Jane had, the failure of the man to carry through his pledge to the girl, in a matter concerning her in so delicate a way as this?

"If I only knew where he was," moaned Jane.

After taking a step or two up and down the platform, Al said quietly, "He is in the pool-room," with an intuition that now was the proper time to say so.

At these words Jane's eyes were fixed upon his with an uncommon luminous fixity; but before she could rejoin, he at once told her of his odd encounter with Detritus earlier in the evening, and the unaccountably low pitch at which all his actions had been keyed. Jane listened in stony silence, while the rain fell on the roof, and in the distance the train hooted which was to have borne her on to a new destiny.

Roused by this, Jane, seizing him lightly by the wrist, exclaimed in his ear that they must not be found, and besought him to return her with all speed to the surrey.

Al instantly complied, but, as he was lifting the reins again from the back of the horse Cashier, Jane said tremulously:

"Where are you taking me? Understand, once and for all, Detritus can be nothing more to me."

Al said he was by no means sure that Detritus had abandoned her. There might, he said, be some misunderstanding. Detritus might possibly have had another date in mind. He might have had a wrong idea of train-time. He might have got into an altercation in the pool-room, resulting in his forcible detention.

The horse Cashier had been going forward all this time, and as Al advanced his last possibility he looked up and saw that they were again opposite Hawes's pool-room. One glance through the blurred window was enough to show that Detritus was not being forcibly detained. He stood, or rather sat, against the table; his head was far back on his shoulders, his cue appeared curiously foreshortened; and he seemed to be trying to insert the small end of it into his mouth. It might have been thought, indeed, that he was drinking out of a bottle; or this again might, by a charitable observer, have been attributed to some imperfection in the glass.

"I think I ought to have a word with him," Al said in some uncertainty.

Jane, however, was so bitter in her denunciation of Detritus that Al was forced, if he wished to be civil, to drive on without more.

This he did, but before they had gone a hundred yards the miserable girl again inquired where he was taking her.

Al replied that, if the truth were known, it would be found very likely that he was taking her back to her father's.

As if her position were now too deep for tears, Jane Montgomery lay back on his shoulder, sniffling from time to time to advise him that she was not reconciled to the course he was taking; but as she suggested no other, Al bore grimly on, thinking how different his situation now was from what it had been on the night when he had found her comb on the inside of the sofa. It seemed to Al too bad that Detritus had had to come between them like this. And it did seem as if the least the man could have done was to see to it that Al was left out of the situation, even granting that he had decided not to elope. Yes, it did seem as if Detritus

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"AH, YOUNG PEOPLE," HE SAID, "ARE YOU REALLY READY TO UNDERTAKE THE TRIALS AND TRIBULATIONS OF MARRIAGE?"

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might have told Jane of his purpose to play pool on this particular evening.

While Al was pursuing these thoughts, the horse Cashier stopped of its own accord in front of the Montgomerys' gate.

The bell had parted from its wire, and Al, hampered as he was by low protestations from the surrey, found it no easy matter to waken Mr. Montgomery. The blacksmith, however, finally opened his window.

"What's wanted?" he said, not in a pleasant tone.

Al told him soberly who he was, and said that he had his daughter in the surrey. It had begun to rain again in round drops that seemed to titter on the tin roof under Mr. Montgomery. The blacksmith, hearing only the word "daughter"—such was still the force of the wind—and seeing the carriage standing in the road, replied that his daughter had gone to bed. To this Al, with his later intelligence, answered that she had risen again.

The blacksmith now said that if his daughter had left the house he would have heard her. Al, to whom these successive positions were becoming distasteful, in view of Jane's presence in the surrey, cried out that she had come off the hen-coop, adding that he of all men ought to have credit for knowing that, inasmuch as he was there to receive her when she came. On the top of this he called imperatively to the blacksmith to open the door, inasmuch as they were getting a hatful of rain out there.

But with his last words the blacksmith, despite the rain, put half his body through the window and roared out: "You've gone off with her, then?"

To this Al was able to say nothing, and the blacksmith, merely saying, "Well, go off with her, then!" shut the window.

Al's impression now was that he had come to the end of his tether. Going back to the surrey, he crawled in beside the wretched girl, setting the horse in motion, and at the same time exclaiming: "My God, I dunno what *to* do now!"

"I kept telling you," sobbed Jane.

"There, there," returned Al, but at the same time he did not by any means know where. Jane was growing colder and colder—the hand she gave him in proof of this was like ice, and yet he was quite unable to think of a solution.

To add to the misery of his affair, the horse Cashier, who by now might well endorse any statement to the effect that it had got a hatful of rain, stopped in the middle of the road. In the act of cutting the whip into its back, Al found time to reflect that the horse was at least as rational in standing still as its driver would be in going forward; and at the same time, from a building to his left, he saw a light streaming.

"What place is that?" he inquired of Jane.

Jane answered him that it was the town clerk's. She said also she had kept up and kept up, but that now she could keep up no longer; and she told Al frankly that she was afraid she might go off the handle unless she was got with all speed into a warm place.

Al thereupon said that the town clerk, an official of the town, might suggest something—would have to ultimately, perhaps, he or some other official—and, getting out of the surrey, he lifted Jane down and hastily helped her up the step. As he rang the bell, it flashed across his mind that the town clerk was a justice of the peace, with full power to marry people as well as to issue the license upon proper application. He asked Jane if this was not so. She said "Yes;" and thereupon Al said that he could leave her there and go and bring Detritus from the pool-room. By now it seemed to him that the man Detritus was as much a part of the pool-room as the basin of sand there.

Jane had only time to say, "If you mention that man's name to me again, I shall scream," when the door opened.

The town clerk, whom they found seated at his desk counting birth certificates, looked up cheerily as they came in.

"Ah, young people," he said, "are you really ready to undertake the trials and tribulations of marriage?"

Al, perceiving what an embarrassing mistake the man was making, opened his mouth to set him aright, when to his astonishment he heard Jane saying with a pleasant smile:

"Well, you were young yourself once, weren't you, Mr. Jolkins?"

At the same time, turning to Al, Jane made a little threatening movement downward with her eyebrows, thus warning him to be quiet; and she found time to murmur to him gently, "There's nothing else for it," while Mr. Jolkins was preparing the papers.

Al was conscious that a singular turn had been given affairs by this impulsive decision of Jane's; but he said nothing, and in

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another moment he found himself a married man.

After paying for the ceremony by bartering away further promises of labor, he shuffled out and opened the front door. As he did so, the town clerk said casually, to take the edge off the proceeding, "It's rather a bad night, isn't it?"

Al replied: "There's just a hatful of rain."

His first feeling on getting outside was one of deep contrition. "Now we're soldered," he said to Jane, "I dunno but Detritus ought to know of it."

"Ain't I ever going to get quit of that man?" retorted Jane. "Remember what I said."

Al, who was as yet unable to realize the full significance of this visit to the town clerk, drove on rapidly. The weather was clearing, and both horns of the new moon now shone with a pearly luster. And as soon as he came opposite his house, his worst fears were confirmed, for the moon was cast down in front of the house in a wide reach of running water, which appeared to come from the railroad embankment. Al's dory, however, which was made fast to a larch-tree, swayed idly back and forth; and before Jane had time to cry over the condition of the house, they saw a strange figure sitting in the stern of the dory, who, at a second glance, they saw to be the man Detritus. Al's bashfulness and contrition almost overcame him; but Jane, with a woman's intuition in such matters, cried in a disgusted voice:

"He's drunk!"

Without deigning to controvert this, Detritus disembarked, in some peril, and, approaching Al, who was concealed behind the horse Cashier, unbuckling harness, he leveled an accusing finger at him. "You married?" he inquired.

Al then said in low tones, and without looking up, that he had done his best, and that Detritus had only himself to thank for the outcome of the evening's work. At the same time he led the horse to a near-by shed and cast down bedding for her.

When he reappeared, Detritus, without appearing to consider in any wise the sorry features of his own case, said again: "You married?"

"Yes, I am," said Al doggedly.

"Then don't shay—I didn't warn you," said Detritus, and, again appearing to look down his cue, he jerked his head at the waters. "'S high tide," he said to Al. "Told you to watch—watch family tree."

"It is all your fault," Al said.

Detritus had already taken several steps back toward the town, and, only roaring out that his shoulders were broad, he disappeared around the house.

Al put Jane into the dory, remarking as he did so what a solid girl she was, and what a heartless man Detritus had proved himself; to which Jane replied that he was ignorant, that was all; and came of ignorant people.

As Al was hammering the thole-pins in with his fist and putting the oars in, Jane glanced with some concern at the house, round which the water was now running strongly, and asked Al if he thought it was safe. Al bade her be under no concern, and added that he could satisfy her on one point at least, which was that the bed was safe, so long as the willow stood, in which he had once spied her sitting.

For the first time since leaving her father's house Jane was at a loss for words; and as the boat thumped against the front steps, Al smacked his knee.

"I thought you'd come to time first or last," he said. "I calculated all along to get you to the top of my family tree. When Detritus came along——"

"Remember what I told you " said Jane.

She then, to take her husband's mind off that man, required him to point out how the ascent of the family-tree was made.

This month WAR-CHIEFS—*page 129*
Next month—
AMERICA'S PEACE-CHIEFS
The first complete account of the many great groups of people who are laboring at many useful and useless schemes for getting rid of war.

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"Making Money"

by Owen Johnson

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

THOMAS BEAUCHAMP CROCKER, otherwise known as "Bojo," comes to New York fresh from Yale, to tackle life. He is bent on entering Wall Street; and his father gives him $50,000 with the prophecy that he will lose it all within two years.

Bojo goes to live in an apartment with three other Yale men, Marsh, DeLancy, and Granning, and enters the offices of a brokerage firm, where he makes rapid advances. He is tentatively engaged to Doris Drake, daughter of a money magnate; through her he gets a tip on Indiana Smelters, and not only clears $33,000 himself, but passes the tip to his firm and his friends, who make big winnings.

As a next step, Drake allows Bojo to subscribe fifty thousand dollars to a pool to manipulate New Orleans and Pittsburgh. Bojo assumes that the object of the pool is to push the stock down; and so he and his friends follow this tip and sell short.

Meantime he is asked to the Drakes' in the Berkshires for winter sports. He goes coasting with Patsie, Doris's younger sister, to whom he has been strongly attracted, and under the spell of the snow and the night silence they both almost forget Doris's claims. The next day he hurries back to the city on an imperative summons. Apparently New Orleans and Pittsburgh has been cornered.

When the Exchange opens, the stock goes up on the jump, and Bojo loses all but $15,000. But Drake overwhelms him with the news that he was manipulating a pool to buy; that, after securing control of the road, he had sold it at a profit of $10,000,000, of which $250,000 is Bojo's, through his subscription to the pool.

Back in the apartment, DeLancy, crazy over his losses, fights to commit suicide. Bojo makes him take the amount, plus a profit. Marsh, refusing Bojo's money, disturbs him profoundly by the suggestion that Drake had *expected* him to mislead his friends. A few days later he goes to Drake and asks him pointblank if this is true. By his evasions Drake confirms his fear, and Bojo returns what is left of his $250,000.

Just outside Drake's door he finds Doris, listening. He tries to release her from the engagement, but she refuses. Bojo takes a beginner's job in Granning's factory, and develops a keen interest in machinery. Some weeks later Doris sends for him and tells him that, though she loves him, she finds she is not brave enough, after all, to face poverty with him. She says that her father is on the verge of ruin, and finally confesses that she has decided to save herself by marrying Boskirk. Bojo, who has never really loved her, is deeply relieved by the break.

TWO days after the breaking of his engagement to Doris, Bojo wrote to Patsie. This letter—the first he had ever written her—he was two days in composing, tearing up several drafts. He was afraid to say too much, and to discuss trivial matters seemed to him insincere. Finally he sent this letter:

DEAR DRINA:

I suppose by now Doris has told you of what has

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"HAVE YOU HEARD THE DATE OF THE WEDDING —DORIS'S WEDDING?" GLADYS SAID COLDLY.

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happened. There are a great many things I want you to know about these trying months, that I've wanted you to know and have been hurt that you didn't know. Now that it's over, I realize what a tragedy it would have been, and yet I would have gone on believing it was the right thing to do, trying to make myself believe in what I was doing. During all this time I have never forgotten certain things you said to me, your message the day of the panic, the look in your eyes that afternoon before I went in to see your father, and—other memories. I want to see you; where are you? When will you be back in New York?

Faithfully yours, Bojo.

Having written this he carried it around in his pocket for another day before posting it. No sooner was it irrevocably beyond his hands than he had the feeling that he had committed an irretrievable blunder. The next moment it seemed to him that he had done the direct and courageous thing, that she would understand and be grateful to him for his frankness.

Each morning he heard the rustle of the mail slipping under the door with a sudden cold foreboding, certain that her letter had come. Each evening, back from the grind of the factory, he came into the monastic corridors of Westover Court and turned the corner of the desk with a hot and cold hope that in the ranged letter-boxes, there, under the number 51, would be a letter waiting for him.

When after a week no word had come, he began to make excuses. She was away, on a visit; her mail had to be forwarded or more probably held for her return. But one day, happening to glance at the social columns in a report of the Berkshires, he found her name as a contender in a tennis tournament.

He wrote a second note:

Dear Patsie:

Did you get my letter of ten days ago, and won't you write me? Yours, Bojo.

Perhaps his first had miscarried. Such accidents were rare, but yet they did occur. He calculated the shortest time in which she could receive his letter and answer it, and waited expectantly all that day. Again a week passed and no word from her. What had happened? Had he really blundered in sending the first letter? Was her pride hurt, or what? A feeling of despair began to settle over him. Sick at heart, he did not attempt a third letter. The thought that he might have wounded her—he always imagined her as a child—was unbearable.

Finally, through a chance remark one day when he had dropped in at his club, he learned that she was to be present at a house-party at Skeeter Stoughton's on Long Island. Overlooking the incident of his unsuccessful attempt to enter their employ, he took his friend into a half-confidence and begged him to secure him an invitation for over Sunday.

When he was once on the train and he knew for certain that in a short two hours he would look into her eyes again, a feeling almost of panic seized him. By the time he was in the motor with Skeeter, rushing over smooth white roads, this feeling became one of the acutest misery. All that he had carefully planned and rehearsed to say to her suddenly deserted his mind.

"What shall I say? What shall I do?" he said to himself, cold with horror. There seemed to be nothing he could say or do. His very presence was an impertinence which she must resent.

Luckily no one was in the house except their hostess, and he had a short moment to reassemble his thoughts before they strolled down to join the party at the tennis-courts. He was known to most of the crowd, who greeted his appearance as the return of the prodigal. Patsie was on the courts, her back to him as they came up, Gladys Stone on the opposite side of the net. Some one called out joyfully, "Bojo Crocker!" and she turned with an involuntarily startled movement, then, hastily controlling herself at the cry of her partner, drove the ball into the net for the loss of the point.

When next, ensconced under a red-and-white awning among the array of cool flannels and summery dresses, his eyes sought her out, she was seriously intent on her game, a little frown on her young forehead, her lips rebelliously set, the swirling white silk collar open at the browned throat, the sleeve rolled up above the firm, slender forearm. She moved lightly as a young animal in slow, well-calculated tripping movements or in rapid shifting springs. Her partner, a younger brother of Skeeter's, home on vacation, gathered in the balls and offered them to her with a solicitude that was quite evident. Bojo, watching their laughing intimacy, felt an instinctive antipathy to the boy. It seemed to him that they excluded him, that she was still a child unable to distinguish between a stripling and a man, still without need of any deeper

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enthusiasm than a light-hearted, romping comradeship.

With the ending of the set, greetings could no longer be avoided. As she came to him directly, holding out her hand in the most natural way, he felt as if he were going red to the ears, as if every one must perceive his embarrassment before this girl still in her teens. He said stupidly, pretending amazement:

"You here? Well, this is a surprise!"

"Yes, isn't it!" she said with seeming unconsciousness.

That was all. The next moment she was in some new group, arranging another match. Short and conventional as her greeting had been, it left him with a sinking despair. He had hurt her irrevocably, she resented his presence—that was evident.

Depressed, he turned to Gladys Stone to attempt the concealment from strange eyes of the disorder within him. He was yet too inexperienced in the ways of women of the world even to suspect the depth of resentment that lay in her tortured heart. It had been his distressing duty to take her personally the little baggage of her sentimental voyage—letters, a token or two, several photographs; to witness with clouding eyes the spectacle of her complete breakdown.

"I'm awfully glad to see you—awfully," he said, committing the blunder of giving to his voice a note of discreet sympathy.

She drew a little away at his words, straightening up and looking from him. "Have you heard the date of the wedding —Doris's wedding?" she said coldly.

It was his time to wince, but he was incapable of returning the feminine attack. "You should know better than I," he said quietly.

She looked at him with a perfect simulation of ignorance. "You were rather—well, interested, weren't you?"

"More than that, as you know, Gladys," he said, looking directly in her eyes.

A certain expression she saw there caused her to make a sudden retreat into banality. "Do you play?"

"Sometimes."

Miss Stoughton and others, impatient of the rôle of spectators, were organizing tables of auction inside the house. His reason told him that the best thing for him to do would be to join them and show indifference; but the longing, miserable and unreasoning, within him to stay, to be

It seemed to him that she was still a child.

where he could see Patsie, filling his eyes, after all the long, vacant summer, was too strong. He hesitated and remained, saying to himself moodily:

"Suppose I am a fool. She'll think I haven't the nerve of a mouse."

He wanted to chatter, to laugh, to maintain an attitude of light, inconsequential amusement; but the attempt failed. He remained moody and taciturn, his eyes irresistibly fastened on the young figure, so free and so untamed, reveling in the excitement and hazards of the game; and he wondered to himself that this girl, who now seemed so calmly steeled against the display of the slightest interest in him, had once swayed against his shoulder, yielding to the enveloping influence of a moonlight night, loneliness, and the irresistible, inexplicable impulse of the two toward each other. What had happened to end all this?

He was resolved to find a moment's isolation in which to speak to her directly, and she just as determined to prevent it. As a consequence he felt himself circumvented at every move, without being able to say to himself that anything had been done deliberately. The others, who perhaps perceived his intention, sought to withdraw, with that innate sympathy which goes out to lovers; but Patsie with a foreseeing eye called young Stoughton to her side and, pretending a slightly wrenched ankle, leaned heavily on his arm. In this fashion they regained the house without Bojo's having been able to gain a moment for a private word.

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At dinner, where he had hoped that Skeeter Stoughton, in return for his half-confidence, would have arranged so that he should sit next to her, he found Patsie on the opposite side of the table. An accusatory glance toward Skeeter was answered by one of mystification. Then he understood that she must have rearranged the cards herself. He was unskilled in knowledge of the ways of young girls and their instinctive cruelty to those who love them, and even those whom they themselves love. He was hurt, embarrassed, prey to idiotic suppositions that left him miserable and self-conscious. He was even ready to believe that she had taken the others into her confidence, that every one must be watching, smiling behind correct masks. The dinner seemed interminable. He was too wretched to conceal his emotion, neglecting his neighbors shamefully until one, a débutante of the year, rallied him maliciously:

"Mr. Crocker, I believe you're in love!"

He glanced at Patsie, frightened lest the remark might have carried, but she was rattling away, answering some lightly flung remark from down the table. He began to talk desperately, in idiotic, meaningless sentences, aware that his neighbor was watching him with a mischievous smile.

Several times he glanced across the table, and he felt—though their eyes never met—that Patsie's glance had but just left him, was on him the moment he turned away.

He found her much changed. She was not yet a woman, by a certain veil of fragility and inconsistent shyness about her; but the child was gone. Her glance was more sobered and more thoughtful, as though the touch of some sadness had stolen the bubbling spirits of childhood and left a comprehension of deeper trials approaching.

Dinner over, dancing began. He made no attempt to seek out Patsie, putting off Miss Hunter, too, with evasive answers. He danced once, twice, but without enjoyment, and finally, not to witness the spectacle of her dancing with other men, made the pretext of an evening cigar to seek the obliterating darkness of the veranda. Safely hidden in a favoring corner, he sat, moodily watching the occasional flitting of laughing couples silhouetted against the starry night.

He was totally at a loss to account for his reception at Patsie's hands. At times a suspicion passed through his mind that Doris might have given a different account of their parting scene than the facts warranted. At others, remembering details of romantic novels he had devoured, he was willing to believe that his letters had been intercepted perhaps by Mrs. Drake.

At the end of an hour, fearing to have made his absence noticeable, he rose unwillingly, to join the gay party within. Suddenly, as he rounded the corner, he came upon a couple separating, the man returning to the dance, the girl leaning against a pillar plucking at invisible vines. Then she too turned, coming into a momentary reflection of light. It was Patsie.

She stopped short, divining who it was, and the instinctive step backward she made brought an angry outburst to his lips.

"I beg your pardon," he said stiffly. "I didn't mean to annoy you. I had been finishing my smoke—I—" he paused, at his wits' end. At this moment, if he had been called upon to recognize his true feelings, he would have sworn that he hated her bitterly with a fierce, unreasoning hatred.

"You do not annoy me," she said quietly.

"I was afraid so."

"No."

He hesitated a moment. "Did you get my letters?"

"Yes."

"Did you answer them?" he said with a last hope of some possible misunderstanding.

She shook her head.

He waited a moment for some explanation, and as none came he started to leave, saying: "I don't understand at all—but—I don't suppose that matters——"

He went toward the door; then stopped. He thought he had heard her calling his name. He returned slowly.

"Did you call me?"

"No—no."

All at once he came to her tempestuously, catching her arm as he would a naughty child's. "Drina, I won't be turned away like this. In Heaven's name, what have I done that you should treat me like this? At least tell me!"

She did not struggle against his hold, but turned away her head without answer.

"Was it my first letter? You didn't like me to write that way—so soon—so soon after the engagement was broken—was that it? It was, wasn't it?"

It seemed to him, though he could not be sure, that her head made a little affirmative nod.

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"But what was wrong?" he cried in dismay. "You wouldn't have me be insincere. You know, and I know, what you meant to me; you know that if I went on with Doris after—after that night, it was only from a sense of duty—of loyalty. Yes, because you yourself came to me and begged me to. If that's true, why not be open about——"

"Hush," she said hastily, "some one will hear."

"I don't care if they all hear," he said recklessly. "Drina, what's the use of pretending? You know I've been in love with you, you and only you, from the first day I saw you."

She drew her arm from his grasp and turned on him defiantly: "Thanks—I don't care to be second fiddle!" she said spitefully.

"Good heavens, that is it!"

"Yes, that is it!" she cried, and, breaking from him, she fled around the corner of the veranda, and it seemed to him that he had caught the sound of a sob.

He entered the house, a prey to conflicting emotions, perplexed, angry, inclined to laugh, with alternate flashes of hope and a sudden relapse into despair. Just as he had made up his mind that she had left for the night, she reappeared without a trace of concern. But try as he might, he did not succeed in getting another opportunity to speak to her. She avoided him with a settled cold antagonism. The next day it was the same. It seemed that everything she did was calculated to wound him and display her hostility. He had neither the strength nor the wisdom to repay indifference with indifference, suffering openly. At ten o'clock that night, as he was miserably preparing to enter the automobile that was to take him to the station, Patsie came hurriedly down the steps, something white in her hand.

"Please do something for me," she said breathlessly.

"What is it?"

"A letter—I want you to mail this letter—it's important."

He turned, taking the letter and putting it in his pocket without noticing it.

She held out her hand. Surprised, he took it, yet without relenting.

"Good-by, Bojo," she said softly.

The next moment he was whirled away. When he reached the Court he remembered for the first time his commission, and stopping at the desk he handed the letter absent-mindedly to Della, saying:

"If you're going out, Della, please mail this."

She burst out laughing, with her irresistible Irish smile.

"What are you laughing at?" he said, surprised.

"You're always up to tricks, Mr. Crocker," she said, looking at the inscription.

"What do you mean?" he asked, puzzled, and, perceiving the cause of her merriment, he snatched the envelope and glanced at it. It was addressed to him. Covered with confusion, he fled up to his room in a fever of anticipation and wild hope.

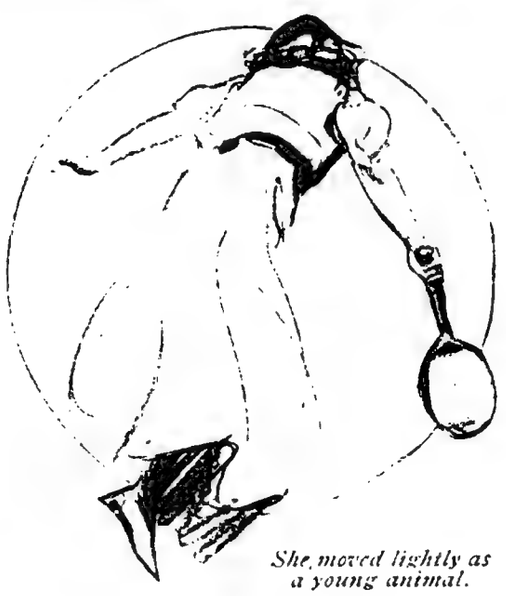
The letter read:

DEAR BOJO:

Forgive me for being a horrid, spiteful little cat. I am sorry, but you are very stupid—very! Please forgive me. PATSIE.

P. S.—As soon as the wedding is over we come to New York. Will you come and see me there?—and I'll promise to behave. DRINA.

He went to bed in the seventh heaven of delight, repeating to himself a hundred times every word of this letter, turning each phrase over and over for favorable interpretation. It seemed to him that never had he spent such deliciously happy days as the last two.



She moved lightly as a young animal.

DeLancy in a New Setting

MEANWHILE Fred and Louise returned. He went to see them at a fashionable hotel where they were staying temporarily. The great rooms and the large salon on the corner, overlooking the serried flight of houses and factories toward the river, must have cost at least fifteen dollars a day. Louise

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went into the bedroom presently, to her hair-dresser, closing the door.

"Congratulations, Prince," said Bojo, laughing, but with a certain intention to approach serious matters. "The royal suite is charming."

"Remember, I'm a married man," said DeLancy, the incorrigible, with a laugh. "Aren't you ashamed to try and lecture me?"

"Have you discovered a gold-mine?" said Bojo.

"Oh, I got in on two or three good things last summer," said Fred, who broke off in some confusion at perceiving that he had just divulged to his friend the fact that he had been trying his fortune again in Wall Street.

"So that's it," said Bojo grimly. "Thought you'd sworn off."

"I never did," said DeLancy obstinately.

"It's not my affair, Fred," said Bojo finally. "Only do go slow, old fellow. We're neither of us great manipulators, and what comes slowly, goes with a rush."

"Honest, Bojo, I am careful," said Fred with a show of conviction. "No more ten per cent. margins and no more wild-cat chances. If I buy it's on good information —no plunging."

"Are you sure?"

"Oh, absolutely! I take me solemn oath!" said Fred, with a face to convince a meeting of theologians.

"And no margins?"

"Oh, conservative margins!"

"What do you call conservative?"

"Twenty-five points—twenty points, naturally."

Bojo shook his head. "What are you going to do? Live here?"

"Of course not. We're looking around for an apartment for the winter."

Bojo wanted to know what Louise intended, whether she had made up her mind to leave the stage or not, but he did not know quite how to approach the subject. As he studied DeLancy, he thought he looked irrepressibly happy and indifferent to what lay ahead. He wondered if Fred had made any approaches to his old friends with a view to their acceptance of his wife.

"Will Louise stay here too?" he asked finally.

"Naturally."

"Is—is she giving up her career?" he said hesitatingly.

DeLancy looked rather embarrassed. He did not reply at first.

"I have left that to Louise herself. It's her decision. For the present nothing is settled—not as yet."

Bojo felt the embarrassment that possessed him. He had come to ask a score of questions. He started to leave with the feeling that he had found out nothing. At the sound of his going, Louise came out of the bedroom with her hair down. Probably she had been listening. She said good-by to him with extra cordiality, with an ironical look in her eyes.

"Mind you look us up after."

"Yes, yes."

Fred accompanied him to the elevator. "As soon as we are settled we'll have a spree," he said with an attempt at the old gaiety.

"Of course."

Bojo went off, shrugging his shoulders, saying to himself: "Where will it all end?"

Patsie Appeals for Help

DURING the summer a marked change had come over industrial conditions. A feeling of something ominous was in the air, a vague and undefined threat impending.

At the factory a fifth of the machines were idle, and Garnett was moodily contemplating a general reduction in salaries. Bojo scarcely paid any attention to Wall Street matters now, but he knew that the movement downward of values had been slow and gradual, and that prophecies of dark days were current.

Matters with Marsh were going badly. Advertisers were deserting the paper, there had been several minor strikes, with costly readjustments. Marsh seemed to have lost his early enthusiasm, to be increasingly moody, impatient, and quick to take offense.

The reasons given for the business depression were many—overcapitalization, timidity of the small investors due to the exposure of great corporations, distrust of radical political reforms. Whatever the causes, the receding tide had come. People were apprehensive, dispirited, talking poverty. Granning held that the country was paying for the sins of the great financial

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"IT'S ALL RIGHT," SHE SAID, HAPPINESS IN HER EYES. "HE WANTS TO SEE YOU NOW."

adventurers and the cost of the giddy structures they had thrown up. Marsh, from the knowledge of his newspaper world, held that below all was the coalescing power of great banking systems, arrayed against the Government on one side and on the other awaiting their opportunity to crush the new-risen financial idea of the Trust Company organized to deal in speculative ventures denied to the banks.

Four days after Bojo had read in the newspapers the account of Doris's wedding to Boskirk, about seven o'clock in the evening, while he was waiting for Roscoe to call for him to go out to dinner, Sweeney, the Jap, brought him a card.

It was from Patsie, hastily scribbled across. "I am outside. Can you come and see me?"

"Where is she? Outside? Where?" he said, all in a flutter.

Sweeney informed him that she was waiting in an automobile.

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He guessed that something serious must have happened and hurried down. Patsie's face was at the window, watching impatiently. When she saw him she relaxed momentarily with a sigh of relief.

"Why, Patsie, what's wrong?" he said instantly, taking her hand.

"You can come? It's important."

"Of course."

He jumped in and the car made off.

"Tell him to drive through the Park."

He transmitted the order, and then turned to look at her.

"I am so worried!" she said at once, gazing into his face, with eyes that held an indefinable fear.

He had not relinquished her hand since he had seated himself. He pressed it strongly, fighting back the desire to take her in his arms that came to him with the realization of her misery. There flashed through his mind the details of his final parting with Doris and her ominous declaration of the ruin impending over her father. He had only half believed it then, but now it flashed across his memory with instant conviction.

"Your father is in trouble—financial trouble!" he said suddenly.

"How do you know?" she said, amazed.

"Doris told me."

"Doris? When?" she said. She stiffened at the name, though he did not notice.

"The last time I saw her—why, Drina, didn't you know why she came down, why she saw me and asked to be released—didn't you know her reason?"

"I know nothing. Do you mean to say that she"—she paused as though overwhelmed at the thought—"that then she knew Dad was facing ruin?"

"Knew? Why, your father told her—Doris and your mother. You didn't know?"

"No."

"You weren't told afterward?"

"No, no—not a word."

Rapidly he recounted the details of the scene, failing in his excitement to notice how divided was her interest between the knowledge of what was threatening her father, and what bore upon the situation between Doris and himself.

"Then it was Doris who broke it!" she said suddenly, and a shudder went through her body.

He checked himself, saw clear, and answered impetuously:

"Yes, she did—that's true. But let me tell the truth also. I never would have married her—never—never. I never in all my life felt such relief—yes, such absolute happiness—as that night when I walked away free. I did not love her. I had not for a long, long time. I pitied her. I believed that through her love for me a great change was coming in her—for the best. And so it had. I pitied her. I was afraid of doing harm. That was all. She knew it, Drina. You can't believe I cared—you must have known!"

"And yet—yet—" she began hesitatingly, and stopped.

"Don't hold anything back," he said impulsively. "We mustn't let anything stand between us. Say anything you want. Better that."

"What I couldn't understand," she said at last, with an effort, in which her hurt pride was evident, "that afternoon—when you gave back the money to Dad—after what you said to me—Oh! how can I say it——"

"You thought that I was going to tell the truth to Doris and break the engagement. That was it, wasn't it?"

"Yes," she said, covering her face, in terror that she could have said such a thing, and yet her whole being hanging on his answer. "I couldn't understand—afterward."

"But, Drina," he said, aghast at her inconsistency, "it was you who came to me—who begged me to marry Doris—how can you forget that? Yet, in spite of that, I came out of the library to make an end of everything, and before I knew it, it was Doris who had changed everything. She had listened. She had heard all. She imagined she was in love for the first time. She begged me not to turn from her, to give her another chance. I was caught. What was I to do?"

"She loves you," she said breathlessly.

"She only imagines it. She only plays with that idea."

"No, no! She loves you," she said in a tone of great suffering. She burst into tears.

"What! You are jealous!—jealous of her!" he cried, with a great hope in his voice, his hand going out to her.

She stiffened suddenly and drew back, frightened, into her corner. "No, I'm not jealous," she said furiously; "only hurt—terribly hurt."

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This sudden change left him bewildered. He felt it unjustified, inconsistent, and a reproach was on his lips. In the end he quieted himself and said, forcing himself to speak like a stranger:

"This, I suppose, is not what you wanted to say to me?"

Instantly her alarm overcame her defiant attitude. "No, no. I am terribly worried. I want your help, oh, so much!"

She extended her hand timidly as though in apology, but, still offended, he withdrew his, saying:

"Anything I can do; and you need not fear that I'll take advantage of it!"

"Oh!" She shrank back, and then in a moment said: "Bojo, forgive me—I am very cruel—I know it. Will you forgive me?"

"I forgive you," he said at last, trembling at the sweetness of her voice, resolved, whatever the temptation, to show her that he could control himself.

"Bojo, everything is going against Dad—everything. Doris must come back and we must get word to Dolly. He needs all the help we can give him."

"Are you sure?" he said, amazed.

"Oh, I know!"

"But your father has millions, and in the New Orleans and Pittsburgh he made at least ten more. How can it be?"

"I overheard—I listened, and then—then mother told me."

"When?"

"The night after the wedding—that in another month we might be ruined—that I—I ought to be looking out with an eye to the future.

"Oh, like Doris!" he cried.

"Yes, that was what she meant," she cried with a shudder. "Think of it, my mother, my own mother! Then I went to him—to Dad—but he would tell me nothing—only laughed and said everything was all right. But I knew! I don't know how or why, but I knew from the look in his eyes."

"Yet I can't believe it," he said incredulously.

"Oh, I feel so alone and so helpless," she said, twisting her hands. "Something must be done and I don't know how to do it. Bojo, you must help me—you must tell me. It's money—he can't get money—I believe no one will lend it to him." Suddenly she turned on him, caught his arm: "You say Doris knew? Dad told her—before the wedding?"

"Yes—because she told me."

"DRINA, I WON'T BE TURNED AWAY LIKE THIS. IN HEAVEN'S NAME, WHAT HAVE I DONE?"

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"Oh, that is too terrible!" she cried. "Knowing it, she allowed him to make her a gift of half a million."

"He did that? You are certain?"

"Absolutely. I saw the bonds."

"But then that proves everything is all right," he cried joyfully.

"You don't know Dad," she said, shaking her head mournfully. "Bojo, we must get Doris back; she may do things for you that she won't do for any one else—Oh, yes, you don't know! Then I have something—a quarter of a million. I want to turn it into cash. He won't take it from me if he knows. But you might deposit it to his credit, make him believe some one did it anonymously—couldn't that be done?"

He raised her hand with a sudden swelling in his throat and kissed it, murmuring something incoherent.

"That is nothing to do, nothing," she said, shaking her head.

"I wish I could go to him," he said doubtfully.

"You can. You can. I know Dad believes in you, trusts you. Oh, if you would!"

"Of course I will, and at once," he said joyfully. He leaned out the window and gave the order. "Heavens, child, we've forgotten all about dinner. I shall have to invite myself." He took her hand, patting it as though to calm her. "It may not be so bad as you imagine. We'll telegraph Doris to-night; the Boskirks can do a lot. Of course they'll help. Then there's your mother—she has money of her own, I know."

"That's what I'm afraid of—mother," she said in a whisper.

"What do you mean?"

She shook her head. "Don't ask me. I shouldn't have said it. And yet—"

"We are almost there," he said hurriedly. He revolted at the discipline he had imposed on himself; he wanted to say something to her—something from the heart, and yet something at which she would not take offense. He hesitated and stammered: "Thank you for coming to me. You know—you understand, don't you?"

She turned; her glance rested on him a long moment; she started as though to say something, stopped, and turned hurriedly away. But brief as the moment had been, a feeling of ineffable content came over him. The next moment they stopped. In the vestibule she bade him wait in the little parlor and went in ahead to the library. He had picked up a paper and paced up and down, scanning it anxiously, with brief glances down the wide, luxurious salons and at the liveried servants who seemed to move nervously, all eyes and ears, scenting danger in the air. The accent of fear was in the headlines even. He was staring at a caption telling of rumored suspensions when Patsie came tripping back.

"It's all right. He wants to see you now," she said, happiness in her eyes. as she held out her hand to lead him.

Drake Admits His Danger

DRAKE was before the fireplace, moving or rather switching back and forth, and this unwonted nervousness seemed to Bojo a bad augury. However, at the slight rustle of the portières Drake came forward with energetic strides, his hand flung out.

"Well, stranger, almost thought you'd fled the country. How are you? Glad, mighty glad, to see you." He stood with a smile, patting the shoulder of Patsie, who leaned against his side. "Let's see your hands, Tom. They tell me you've become quite a horny-handed son of toil."

"I'm mighty glad to see *you*," said Bojo, studying him anxiously. At first he felt reassured—the old self-possession and careless confidence were there in tone and gesture. It was only when he examined him more closely that his forebodings returned. About the eyes, not perceptible at first, but lurking in the depths, was a hunted, restless look.

"I wanted Bojo so to come," said Patsie breathlessly. "I thought—in some way—somehow he might be of help."

"I only wish I could," said Bojo instantly. "You know you can trust me."

"Yes, I know that," said Drake briefly, with a sudden clouding over of his face. He added stubbornly, pulling his daughter's ear with a kindly look: "This young lady is all in a panic over nothing. Comes from talking business before them."

"Oh, Daddy, why not be truthful? Whatever comes we can face it. Only let us know," said Patsie, with her large eyes fixed sadly on his face in unbelief.

"I'm in a fight—a big fight, Tom, that's

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all; a little tougher than other fights," he said loudly, as though talking to himself. "If you want to see some ructions and learn a few things that may help you in dealing with certain brands of coyotes later, why, come in—just possible you might fit in handy."

"Thank you, sir," said Bojo gratefully, exalted to the seventh heaven by this permission, which seemed to bring him back the old intimacy. Patsie was looking at him with shining eyes.

"Yes, but how about your work—the factory?" said Drake.

"The factory be damned!" said Bojo fervidly, with the American instinct for the fitness of the direct word. The others broke out laughing at his impetuosity.

"Well, Tom, I always did want you in the family," said Drake, clapping him on the shoulder with a sly look at Patsie. "Have it as you wish. I'll be mighty glad to have you, though you did give me a pretty stiff lesson!"

At this moment, when Patsie and Bojo did not dare to look at each other, the situation was luckily saved by the announcement of dinner.

In the dining-room they waited several moments for Mrs. Drake to appear, until finally a footman brought the news that the mistress of the house was indisposed and begged them to sit down without her. Drake looked rather startled at this, and went off into a moody abstraction for quite a while, during which Patsie exchanged solicitous glances with Bojo.

Dinner over, a rather anxious meal partaken of in long silences with occasional bursts of forced conversation, Bojo found opportunity to whisper to Patsie as they returned toward the library:

"Make some excuse and leave us as soon as you can. I'll see you before I go."

She gave him a slight movement of her eyes to show she comprehended, and went dancing in ahead.

"Now before you begin on business, let me make you both comfortable," she cried. She indicated chairs and pushed them into their seats, laughing. She brought the cigars and insisted on serving them with lights, while each watched her, charmed and soothed by her grace and youth. She camped finally on the arm of her father's chair, with an enveloping hug, which, under the appearance of exuberance, conveyed a deep solicitude.

"Shall I stay or do you want to talk alone?"

"Stay." Drake caught the hand which had stolen about his neck and patted it with rough tenderness. "Besides, I want you to get certain false ideas out of your head. Well, Tom, I'll tell you the situation." He stopped a moment as though considering, before beginning again with an appearance of frankness which almost convinced the young man, though it failed before the alarmed instinct of his daughter.

"Miss Patsie here is taking entirely too seriously something her mother repeated to her. I won't attempt to deny that the times are shaky. They are. They may become suddenly worse. That depends entirely on a certain group of men.

"This group in the past, through their control, direct or interrelated, has been able to dominate the centers of credit, the money-loaning institutions, such as the great banks and insurance companies. By this means they have been in a measure able to keep to themselves the great industrial exploitations dependent on the ability to finance in the hundreds of millions. More, they have been able to limit to narrow fields such men as myself and other newcomers.

"Lately this supremacy has been threatened by the rise of a new financial idea—the trust company. This new form of banking, due to the scope permitted under the present law, has been able to deal in business and to make loans on collateral which, while valid, are forbidden a bank under the statutes. The trust companies, able to deal in more profitable business and consequently to pay good interest on deposits, have developed so enormously as to threaten to overshadow the banks.

"Back of all this, the trust companies have been developed and purchased by the younger generation of financiers in order to acquire the means of providing themselves with the credit necessary to develop their large schemes of industrial expansion, without being at the mercy of influences which can be controlled by others. From the moment the dominant group perceived this phase of the development of the trust company, war was certain. That's where I come in. Pretty dry stuff. Can you get it?"

Patsie nodded, more interested perhaps in her father's manner than in what he said.

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Bojo listened with painful concentration.

"After my deal in Indiana Smelters and the turn in New Orleans and Pittsburgh I knew that the knives were out against me. I tried to make peace with Gunther, but I might just as well have tried to sleep with a tiger. I saw that. There were several things I wanted to do—big things. I had to have credit. Where could I get it—dare to get it? So I went into the trust companies. They want to get me and they want to get them." He stopped, rubbed his chin, and said with a grin: "Perhaps they may sting me—good and hard—but at the worst we could worry along on eight or nine millions, couldn't we, living economically, Patsie?"

"Is that the worst it could mean?" she said, drawing off to look in his eyes.

He nodded, adding: "Oh, it isn't pleasant to have fifteen to twenty millions clipped from your fleece, but still we can live—live comfortably."

She pretended to believe him, throwing herself in his arms. "Oh, I'm so relieved!"

His hand ran over her golden head in a gentle caress, and his face, as Bojo saw it, was strained and grim, though his words were light.

"But I'm not going to lose those twenty millions, not if I can help it!"

Patsie sprang up laughing, caught Bojo's signal, and ran out, crying: "Back in a moment. Must see how mother is."

When the curtains billowing out at her tumultuous exit had fluttered back to rest, Bojo said quietly: "Mr. Drake, is that what you wish me to believe?"

"Eh, what's that?" said Drake, looking up.

"Am I to believe what you've just told?"

There was a long moment of silence between them, while each studied the other.

"How far can I trust you?" said Drake slowly. "Can I have your word that you will not tell Patsie—or any one?"

Bojo reflected a moment, frowning. "Is that absolutely necessary?"

"That's the condition."

"Very well, I shall tell her nothing more than she knows. Will that satisfy you?"

Drake nodded slowly, his eyes still on the young man as though finally considering the advisability of a confidence.

"That was partly true," he said slowly, "only partly. There's more to it. It's not a question *yet* of being wiped out, but it may be a question. Tom, I'm not sure but what they've got me. It all depends on the Atlantic Trust. If they dare let it go to the wall—" He grinned, gave a long whistle, and threw up his arms.

"But surely not all—you don't mean wiped out?" said Bojo, aghast. "You must be worth twenty—twenty-two millions."

"I am worth that and more," said Drake quietly. "On paper, and not only on paper—under any other system of banking in the world—I would be worth twenty-seven millions of dollars. Every cent of it. Remember that afterward, Tom. You'll never see anything funnier. Twenty-seven millions, and to-day I can't borrow five hundred thousand dollars on collateral worth forty times that. You don't understand it. I'll tell you."

A Fight in Millions

DRAKE did not immediately proceed. Having impulsively expressed his intention to reveal his financial situation, he hesitated as though regretting the first impulse. He left the fireplace and went from door to door as though to assure himself against listeners, but aimlessly, rather from indecision than from any precaution. Returning, he flung away his cigar, though it was but half consumed, and took a fresh one, offering the box to Bojo without perceiving that he was in no need. So apparent was his disinclination that Bojo felt impelled to say:

"Perhaps you would rather not tell me, sir."

"I'd only be telling you what my enemies know," said Drake sharply, flinging himself down. "They know to a dollar what I've pledged and what I can draw on—oh, trust them!"

"Mr. Drake," said Bojo slowly, "I don't need to tell you—do I?—that I would do anything in this world for Patsie, and that without knowing in the slightest what she feels toward me—believe me. I say this to you because I want you to know that I've come only in the wildest hope that I might help in some way—some little way."

Drake shook his head. "You can't, and yet—" He hesitated a last time, and then said in a dreamy, indecisive way, so foreign to his nature that it showed the extent of the

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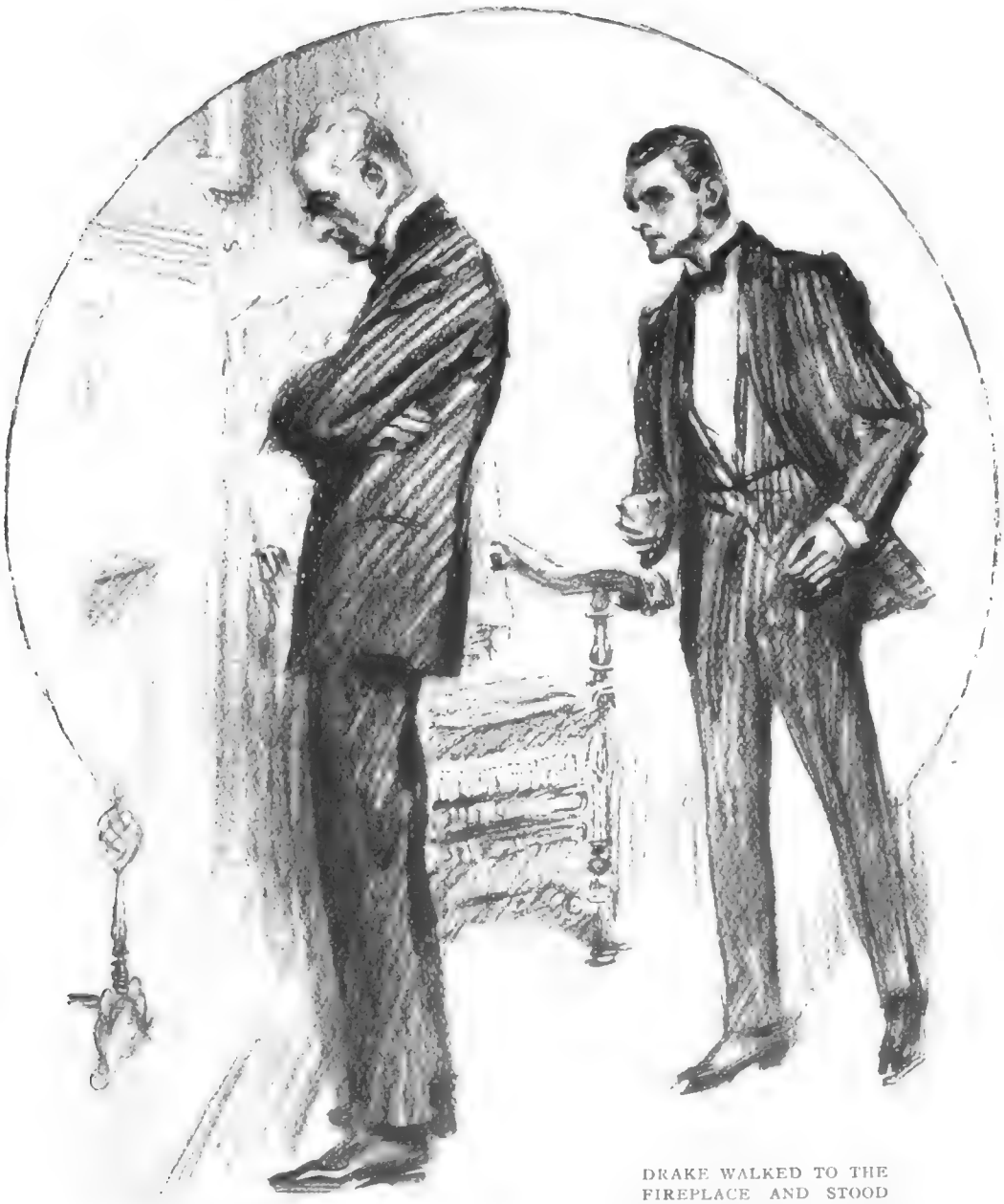

DRAKE WALKED TO THE FIREPLACE AND STOOD GAZING DOWN. "I HAVE BEEN LIVING IN A FOOL'S PARADISE. THAT'S WHAT HURTS."

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mental struggle through which he had passed—"and yet there are some things I'd be glad to have you know—to remember, Tom, after it's all over, particularly if you come into the family. For I don't think you quite understand my ways of fighting. You took a rather harsh view of certain things from your standpoint—I admit you had some cause."

"I didn't judge you," said Bojo hastily, blushing with embarrassment. "I was only judging myself, my own responsibility."

"Well, you judged me too," said Drake, smiling. "Yes—and I felt it, and I'll say now that I felt uncomfortable—damned uncomfortable. That's why I'm going to let you see that according to my ways of looking at things I play the game square. I'm going to let you overhear a certain very interesting little conversation that is going to take place—" (he glanced at the clock)—"in about half an hour. Mr. James H. Haggerdy is coming to make me a proposition from Gunther & Co. It'll interest you."

"Thank you," said Bojo simply.

"Now, here's the situation in a nutshell. If I could weather this depression a year, six months, or if there had been no depression, but normal times, I would be able to swing a deal and clear out at over one hundred millions—I gambled big. It was in me—I had to sink or swim on a big stake. If I'd won out I'd have been among the kings of the country. That's what I wanted—not money. It's the poker in my blood.

"However. Here's the case: I made money, as you know—a great deal of money. I was worth considerable after the Indiana Smelters got going. I was worth ten millions more when I had sold back New Orleans and Pittsburgh. That was the crisis. I wanted to get in with the inner crowd—not simply to be a buccaneer, for that's about what I'd been. That's why they bought their old railroad back. I was rated a dangerous man. I was. So is every man dangerous till he gets what he wants. I went to Gunther and laid my cards on the table. Gunther's a big man—the only man I'd have done it to; but he has one fault—he can hate. The ideal master ought to have no friends and no enemies. I said to Gunther:

" 'Gunther, let's talk straight. I want to come into the field—on your level—you know what that means. Your word, and I'll be satisfied. Am I big enough yet? Do you want me inside or outside the breastworks? Say the word.'

"He sat there smiling, listening, gazing out the window.

" 'I know what I'm asking you is a big thing—to forget what I've cost you. It *is* a lot to ask. But you're big enough to see beyond it. Say the word and I'm yours, through thick and thin, from now on, and I'll lay before you a campaign as big as anything you've handled so far. All I want is your word—is it peace or war?'

"That's where he played square.

" 'I don't forget easily,' he said.

" 'So that's the answer?' I said.

"He nodded.

" 'I'm sorry. I came to you because you're the only man down here I'm willing to look up to,' I said, for I knew there was no use going on. But as I went out I plumped in a last shot: 'In a year from now I'm going to put the same offer to you, and when I do I'll carry a few more guns.'

"I went out and I got to work. As a matter of fact, I had already begun. I went in with Majendie of the Atlantic Trust, Ryerson of the Columbian, and Dryser of the Seaboard Trust. I bought my way in. I'd got a say in institutions able to lend millions on good collateral without having to duck at a bell pressed down-town. Then I started with a group of Middle-Westerners to make myself felt.

"There was only one big field left, and it was a question how long that would be left alone. They had organized their steel industries and their railroads, they'd knocked out or digested competitors, controlled the field of production, and had things sailing along gloriously; but they'd forgotten or almost forgotten one thing which they ought to have controlled first—the iron to pour into their furnaces and the coke to keep them going. When they woke up they found me in control of the Eastern Coke and Iron Company, holding about eighty million dollars' worth of land which they had to have sooner or later.

"Then they woke up with a vengeance. The first thing they did was to send word to me through Haggerdy to get out of the Seaboard Trust and be a good little boy, and they'd let me come around and play. I laughed at that, though I knew it meant war to the knife.

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"About ten weeks ago I got a taste of what they could do. Of course to carry what I was carrying I had need of big sums and I had large blocks of Eastern Coke and Iron hypothecated not only among my trust company connections, but in banks around town, where it was up on good strong margins. Ten weeks ago, when I dropped in at a certain bank to renew my loan, I was told that they had decided, on account of the business outlook, the downward trend of prices and what not, to call in their loans and proceed on a very conservative basis. Of course under that rigmarole I knew what was doing—orders from headquarters—and more to follow.

The accent of fear was in the headlines

"I placed the loan with the Atlantic Trust, and waited. Last week another refusal. This time the warning was a little more pointed. The president himself looked with grave concern—that's always the expression—on the amount of Eastern C. & I. stock hypothecated at present. A collapse in the stock, which had been declining steadily, might seriously upset financial conditions all over the country, etc. Well, I weathered that and a couple of others, until I've got where I'm stumped.

"A bank has got the right to decide for itself what it wants to lend money on; it can decline a loan on any security or all securities offered, and what are you going to do about it? The trust companies are carrying all they can, and besides, they're being squeezed themselves. As a matter of fact, with solid properties worth to-day in the market from fifty-five to fifty-seven millions, of which we own sixty per cent., there isn't a bank in town that will lend us a hundred thousand dollars. The word has been passed around, and those who are independent don't dare. I need two million cash by day after to-morrow—absolutely must have it; and they know it, and Haggerdy's coming here to look me over and say 'What have you got that we want?'"

At this moment the butler came in with a card.

"Show Mr. Haggerdy in when I ring," said Drake, with a nod of dismissal. He rose and, beckoning Bojo, placed him in the embrasure of the window, where a slight recess hid him from the rest of the room.

"No need of a record; take it in just for your own interest," he said, returning to his desk.

Mr. James H. Haggerdy came in like a bulky animal emerging from a cage and blinking at the sun. "Hello, Dan!"

"Hello, Jim!"

Haggerdy moved to a chair, refused a cigar, and said directly: "Well, Dan, I suppose you know what I've come for?"

"Sure: to carry off the furniture and the silverware," said Drake, laughing.

"That's about it!" said Haggerdy, nodding with a grim twist of his lips. He had a sense of humor, though he seldom laughed. "Dan, they've got you."

"So they seem to think."

"And they want your Eastern C. & I. stock."

"That's quite evident. Will they accept it as a present or do they want me to pay them for taking it?" said Drake grimly.

"What's the use of faking?" said Haggerdy. "Gunther wants the stock and is going to have it. Do you want to sell now or hand it over later? You're a sensible man, Dan—you ought to know when you're beaten. It's all in the game."

"I'm not sure I am a sensible man," said Drake facetiously.

"You paid around seventy-nine for the stock. You've got a million shares you're carrying. The stock's to-day at fifty-four. We'll buy you out at fifty-five. Take it, Dan."

"Thanks for the advice, but my answer's No."

"Why?"

"That stock's going to be worth one hundred and fifty in two years."

"Two years isn't to-day. You're facing conditions." He looked at him as though trying to understand his motive. "Where are you going to raise two million dollars cash in forty-eight hours? You see we are well informed."

Drake smiled as though this were the easiest matter in the world.

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"Suppose the Clearing House refuses to clear for the Atlantic Trust to-morrow. What'll that mean?"

"A panic."

"And where would your Eastern Coke and Iron go then?"

"To forty or thirty-five, wherever you wanted it to go—possibly."

"And can't you take a hint?"

"Not when I know a stock that's worth over a hundred has been pushed down on purpose to freeze me out."

"You're not talking morality, Dan?"

"Oh, no. You think I'm beaten. I know I'm not."

"You're bluffing, Dan."

"Find out."

"To-morrow'll be too late."

"Possibly, but if Gunther can buy it at forty or thirty-five, why should he pay fifty-five to me?"

"I think he likes you, Dan," said Haggerdy slowly.

"No. He wants to make sure of getting the stock. He doesn't want a scramble for it," said Drake. "I'm surprised to hear you talking such nonsense."

Haggerdy rose, shaking his head impressively. "A mistake, Dan—a mistake." He waited a moment, and then played his last card. "Of course if you sell out in this, it's understood Gunther'll see you through on the rest. And that may mean the question of the roof over your head."

"That means credit at the bank—that I'll be allowed to put up good collateral like a respectable member of the crowd?"

"Phrase it as you will, that's it. Gunther will buy out your trust company holdings for what you paid for them, and he'll see you through on Indiana Smelters—that means something saved out of the wreck—and, Dan, there's a big smash-up just over the horizon."

"I thought that was the proposition," said Drake, ruminating. "Well, Jim, it's more than ever No."

"Why more than ever?"

"Because this, in good old-fashioned English, means just one thing—getting out, saving my skin at the expense of others."

"Quite so—every man for himself."

"Not with me. I've given my word on the Coke and Iron deal. I'll see it through. Tell Gunther I'll sell out at eighty, all or nothing, and give him twenty-four hours."

Haggerdy stretched out his hand in farewell. "Are you sure of the other fellows, Dan?" he said slyly.

"I don't give a damn what the other fellows may do. I've given my word and I stand by that."

"I'm sorry for you, Dan," said Haggerdy, shaking his head ominously. "Telephone me if you change your mind."

"Thanks for your good wishes, but don't lose any sleep—expecting," said Drake, laughing.

Bojo came out, aghast. "You don't mean to say the Associated Trust is in danger!" he cried, foreseeing all in a glance the structures that would go toppling.

"It's in danger all right," said Drake moodily, "but they won't—they don't dare let it close—impossible!"

"And if you can't raise two million?"

Drake shrugged his shoulders.

"But surely there's some way," Bojo cried helplessly, "some friends—there must be a way to raise it. This house surely is worth twice that—it isn't mortgaged, is it?"

"No, it's quite clear, but it belongs to my wife," said Drake; and again there came into his face that shadow of broken despair which Bojo had noticed a score of times.

"But then—does she realize——"

"Yes, she knows," said Drake. "Mrs. Drake's fortune outside of the house is fully three millions, which I have given her——"

"But why haven't you told her and your daughter? They ought—" Suddenly he stopped short: his eyes had met Drake's, and a suspicion of the truth struck him. "You don't mean——"

"Don't," said Drake helplessly, and for the first time Bojo caught a glimpse of the vastness of his inner suffering. The next minute he had hurriedly recovered his mask, saying: "Don't ask me about that—I can't—I must not tell you."

"Mrs. Drake has refused to help you!" exclaimed Bojo, carried away. "She has—she has! I see it by your face."

Drake walked to the fireplace and stood gazing down. Presently he nodded, as though talking to himself: "Yes, my wife could come to my assistance. I have been forced to ask her. She won't. I have been living in a fool's paradise. That's what hurts!"

"Making Money" *will be concluded in the October number.*

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Under the Spreading Chestnut Tree

EDITOR'S NOTE—Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. We shall gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped, addressed envelope.

Two men were standing outside a show window where a vacuum-cleaner was being demonstrated. Suddenly one of them burst out with enthusiasm:

"These inventions are the things that clean up the money! Just think of the millions that fellow Vacuum must have made out of that thing!"

"We begin the publication of the Roccay Mountain Cyclone with some phew diphphiculties in the way. The type phounders phrom whom we bought our outphit phor this printing ophphice phailed to supply us with any ephs or cays, and it will be phour or phive weex bephore we can get any. We have ordered the missing letters, and will have to get along without them until they come. We don't lique the loox ov this variety ov spelling any better than our readers, but mistax will happen in the best regulated phamilies, and iph the ph's and the c's and x's and q's hold out we shall ceep (sound the C hard) the Cyclone whirling aphter a phashion till the sorts arrive. It is no joque to us—it's a serious aphphair."

An Englishman visiting the United States for the first time was riding in a street-car in New York. Opposite to him sat a woman upon whose lap was a very ugly baby—an uncompromisingly homely child. The baby seemed to fascinate the Englishman; he couldn't keep his eyes off it; he would look away, drop his eyeglass, and endeavor to fix his attention on some other object. But it was of no use: he had to look back!

At last the mother—obviously annoyed—leaned over and hoarsely whispered, "Rubber!"

A relieved smile spread over the ruddy countenance of the Englishman, and he replied with great fervor: "Madam, thank God! Do you know, I actually thought it was real!"

A prominent English playwright had an intense personal dislike for Forbes-Robertson which rather prevented appreciating his acting. When asked one time what he thought of Forbes-Robertson's *Hamlet*, he considered for a moment and then said: "Funny — without being the least bit vulgar!"

Northerner:—"Has the European war affected you people down here?"

Southern Negro:—"Yes, suh. Powehfully, suh! Dere's Cunnel Shahp, foh example, suh—him dat used to tell about de time in de Rebellion when he smit a thousand Yankees in one day. Dat was some rem'niscence, suh; but since last August he done mixed sech a lot o' Turcos an' Belgians an' Cossacks in dat story dat yo' can hardly unfathom it. Ah tells yo' de wah hab suttinly 'dulterated our wah stories, suh."

A Brockville man, who has a home in Scotland to which he returns in the winter, bought an expensive fur cap in this country to give to

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his gamekeeper. Two years ago last winter he took it over and presented it to the old man, who was delighted with it.

The cap was very serviceable, having ear-flaps, and would wear almost a lifetime. The next winter the American again returned to Scotland, and noticed to his surprise that the old man did not wear the fur cap.

"What is the matter with the cap I gave you last winter?" he asked.

"I haven't worn it since the accident," replied the old gamekeeper.

The man from Brockville pondered. "You didn't write me concerning any accident," he said.

"No?" mused the gamekeeper. "A mon offered me a glass of whisky and I didn't hear him."

The London police-sergeant raised his eyes from the blotter as two policemen propelled the resisting victim before him.

"A German spy, sir!" gasped the first Bobby.

"I'm an American, and can prove it," denied the victim.

"That's what he says, but here's the evidence," interrupted the second Bobby, triumphantly producing a bulky hotel-register from beneath his arm, and pointing to an entry.

"V. Gates," written in a flowing hand, was the record that met the astonished sergeant's gaze.

During a marriage ceremony in Scotland recently, the bridegroom looked extremely wretched, and he got so fidgety, standing first on one foot and then on the other, that the "best man" decided he would find out what the trouble was.

"What's up, Jack?" he whispered. "Have ye lost the ring?"

"No," answered the unhappy one, with a woeful look. "The ring's safe enough; but, mon, I've lost ma enthusiasm."

Jacob Rosenbaum and Isaac Goldberg enlisted on the side of the Allies in the war with Germany. In an engagement both were captured and held in a German prison camp. Rosenbaum wrote his mother as follows:

DEAR MOTHER:—Isaac and I are here safe and have come out without a scratch yet. We have both been taken prisoners already and are now in Germany. These Germans are fine people; they give us lots to eat and lots to drink, and lots to smoke. They are awful kind, everybody treats us fine. If I ever did know they were so fine I never would have fought against them, and belief me, I never will again. We are allowed to write one letter and four postcards a month, so you can expect to hear from me that often, if nothing happens.

Belief me,
Your loving son JAKEY.

P. S.—Isaac was shot this morning at sunrise for grumbling. J.

"How did you find that piece of steak, sir?" asked the smiling waiter, in anticipation of a liberal tip.

"I really don't know," said the large man, gazing at his plate. "I just happened to move that little piece of potato, and there the steak was, under it."

A traveling man was eating in a stuffy little restaurant one very hot summer day. There were no screens at the windows or the door. The proprietress herself waited on her customers and shooed flies from the table at the same time. Her energetic but vain efforts attracted the attention and roused the sympathy of the traveling man, who said:

"Would it not be better to have your windows and the door screened?"

"Well, yes, I s'pose that would help some," replied the woman, after thinking a moment, "but 'twould look mighty lazy like."

The square of a certain town in the South was located about a mile from the railway station. A negro named George had a boot-blacking stand near the square. One day, while George was at work, a man came up and began to quarrel with his customer. After some heated words, one of the men drew a revolver and fired on the other.

Several weeks later, when the case came up for trial, George was the star witness.

"Now, George," said the attorney, "describe just how this shooting took place."

"Yessuh, Boss. De gen'man fired two shots. Yessuh, dey went bang-bang! Jes like dat, suh."

"You say he fired two shots, George? Will you tell the court just what you were doing when these two shots were fired?"

"Well, yoh Honah, when he fired de fust shot I was shining de gen'man's shoes, and when he fired de second shot, suh, I wus passin' de deppo."

One day little Flora was taken to a dentist to have an aching tooth removed. That night, while she was saying her prayers, her mother was surprised to hear her say: "And forgive us our debts as we forgive our dentists."

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Everybody's MAGAZINE

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Keep Posted

A Brisk Summary of Big Events and Issues

WHAT *IS* INTERNATIONAL LAW? WHAT DOES IT SAY? AND HOW DOES IT SAY IT?

A BUSINESS man has asked us four very simple and immensely difficult questions. They are about this war and about our American rights as neutrals in it. We will try to answer them.

First. What *is* International Law, anyway?

Well, it begins simply with Custom. That's all. We can illustrate it by imagining a frontier community where there is no legislature and no city council. Custom, in that community, may say that it is wrong to steal a horse. That wouldn't be a statute or an ordinance. But it would be inter-personal law. And a man who stole a horse would know he was doing wrong, and his neighbors, in one way or another, would try to make him regret it.

Every nation is bound by the common opinion of civilization to obey the rules of international law. The Constitution of the United States says that Congress shall have the power to punish offenses against "the law of nations," which is another way of saying international law; and the Supreme Court of the United States enforces international law as well as the law of the United States.

But how does it find out what international law may be in any given case? It consults the "customs and usages of civilized nations." And it does that by looking, for instance, into "the works of jurists and commentators who have made themselves peculiarly well acquainted with the subjects of which they treat." Those are its own words.

It is just as if a man who wanted to know what was right and what was wrong in a frontier community should go and consult some merchant who had a wide acquaintance and who had enjoyed especial opportunities for observing the moral opinions of the people there residing.

Then, of course, besides Custom, there is Written Agreement. That is, Treaties. Treaties, however, usually do very little, except put Custom down in black and white.

For instance, the Declaration of Paris, in 1856, bound the chief civilized nations of the world, signing it, to abolish privateering. Only regular war-vessels were thereafter to be allowed to capture merchant-vessels in war. But the common opinion of civilized nations had already risen to that level. And privateering would probably have fallen under the condemnation of international law, after a while, even if the Declaration of Paris had never been written. And thereafter any nation, which wished to continue to be regarded as a member of the community of civilized nations, would have been bound to punish any of its citizens who endeavored to privateer.

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In other words, International Law, at bottom, is really a search for the *conscience* of the international world, as shown in the practises which have been *fairly universally* esteemed and the practises which have been *fairly universally* disapproved.

Therefore, as conscience changes, International Law changes.

Question Two. What does International Law say about submarine warfare?

International Law says nothing about submarine warfare. That is, it makes no distinction between a war-vessel under the water and a war-vessel on top of it. All war-vessels, floating or submerged, have certain duties to the ships they capture and to the persons on those ships. We speak now of merchant ships.

A war-vessel, when it captures any merchant ship, even an enemy one, must take it into port and must let it plead its case before a prize-court. That is the general rule. But, in certain cases, the war-vessel may destroy the merchant vessel. For instance, if the war-vessel is itself in danger, and if it couldn't take the merchant vessel into port without encountering enemy war-vessels which would send it to the bottom.

Clearly, a German submarine can not often take a merchant ship into port across the North Sea without meeting English war-vessels which imperil it. Therefore it would seem that German submarines in many cases would have a clearly recognized international right to sink their captures.

But they have no color of right to sink *neutral* merchant ships, unless those ships have been *proved*, by *inspection*, to be carrying *contraband*. And they have no color of right to destroy the lives of the passengers or of the crews on *any* ships, neutral or enemy.

If that means that the ship must be allowed to escape, all that can be said is that often in life we have to sacrifice ourselves to our higher selves. The man who finds that he can not personally shoot his enemy, without shooting through the body of an innocent woman, is to be commiserated. But, if he is a man, he will not in those circumstances shoot.

International Law, in this respect, again, is, at bottom, Conscience.

Question Three. What does International Law say about starving Germany?

International Law permits England freely to blockade the German coast. International Law assumes that one of the hardships of going to war may be that you will have to grow your own food.

And, in this case, there is no doubt that the blockaded nation is fully able to grow its own food.

But our American quarrel with England is on a different point.

England has a right to blockade the coast of Germany because she is at war with Germany. But she is not at war with Holland. She has no right whatever, either by Custom or by Treaty, to blockade the coast of Holland.

Her only claim in law to capture and hold any shipments of ours to Holland must rest on the doctrine of Continuous Voyage. Under that doctrine she might capture and hold such supplies as we were sending through Holland to the German *military or naval forces*.

But other supplies, no. When she holds those other supplies, or when she asks us to ship them only to Hollanders who will engage not to re-ship them to Germany, she is violating the international neutral rights of the United States.

Question Four. What does International Law say about shipments of munitions from the United States to the Allies?

It upholds them, completely. A neutral has a right to try to ship anything he can to any country.

The enemies of that country have a right to try to intercept it, under certain restrictions, some of which we have mentioned.

Some day the conscience of the world may see a distinction between trying to ship shells to a belligerent and trying to ship shoes—which shoes, having been received by the belligerent, permit it to set free its shoe-workers to engage in manufacturing shells.

At present this distinction is argued for, among real neutrals, only by a few persons of extreme habits of mind.

But here we return to the nature of International Law. If those few persons should by-and-by convert the body of the reasonable people of the world to their view, it would pass little by little, through Custom and then through Treaty, into the body of the world's International Law.

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COLONEL HOUSE— COLLECTOR AND ADVISER OF POWERFUL PERSONAGES

COLONEL HOUSE is our greatest specialist in knowing Persons of Power. In fact, one of the good ways of becoming a Person of Power is to know Colonel House and follow his advice. A reckless newspaper man, noting his influence with President Wilson, called him the Upper House of our present Government. We have studied his career and we beg to report that he learned his specialty from his father.

His father was a banker and a cotton man in Texas. And who were his friends? Naturally, the most distinguished men in the state. Colonel Bowie, for instance—who greatly improved the hunting-knife till it became extraordinarily efficient in duels, and who was murdered at the Alamo while sitting up wounded in bed and firing his pistols jubilantly at his Mexican slaughterers. And Sam Houston, who loved to wear a blanket—which habit he learned while living among the Cherokees—and who made Texas free and independent by the battle of San Jacinto.

Such were the friends of the elder House. And the present House started to accumulate similar friends in his boyhood.

His father sent him to the Hopkins Grammar School at New Haven. There he picked out Ollie Morton. Ollie Morton was the son of old Oliver P. Morton, the great war governor of Indiana and afterward senator from Indiana, and one of the greatest Persons of Power of his time. Young House used to visit the Mortons at Washington while he was a schoolboy at New Haven, and later while he was a college student at Cornell.

So he returned to the South well acquainted with the intimate insides of northern Republican politics, and he added that knowledge to his inherited family knowledge of the politics of the southern Democracy.

Four men he came to know very well in Texas—Culberson, Sayers, Hogg, Lanham. They became governors. They followed House's advice. And he seemed to be able to know people—the right people—everywhere else, too.

When Bill McDonald of Texas wanted to carry guns in New York to protect Colonel Roosevelt against assault, he was arrested. How to fix it up? Great perplexity among police sergeants. House was in town. Some one said: "Call him." He came. He went into a telephone-booth. He whispered. In ten minutes McDonald was free.

How did he do it? If we knew that, we'd be as wise as House and we wouldn't tell.

And now he knows Lloyd George and von Bethmann-Hollweg, and just drops in on them, happening to be in town, and then drops back to the United States to chat with Mr. Wilson. He should know the Grand Lama of Tibet, and doubtless some day will—just personally.

This man has a unique talent. He has no capacity for leading the people—the demos. He is no demagogue. He leads the leaders—the top men. He is that curious thing, previously unnamed in our history—an "aristogogue."

JUST A FEW OF THE WAYS IN WHICH THE SOUTH WILL STILL PREVENT NEGROES FROM VOTING

HOW will the South control the negro vote, now that the Supreme Court has abolished the "grandfather" way of doing it?

No longer can a state legislature grant special favors at the polling-booths to men whose grandfathers could vote in the days when no negroes could vote. But, "We are not going back to Reconstruction," said a nationally distinguished Southerner, in the city of Washington. "We are not going to be ruled

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by the colored race. We will prevent it." No doubt. But how?

The first thought is the literacy test. Some states haven't been able to adopt it. In Maryland it has been rejected three times. The uneducated whites combined with the negroes against it. But most Southern states can adopt it readily. North Carolina has it in very effective operation.

A second thought is the property test. In Louisiana a man may vote, though illiterate, if he owns three hundred dollars' worth of property. An illiterate white man is more likely than an illiterate negro to own that amount of property.

A third thought is the poll-tax. A white man is more likely than a colored man to pay it, in order to vote. Virginia has a poll-tax.

But Virginia has something more. It has a combination of a poll-tax and a literacy test. And it operates that combination in a manner highly ingenious.

If you want to vote, you show your poll-tax receipts for the last three years. Then the judges of the election *may*, if they *please*, ask you to read a section of the constitution of Virginia. If you are white, they often won't ask you. If you are colored, they usually will.

That sort of thing leaves a bad taste in the mouth and a twinge in the heart. But the South is going to be ruled by the white race.

The colored vote in Virginia used to be 75,000. It has dropped to 5,000.

The really bad thing about it all is this: You are a Southerner. You want the negro to get ahead. You want him to have better schools, for instance. But you don't want him to vote. Then the Supreme Court says that you mustn't discriminate against him *as a negro*. So you are obliged to put up a test of *education* against him. And then?

Why, then, you begin to lose interest in seeing the negro get ahead. Why should you help him? If he gets book-learning, he will vote.

So you cool off—and all your neighbors cool off—toward the negro schools. And the local public money for those schools is doled out, dribbled out, jealously, scantily.

This is happening in thousands of Southern communities.

Every effort to force the Southern negro *up* politically is bound to create a situation tending to keep him *down* educationally.

A painful fact? Well, a fact.

STRANGEST FIGURE IN INTERNATIONAL LIFE OF OUR TIMES—VENEZELOS, OF CRETE

SOMETIMES it looks as if that man Venezelos had earned the right to be regarded as The Most Remarkable Man of Our Times.

Ten years ago he was a guerrilla—a sort of semi-bandit — leading a push of rough-and-ready rebels in the mountains of the Island of Crete, against the government of the High Commissioner of Crete. And that High Commissioner was a son of the King of Greece—Prince George.

Crete was then under Turkish "suzerainty." It was part of the Turkish Empire, in law, but it was "autonomous." It was supposed to have local self-government. This was guaranteed to it by the Great Powers of Europe, who had appointed Prince George to be High Commissioner.

So, in fighting Prince George, Venezelos was fighting the Great Powers. And he fought them successfully. Prince George had tried to rule like an autocrat, like the Kaiser. Venezelos said that the ruler of Crete ought to rule like a constitutional monarch, like the King of England. And Venezelos won. Prince George abdicated.

Thereupon this bandit became the principal politician and the real ruler of Crete. But he wasn't a bandit at all. He was a scholar, a member of a well-to-do and distinguished family, a lawyer, a graduate of excellent schools in Athens and in Switzerland—a person of cultivation the most complete, and of manners the most charming.

As the real ruler of Crete, he at once showed that he could lead the people and yet say "No" to them. Crete wanted to be united with Greece at once. Venezelos knew that the Great Powers would not

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allow it. He said "No" to the Cretans who wanted to fight for it. He said "No" to them and got hated by them, and kept on saying "No" to them and got loved by them. He is a man-tamer.

Having thus won Crete, he took ship and crossed to Greece. Greece has more politics per public job—more politicians per square political meal—than any other country in the world. And Venezelos was a Cretan. And he had chased Prince George out of Crete.

Nevertheless, within a few months he was a member of the Parliament of Greece, and within a few months more he was Prime Minister of Greece, daily associate and confidant of the King, whose son he had turned bandit against.

Charm this man must have: yet it is not the charm of a roving adventurer, of a soldier of fortune, of an ornament of drawing-rooms. A roundish, fattish face; spectacled, goblin eyes; a short, full, matter-of-fact beard—Venezelos is no off-hand hypnotizer of casual acquaintances. His charm must be a charm of mind, of heart, of character. Especially of character.

For among the Greeks, as among the Cretans, he grew to national and then to international stature by saying "No." The Greeks wanted to deprive the Bulgarians of all the territory wrested by the Greeks and Bulgarians and Serbians from the Turks during the Balkan War. Venezelos faced his new fellow-countrymen and shouted "No" at them in the midst of hail-storms of "Traitor." And he gave Bulgaria a seaport on the Ægean.

Venezelos is the soul of Greece—nobler than her passing passions, true to her true future.

He is best known, unfortunately, for having made Greece *greater*. Crete he gave her when the time came, and then large sections of Macedonia, and then all of Epirus; and now, if the Allies are victorious, he will give her large sections of Asia Minor.

But he has done more than that: he has made Greece not only greater, but *better*.

It is because of him that Greece has ceased to be governed either by an autocratic king, or by mobs of midnight conspirators. It is because of him that Greece is now governed, like Great Britain, like France, like Italy—and *un*like Germany and Austria and Russia—by elections. Venezelos gave Greece a genuine parliamentary, constitutional government.

This, his greatest of patriotic accomplishments, brought him at last his greatest of personal victories. The Greek people, at the polls—at the polls which he had preserved for them—rebuked their king and the cause of Germany, and pledged themselves to the cause of the Allies and to Venezelos.

Modern Europe has seen no more amazing career—a career of the solidest prose, gleaming with poetry. Venezelos can take thought, and he can take chances. The first aeroplane that came to Athens was a very wobbly one, and it was chauffeured by a very wobbly aviator. But it carried a passenger in high air over the Acropolis—and that passenger was Venezelos.

DIG DOWN INTO YOUR POCKETS TO PAY FOR YOUR AMERICAN MERCHANT MARINE— IT'S COMING

THE Seamen's Union is giving great help to the plans for building up an American merchant marine with Government money. That is the biggest national political result of the La Follette Seamen's Law.

The La Follette Law was inspired by the Seamen's Union, and it shows it at the very start, on page one. If you are a deck-hand, after this, on an American boat, you mustn't be asked to do any work in the fire-room. And if you are a fire-room-man, you mustn't be asked to do any work on deck. Firers must fire and deckers must deck. And that's all.

Never mind whether this provision is ridiculous or not. We're talking politics. The point about it is that it hastens the day of an American merchant marine backed by Government funds. It increases the difference already existing between the cost of owning an American ship and the cost of owning a British one or a Norwegian one or

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a Japanese one. And so do many other provisions of the bill. For instance:

Every American ship hereafter constructed must provide at least one complete washing-outfit for *every two* men of the watch. And it must provide a separate washing-place for the men from the fire-room and the engine-room. And that place must have hot water as well as cold. And it must also have a "sufficient number" of shower-baths.

Further, the crews on American boats must be American-speaking. But American-speaking crews are expensive compared with Japanese-speaking crews. Therefore certain American boats on the Pacific, such as those of the Pacific Mail line and of the Dollar line, are going to quit, they say. And, for a sure fact, the Nippon Yusen Kaisha, the Japanese Mail Steamship Line, is going to put on a new service between the United States and the Orient.

Now this blow to American ships comes politically at the very time when it seems evident that the American people have at last made up their minds that they absolutely must have American ships on the seas to foster American trade rapidly and profitably with foreign countries.

Let us take politics as it is. Labor is not growing weaker politically. Perhaps the labor leaders can be checked in their extremest demands. But no practical man can for a minute believe that the American Congress will ever again fail to maintain American conditions on American ships. Which is to say that never again in our times can we compete with Japanese or other foreign ships in cheapness of construction or of operation. In other words, Congress has determined definitely that we shall never have an American merchant marine by straight competition—by purely private enterprise.

It only remains for Congress to decree the *method* by which public financial assistance shall be granted.

At this point it seems to us that the opinions of the American manufacturers and merchants who are going to ship American goods in American ships should be given some weight. Capital, as well as Labor, ought to have some influence at Washington. (If that is not too radical a thing to say.)

Now these shippers are supposed to have been very keen for ships owned by the Government. That is what the Administration thought last winter. But apparently the Administration was mistaken.

The National Chamber of Commerce has taken a referendum vote among about 800 large leading commercial organizations all over the United States. They voted 698 to 82 against Government ships.

They are not in favor of Government ships very much. But they are decidedly in favor of Government financial assistance to privately owned ships. They voted for "ship subsidies" by 558 to 186.

This makes Subsidies the policy of Capital at the next Congress. And the result will be a pretty good test of Capital's political power.

ENGLAND VERSUS LOGIC! THREE ROUNDS! ENGLAND WINS! IN LIQUORS, IN MUNITIONS, IN RAILWAYS

THE English are at it again. In three different ways, during this war, they have again proved their unique power of combining the powers of the state with the rights of the individual—and the principles of Capitalism with the ideals of Socialism — into a weird drink which nobody but an Englishman could either concoct or consume.

In the matter of liquor, for instance. How easy to simply let it flow! How easy, on the other hand, to simply turn off the spigot, à la Russe! But would the English ever do either the one thing or the other thing about anything? Not as long as the dodging is good. Accordingly they now have a "Central Control of Liquor Traffic Board" which will proceed to handle the liquor traffic in every various way known to mankind.

In some parts of England it will shorten the hours for drinking. In other parts it will forbid *certain* liquors. In other parts it will forbid *treating*, and will punish that friendly habit by six months imprisonment!

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In still other parts of England it will abolish drinking altogether. And, finally, in certain communities it will itself actually establish public houses of its own for the declared purpose of "*assuring* intoxicating liquors in moderate amounts" to state workers!

In other words, it will treat the problem in each community according to the needs and customs and ideals and prejudices of that community. There will be no general principle adopted. Heaven forbid!

Again, in munitions. The munitions of England will be made in factories which are managed by the state and which are also managed by private employers and which are also managed by trade unions. They will be bureaucratic-capitalistic-socialistic factories. This is the supreme compromise in the history of the world.

Everybody in it surrenders something. The state surrenders its right of sheer compulsion. It refrains from absolutely *conscripting* either labor or capital. Capital surrenders something. Its profits are to be limited. All profits, above a certain level, will be taken into the public treasury. Labor surrenders something. It surrenders, particularly, the right to strike.

And all three sides win something. But, of course, Labor is the biggest winner. Labor will have half of the committeemen in the local "Munitions Committees." Those committees will really govern the munitions factories. And the representatives of Labor, sitting in those committees, will help to punish not only workmen *but also employers* who violate any of the rules under which the munitions of England are to be rapidly and uninterruptedly manufactured for the soldiers of England at the front.

The workers have gone to work—in a harness of their own choosing.

This is the same spirit which, more than once, in former centuries, made Englishmen refuse flatly to support their king against a foreign enemy till he had enlarged their liberties and privileges at home. The result, logically, should have been national collapse. The result, in fact, is the British Empire—the British Empire and a world permeated more and more by English principles of self-government.

The third compromise of the English during this war is in the railways. People say that the English Government has "taken over" the railways. Yes. But the private owners still have the railways, too. The Government and the private owners are operating them together. And several long articles have appeared in the English magazines addressed to the question: "Are our railways private to-day or are they public?" They are neither—and both. England should be very happy over it.

THIS GENTLEMAN WANTS THE SMOKE OUT OF YOUR COAL— HE'LL SELL IT

IT WOULD be a great thing to take all the smoke out of coal, *before* burning it, and still have a real coal left. Mr. H. P. Bostaph, of Detroit, has invented an apparatus for doing that very thing. He is on his way, accordingly, to an attempt to make a grand revolution in the coal business.

What Mr. Bostaph does is to take coal and "distil" it *partially*. That is, he drives off from it, under heat, the things in it (and only those things) which make the smoke. They are the *lighter* hydrocarbons. It happens that those hydrocarbons are valuable things to have, anyway, by themselves. Mr. Bostaph calculates that if all the bituminous coal produced in the United States each year were distilled by his process, the hydrocarbons thus rescued would be worth $562,000,000. He is not to be blamed, therefore, for starting after it.

That $562,000,000 represents simply the smoke taken out of the coal, leaving the rest of it for you to burn in the basement furnace or in the factory, just like any other coal, except with no smoke going up the chimney.

Mr. Bostaph will have the smoke in his possession and he will be selling it for various purposes such as lubricating the axles of vehicles. In the distilling process, you see, it doesn't come off from the coal as smoke. It comes off as gas and then part of it condenses into oils. The gas can be used for heating purposes, and the oils can

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be used for many purposes besides lubrication. For instance, they can be used to creosote wooden blocks for pavements.

Many men have been working at this idea. Among them have been certain chemists in the Bureau of Mines of the Federal Government. Mr. Bostaph is putting the idea into operation.

TEXAS MAKES UP ITS MIND TO STOP LIVING OUT OF TIN CANS

THERE is a remarkable movement in Texas. Its title is: "Let Texas Feed Itself." It is bad news for a lot of states that have been making good money selling food to Texas while Texas spent its time growing cotton and having fits about the low price of that one crop.

Texas has actually been buying $300,000,000 worth of food products every year from the other states of this Union. And there is land in Texas.

A correspondent tells us of visiting a Texan who had 65 square miles of marvelously fertile soil and who nevertheless had also a mound, fifty feet high, of empty tin cans out of which, and not out of his soil, he had fed himself and his family.

In Texas there are 92,000 farms which have no cows. There are 124,000 farms which have no pigs. There are 60,000 farms which have no chickens. There are 306,000 farms which raise no hay or other forage for cattle. And there are 369,000 farms which raise no sweet potatoes. That last fact is almost criminal. Sweet potatoes are easy to grow—easy to eat—and very good for the eater's health.

Into a certain Texas village there recently came 100 bushels of sweet potatoes. To buy them took the cotton raised on fifteen acres. The sweet potatoes could have been grown on any one acre in the neighborhood.

Now this is all going to be changed. And changed in a very peculiar way.

Agriculture in Texas is largely conducted on credit. The gentlemen who control the credit-supply, at the very top, have made up their minds that everybody in Texas would be more prosperous and more contented if a larger number of crops were grown. They have broken this news to the local bankers and local merchants and local landlords and local tenants and to farmers in general, indirectly but effectively. Plant food-crops—or the credit stops. Therefore there will be food-crops planted—and Texas will blossom with the sweet-potato flower.

THE biggest manufacturer of saloon bar-fixtures in this country has quit making bars and, in their place, will make piano-cases and phonograph-cabinets. This manufacturer is the Brunswick Balke Collender Company, well known also as a manufacturer of billiard-tables.

It happens that thirteen states have gone dry during the last eighteen months, to say nothing of the increase in the size of the dry spots in the states which are still wet.

The consequence was that the supply of second-hand bar fixtures in this country was large enough to fill various hundreds of freight-trains on their way to communities where bars are still commercially useful.

The secretary of the Brunswick Balke Collender Company makes the interesting statement: "We are convinced that the future of the liquor business will be in the café and the hotel." That is, if people drink at all, they will drink at tables. But the Brunswick Balke Collender Company does not intend, apparently, to make the tables. It is going out of the liquor business altogether.

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